The Saturday Evening
POST
April 12, 1958 — 15¢

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A MARRIAGE COUNSELOR'S CONFIDENTIAL FILE

HORNBLOWER'S HURRICANE By C. S. FORESTER

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WALLACE CO
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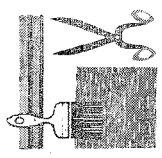
Plastic floor is Armstrong Excelon Tile, No. 796, with inset strips in 4 different colors.

a dream of a room needs a dream of a floor



Today's family room is a sort of dream room, a wonderful place where all the family can be together—even when all sorts of different activities are going on. Armstrong Excelon Tile is just the floor for a room like this; it's perfect for whatever job the room is doing at the moment. When it's a party room, the good looks of Excelon Tile set a smart note. When it's the children's playroom, this tough vinyl-asbestos floor can take the rough-and-tumble and never show a sign of wear. Spilled things and stepped-on crayons wipe away from the smooth surface of Excelon Tile with a flick of a sponge mop. With all these advantages, it's one of the lowest cost floors you can buy. But perhaps the best news is that this fashionable, modern Armstrong floor is the easiest of all for the do-it-yourselfer to install. The tiles can be cut with scissors, and the adhesive is spread with a brush! Available in many lovely designs and colors, Armstrong Excelon Tile is a wise buy for any room.

SEND 25¢ FOR "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING," 32-page book in color showing ideas and color schemes for every room. Description of this Modern-Colonial family room, with list of furnishings, available free. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5804 Madison Street, Lancaster, Penna.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

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Alternate Wednesday Nights, CBS-TV

LINOLEUM • INLAID VINYL CORLON • RUBBER TILE • CORK TILE • LINOTILE • CUSTOM CORLON PLASTIC TILE • EXCELON VINYL-ASBESTOS TILE • ASPHALT TILE

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KITCHEN CONVENIENCE. Choice of the regular instrument or the special wall type shown above. Both types are available in a choice of attractive colors.

"I Couldn't Get Along Without My Kitchen Telephone"

You'll say so, too, once you know the convenience of a telephone right beside you in the kitchen. It saves a lot of steps and time. Saves you!

No need to leave the baby or the kids or the roast or whatever you're doing to make a call. No need to rush to another room to answer the telephone. You just reach out your hand and there it is!

A kitchen telephone is so convenient when you need that "telephone break" from your household chores. Other favorite locations are the bedroom, den, recreation room and workshop.

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MODERN HOMES HAVE HANDY PHONES

IT'S FUN TO PHONE... **Bell Telephone System**

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The Company that stands by you®

"Nightmarish" accident

ANOTHER CAR OWNER LEARNS HOW LIBERTY STANDS BY YOU

DR. K., a Liberty policyholder, wondered what Liberty car insurance service really amounted to. Listen to him:

"I had read your advertisements which extolled your service. During the latter part of April my son was involved in an automobile accident in Florida and I was forced to test your statements. I am no longer the least bit skeptical.

"I was greatly aided by your Jacksonville claimsman who very ably handled this difficult situation. He came as soon as I had contacted the office. I was no longer alone in a nightmarish situation, but now had a friend by my side. He went out of his way to lighten our troubles."

Liberty Mutual's reputation as *the company that stands by you* is based on unhesitating support when trouble strikes. This fine service is actually thrifty. Savings (*through dividends*) are currently 15%.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Let's find fault with Mr. Siesta for half a minute. If he is celebrating Arbor Day, the object is to plant a tree, not kill it. If that tree, which needs a drink more than he does, dehydrates long enough in what Artist Dick Sargent says is Southern-state sunshine, it may cast off its leaves after being planted, look like a hat rack, and grow about as fast as one. Is Mr. S. waiting for his wife to dig the hole? In any event, it's obvious that whatever the man is good at, it is not horticulture. Which could account for his now-you-see-it, now-you-don't lawn; no doubt he sowed seeds on the blank spots without raking them in and, when he turned his back, the birds gratefully ate them one and all. But enough of this petty censuring. After all, he's happy, so what are we worrying about?

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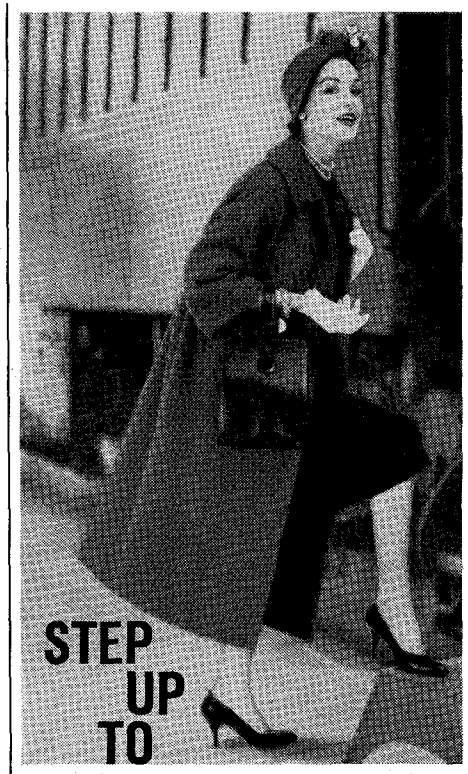

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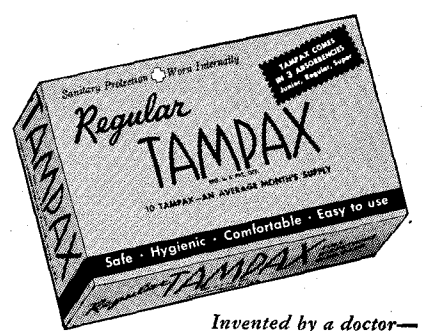
You can find Tampax Vendors in restrooms throughout the United States. And Tampax is always convenient to buy wherever drug products are sold. Your choice of three absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit your individual needs. Don't let another month go by without buying Tampax, trying Tampax! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.
Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.
( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

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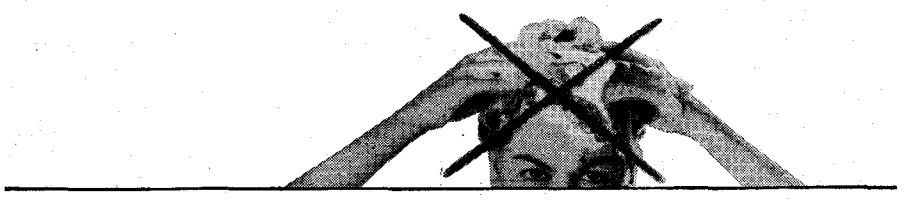

You can't just wash away dandruff...

Theradan medicates away itchy scalp and dandruff

for 1 to 3 months!

This new dandruff medicine works where shampoos fail because it stays on long enough to do a real long-lasting job!

Theradan is not a shampoo. It's not a "tonic." Mere shampoos and tonics only clean up *loose* dandruff. They can't get down where dandruff starts. Theradan can and *does*. It contains penetrating Sarthionate *to stop dandruff 1 to 3 months.*

Just 3 applications and even the worst kind of dandruff goes. Ditto the itchy scalp you get with it.

You put Theradan on for an hour or so . . . or leave it on overnight, if that's needed and convenient.

Gently, it penetrates and lifts off the layer of dead cells that sticks to your scalp and keeps forming new dandruff.

Theradan acts *under* the surface, not just on top . . . so it leaves your hair and scalp really clean—free from dandruff scales and related itching.

For 20 months, specialists tested Theradan on severest cases. Nobody got dandruff again for 1 to 3 months. You won't, either.

Theradan is made by the makers of Bufferin.® Try Theradan today. It really works.

After it clears up dandruff and itchy scalp, many people use Theradan regularly, once a month or so, as a preventive. Why don't you?

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS: The statements in this advertisement are supported by clinical tests. For a report write Medical Director, Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-481, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

with exclusive penetrating ingredient **SARTHIONATE®**

Theradan T. M. clears up dandruff that mere shampoos can't reach

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Letters

What's a Hootnanny?

Dear Sirs:

"I WANT MY MONEY BACK!" [by Roul Tunley, March 8] . . . made me wish I lived in New York just so I could go shopping at Macy's.

MRS. A. C. CARSON
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

In the upper right-hand corner of page thirty there is a picture of a Macy's adjuster on his hands and knees examining a wall-to-wall carpet that had a "wrinkle." The caption states that Macy's offered to take back the carpet for a full refund or give the customer a ⅓ discount. Being in the carpet business myself, I know that the first thing any reputable concern does upon receiving such a complaint is send a carpet mechanic, who simply restretches the carpet and erases the wrinkles. No business concern of any stature would offer to remove the entire installation for a full refund when ten minutes' work on the part of their mechanic can rectify the situation to the consumer's full satisfaction.

GEORGE L. RIBOWSKY
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● *The rug was defective (permanent hump in the rubberized backing).—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Any fool knows that a "hootnanny" is a cross between an owl and a goat.

J. R. LEAVITT
Union City, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

For Macy's and Mr. Tunley's information . . . a "hootnanny" is a nanny goat in an owl's nest.

WILLIAM S. HAMILTON III
Newark, Del.

Dear Sirs:

The hootnanny mentioned in your article is used by plumbers for clogged-up drains and/or pipes.

Crane Company's price book says:

"Marco Hootnanny: Round wire coiled inside a half circle brass tube. Has integral spring head on end of wire."

MRS. A. S. BENEDICT
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Dear Sirs:

A hootnanny is an educational toy capable of producing a great variety of geometric designs on circular pieces of paper. I had one fifteen years ago.

MRS. R. A. GEIL
Hyattsville, Md.

● *Macy's, which was stumped by a request for a "hootnanny," is welcome to its choice of the above definitions.*
—ED.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Politics

Dear Sirs:

After reading ON MY OWN by Eleanor Roosevelt [Feb. 8–March 8] . . . may I suggest as an antidote two factual and fully documented books The Roosevelt Myth and While You Slept by John T. Flynn, author of many historical books, a well-known newspaper columnist and a scholar.

MRS. R. S. KOMARNITSKY
Coraopolis, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you so much for those wonderful articles by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Wouldn't it be right to call her "First Lady of the Whole Wide World?"

H. P. SCONCE
Hermiston, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Eleanor Roosevelt has been our conscience. In stimulating the concern of our country for the less fortunate, she deserves our deepest appreciation.

HELEN J. FISHER
Southington, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

As founder of the Joe McCarthy Memorial League, as a veteran of two wars, and whose ancestors fought in every fight for this country since the Revolution, I resent the Post giving good clean white space to a disreputable old woman whose every utterance is poison and venom to decent people.

GEORGE F. CARROLL
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Roosevelt is a wonderful woman in many ways. However, she permits her deep partisanship to blind her to the very faults she finds in those she opposes and yet overlooks in those of her immediate family.

Every time she gets a chance she takes a broad swipe at Vice-President Nixon. . . .

His five-year record in this administration is consistent and unassailable from the viewpoint of sincerity. That's a long enough time to judge any public official.

WILLIAM A. HAWKINS
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I resent Mrs. Roosevelt's use of the Post as a sounding board for her political ideas, and an opportunity to attack Republican officials. Considering what her husband's policies and acts did to the country while he was in office, and the deceit concerning his health just before his last election, it would seem to be the part of modesty and good manners to keep silent on politics.

MELVILLE C. FREEMAN
Glastonbury, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Both she and Harry Truman ought to be suppressed. Of course I am not reading the articles.

H. BENNETT
St. Cloud, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

What a marvelous woman! My husband remarked, "She has a stronger constitution than the United States."

MRS. MARGUERITE H. GUILDS
Pittsfield, Mass.

(Continued on Page 6)

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B.F.Goodrich

Smileage!

DRIVE TROUBLE-FREE ON B.F.GOODRICH SILVERTOWNS—THE HAPPY MILEAGE TIRES

SAME TIRES THAT COME ON '58 CARS! Detroit automakers tested B.F.Goodrich Deluxe Silvertowns on their own proving grounds. They drove them harder and faster than you ever will. And because Silvertowns came smiling through every rugged test, you can count on them for miles of happy, worry-free driving. That's Smileage!

THEY'RE BUILT TO GIVE YOU SMILEAGE WHEREVER YOU DRIVE. B.F.Goodrich knows how to make tires you can depend on. We made the first pneumatic tires for an auto manufactured for sale in America. We invented the tubeless tire. Now we've put our whole 87 years' experience into the great new Silvertowns.

GET THE EXTRA PROTECTION OF NYLON! B.F.Goodrich nylon cords give extra confidence—because they give you extra protection against bruise-blowouts! Get a set of Silvertowns for only $4 down, $4 a week. Your B.F.Goodrich dealer is listed in the Yellow Pages. *B.F.Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B.F.Goodrich Company.*

B.F.Goodrich ***Silvertown tires***

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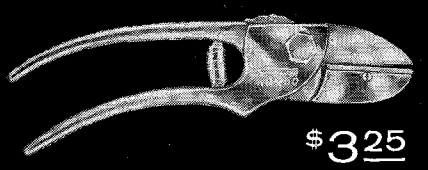
FOR YOU...FOR YOUR FAMILY... gardening is easier and more enjoyable with the right True Temper tools. Here are just a few:

NEW $2.95

WANT A REALLY GOOD PAIR OF GRASS SHEARS? Try this brand-new model with a unique slicing action that cuts more grass quickly and cleanly with an easy squeeze. Surprisingly comfortable. No. 22

NEW $3.50*

SOMETHING SPECIAL, this new spring-braced lawn rake combs your lawn lightly, or rakes up heaviest litter. Rugged, deluxe model with large capacity. Straight edge rakes close to walls, and along fences or gutters. No. SL22.



$3.25

SNIP CLEANLY with "True Kut" pruners. Powerful drawcut action takes only a slight squeeze to cut stems, vines, shrubs, small branches. Chrome-plated. No. 250.

NEW $1.25 each*

A TERRIFIC IDEA ... floral tools with 36" handles for "stand up" gardening. Famous True Temper fire-hardened ash handles are smooth, comfortable, splinter-free. Four efficient head patterns: No. 22L cultivator, 24L weeding hoe, 25L pointed hoe, 26L rake. Also available with short handles at 79c each.

*Slightly higher West

SEE THIS HELPFUL CHART AT YOUR DEALER'S

It's Tool-Up Time® at your dealer's now. See all the correctly designed True Temper tools. Look for this chart – it's chock-full of information to help you choose the right tools to take the hard work out of yard work. If you'd like a free, handy-size copy, just drop a post card to True Temper, Dept. S4, 1623 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland 15, Ohio.

TRUE TEMPER®

THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE RIGHT JOB

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

The Trouble With Teaching

Dear Sirs:

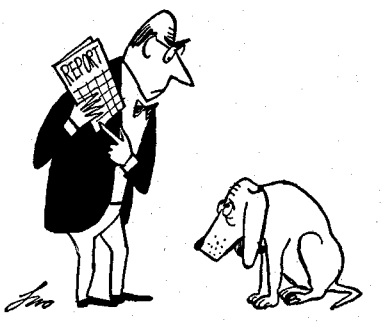
Congratulations on THE MIDDLE WAY IS THE BEST WAY by Dr. Earl H. Hanson, as told to Leigh White, in the February 22 Post. It is a welcome change to read an article on education in a popular magazine written by an educator who knows what he is talking about. He puts his finger on the factor which is primarily responsible for the difficulties of the schools today—lack of enough good teachers. Until the American people face this fact and take appropriate action, other efforts at improvement will be largely futile.

JOHN K. NORTON
Director, Division of Administration and Guidance
Teachers College, Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I noted with interest and amusement (if not amazement) a number of things which Mr. Hanson mentioned. . . .

Mr. Hanson's comment that so long as a goodly percentage of our citizens wish to keep dogs, it is better for everyone concerned if their dogs are well-behaved,



applies also to a course in "church ushering" which is given as an extension course by the University of Florida. So long as people persist in seeing to it that we are seated in church, we may as well make sure the job is done right.

G. J. STOUT
University Park, Pa.

● *That course in church ushering is not given by the University of Florida but by a separate state educational agency called the General Extension Division.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Earl Hanson's article . . . should do a great deal to restore readers' confidence in the quality of school administration in the United States.

ROBERT W. COPE
Supervising Principal
Schwenksville Union School District
Schwenksville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

If I could live over again my years of teaching, I should keep before me Superintendent Hanson's well-balanced statement of purpose: "That each child be schooled to his natural limits in terms of his ability to read, write, calculate, vote, hold office, make a living, keep a home and keep the law."

MRS. RUTH D. VALBY
Staten Island, N.Y.

The Senator Rebuts

Dear Sirs:

Leslie Miller [IT ALL COMES OUT OF YOUR POCKET, as told to Sidney Shalett, Jan. 11] states that "Federal expenditures on river and harbor developments began in 1824. Actual disbursements and authorizations, from that year to the present, already stand at some $35,000,000,000, and future projects have been proposed that would bring the nation's waterways bill to a staggering total of $70,000,000,000." The author's statement would indicate that he is talking about navigation improvements on rivers and harbors. However, the figures quoted apply to the water-resource-development activities, including power generating and transmission facilities of all Federal agencies which includes: the Corps of Engineers river-and-harbor, flood-control and multipurpose projects; Bureau of Reclamation irrigation, water-supply and power projects; Bonneville Power Administration; Bureau of Indian Affairs development of irrigation on Indian lands; the Southwestern Power Administration; the Tennessee Valley Authority; the International Boundary and Water Commission, Department of State, in its international obligations; and the Flood Prevention and Pilot Watershed projects of the Department of Agriculture.

I believe it is impossible to overemphasize the importance of water and water-resource development in its relationship to our future economic growth. The Report of the Presidential Advisory Committee on Water Resource Policy, dated December 22, 1955, pointed out that the estimated use of water in this country in 1950 was 185 billion gallons per day, and that based on a population estimate of 200,000,000 by 1975, the estimated requirements would be 350 billion gallons per day. If you consider the revised estimated population of this country in 1975, the estimated water requirement would be between 400 and 450 billion gallons per day, considerably more than double the 1950 requirement, and this is just seventeen years away.

It will soon be too late to provide the needed facilities on other than a crash program unless the public is aware of the critical water problem which faces us in the next decade.

ALLEN J. ELLENDER
Chairman, Subcommittee on Public Works
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

● *Former Governor Miller did not condemn all water-resource development; his concern was with those projects which he defines as pork-barrel legislation. Obviously, one man's pork barrel is another man's meat.*—*ED.*

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fresh, clean taste!

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Nothing does it like Seven-Up

No wonder 7-Up is the drink that's going to the parties! Seven-Up does more than taste cool. Seven-Up gives you a fresh, clean taste as you drink it . . . leaves a fresh, clean feeling in your mouth and throat when you *finish* the bottle. There's no sticky taste to bother you. You *feel* fresh —ready for more fun. Have 7-Up. Have happy guests! "FRESH UP" WITH SEVEN-UP

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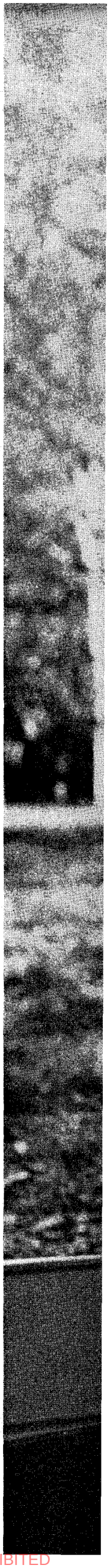
Equitable's Living Insurance can make you independent of a job one day

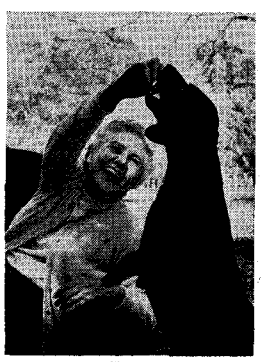


Living Insurance means benefits for the living. Benefits for you while you live. If you die, benefits for those who live on after you.

Even with budgets, bills, and a family to support, you *can* set aside funds for security in your old age. You really don't have to be rich to provide for the future.

Ask the Man from Equitable about it. He'll show you how Equitable's Adjustable Whole Life policy fits into your protection picture—how it combines with your present insurance and Social Security to help you retire one day. This special low-cost form of *Living* Insurance comes in "economy-size" $10,000 packages of protection for your family if you should die. It also builds substantial cash values. And when you are ready to retire, you can enjoy the happiness that comes with being independent of a job.

This, truly, is *Living* Insurance in action. Ask the Man from Equitable about it – and about other forms that can help you protect your home, meet major medical bills, or have funds for emergencies. *The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S., 393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.*



"Day in the Country" photographed by CARROLL SEGHERS

Equitable's Living Insurance pays off for the living

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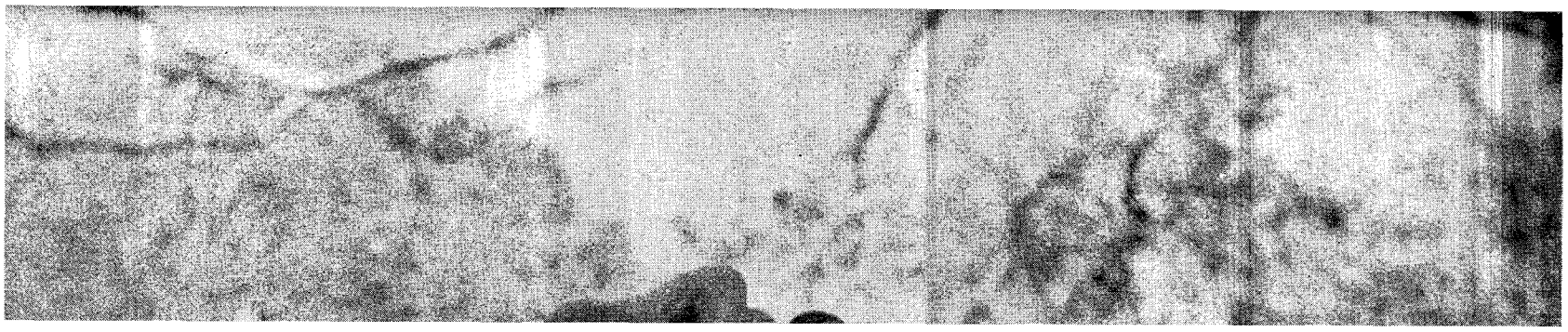

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Editorials

Why Does the G.O.P. Get Tagged With the Griefs of Democrats?

Throughout our nonpartisan researches into partisan politics we have been fascinated by the ability of the Democrats to hurl against Republicans brickbats which might, with equal appropriateness, be hurled at Democrats.

Take the recent hue and cry over the pulling and hauling in the Federal Communications Commission as to whether a license for a TV station in Miami should go to an airline or to a gentleman named Katzentine. It is a good bet that 90 per cent of newspaper readers identified this as a Republican embarrassment, a sort of poor man's Teapot Dome. The names of Sherman Adams and Vice-President Nixon, among others, were freely tossed about the committee room and in the newspapers, although it does not appear that these individuals had any more to do with the affair than to be the target of letters which they didn't answer.

Lost in the shuffle was the fact that Commissioner Mack, the man who accepted favors from applicants for TV licenses, is a Democrat, albeit an "Eisenhower Democrat." Furthermore, few went to as much trouble to stir up sentiment on behalf of a friend as Sen. Estes Kefauver, the old crusader, did for Mr. Katzentine. Maybe the committee has a big, juicy and immoral Republican up its sleeve, but its first victim was certainly a Democrat. Nevertheless, it is the Democrats who do the accusing and the Republicans who do the worrying!

This is a political year and thus there is no cause for complaint against the Democrats in Congress for attempting to make a "thing" out of the arrangement which President Eisenhower reported having made with Vice-President Nixon in respect to the possibility that he might be compelled by illness to retire from office. From all the talk about a "secret deal" consummated "behind closed doors" one might think that some frightful conspiracy had been hatched to sneak Mr. Nixon onto the throne while nobody was looking.

The failure was on the part of the Republicans. Instead of letting this small cat crawl slyly out of the bag, they could easily have capitalized heavily on what the President did. "In the absence of necessary legislation by a Democratic Congress," a G.O.P. spokesman might have said, "President Eisenhower courageously and patriotically agreed that, should illness or other disability make it necessary, he would immediately step aside and permit the Vice-President to carry on the duties of his office, thereby ending confusion and permitting the administration of the executive departments to continue without interruption. With his usual good sense the President did not make public announcement of this arrangement, lest it give rise to rumors that he had already been stricken."

Something like that would have taken the starch out of Speaker Sam Rayburn's objection that nothing so simple could be done without a constitutional amendment. Ileitis comes on in the middle of the night, it could be pointed out; amending the Constitution is likely to take five years. Furthermore, the Democrats control Congress and can start an amendment on its way whenever they like. The President says he is for it.

All this clowning by the Democrats may be the way to play it. Nevertheless, our own strategic suggestion for Democrats is that before 1960 they should shake themselves clear of the Americans for Democratic Action and other left-fringe pressure groups, and name a solid middle-of-the-road candidate. At random we toss out the names of Sen. Frank Lausche, of Ohio; Sen. John McClellan, of Arkansas; or maybe Gov. LeRoy Collins, of Florida. Candidates like these would really worry the Republicans—that is, when and if they learn what to worry about.

The Rebuilding of a Gate Baffles the Two Germanys!

The "co-operation" between East and West Berlin on the restoration of the Brandenburg Gate is a microcosm of the frustrations of all East-West relations.

Formerly one of the glories of the German capital, the Brandenburg Gate stands inside the Communist East Berlin sector. The gate now displays a huge red flag in place of the familiar statue at the top. In 1956 East Berlin authorities decided to refurbish the denuded gate and restore the Quadriga, a victorious figure in a chariot drawn by four horses.

Upon learning of the East Berlin project, West Berlin newspapers let it be known that plaster molds of the original statue were in West Berlin. They had been made in 1940 as insurance against bomb damage; most of them had survived the war. Why not let the West, since it has possession of the molds, re-create the Quadriga for the Brandenburg Gate?

In the hope of forcing contact with the West at higher levels, East Berlin accepted the entirely unofficial offer of help on the Brandenburg project. But West Berlin officials are determined to keep all contacts anonymous and on the lowest level, strictly limited to technical matters. This is the game of East-West Berlin relations.

East Berlin authorities began boldly. They first took the position that no co-operation on the gate could go forward unless it looked toward an official presentation, with top officials from both sides attending. This gesture of recognition was immediately ruled out in West Berlin. Following their strategic bluff, East Berlin officials concentrated on tactical maneuvers, hoping that each obstruction would call forth some official response from the other side. They refused repeated requests by West Berlin engineers who wanted to climb the Brandenburg Gate for on-the-spot calculations.

More requests were made and refused—all through channels resolutely labeled "unofficial" in West Berlin. Eventually sketches arrived from East Berlin, showing little that was not already known. Permission to climb the gate is still being withheld by the Communists. The price, apparently, is official negotiation with the East Berlin government.

Today in West Berlin, reconstruction of the Quadriga is well advanced; it is due to be finished in July. In East Berlin, workmen are busy on the gate itself, cleaning, repairing, reportedly strengthening the roof. West Berliners are making bets on what will happen to the Quadriga next July. It may wind up as a separate monument somewhere in West Berlin. In any case, the Quadriga, symbol of bygone German victories, is playing its part in the relentless ideological duel which is the way of life in Berlin today.

After a Dreary Winter, It's Pleasant to Welcome Spring!

Spring is here, and our northern areas are encountering the almost-forgotten sights and sounds of this gently blustering season. There are whitecapped millponds, stretching and tossing after their icy hibernation; pussy willows sunning themselves like wise kittens; and increasingly frequent flashes of bright birds back home after their vacation down South.

There's the first faintly perceptible yellowing of bare-limbed maples, beginning to get dressed in their cool summer green; snowbanks of spiraea blossoms making believe that winter has come back; lines of Monday-morning wash whipping like bright flags under the high-riding sun.

There's the sound of peepers in springtime pools, reminding us that even April can get a little frog in her throat in such changeable weather; the drip of maple sap from a boy-broken tree branch and the back-to-work buzzing of bees; the chirping of newly hatched chicks; the eager rush and gurgle of city gutters and country trout streams; the satisfying crack of the first clean-hit ball and the mud-sucking sound of boys' shoes, unfettered by galoshes, as they play catch in a soggy field.

There's a new ring to Sunday church bells, unhurried but clear over the balmy air, telling us that perhaps it is not yet irrevocably later than we think, that there is always a new beginning, another chance for our sad old world, one more hope for us all.

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The Bel Air Sport Coupe with Body by Fisher. Every window of every Chevrolet is Safety Plate Glass.

YOUR PRIDE WILL PERK UP *whenever you're seen in your* **'58 CHEVROLET.** *One look at those low, wind-whisked lines and you know you're bound to be noticed. And you'll find still more to be proud of in the quick, sure way Chevy responds to your touch.*

Sure as it's a Chevy, you're going to be looked at when you drive this good-looker. Don't be surprised if you even hear a soft whistle of approval now and then. There's just something about Chevy's low, straining-at-the-bit beauty that makes people sit up and take notice.

The way this Chevrolet *moves* is something to be admired, too. Its quick-sprinting power, for example, and the reassuring way it keeps its poise, even on sudden dips and curves.

Another big reason you'll be prouder of a Chevy is that it's the only honest-to-goodness *new* car in the low-price field. There's a new X-built Safety-Girder frame . . . new Turbo-Thrust V8* . . . new longer, lower Body by Fisher . . . a choice of new standard Full Coil suspension or a real air ride.* Cars just don't come any newer—or nicer—than this one.

Make it a point to stop by your Chevrolet dealer's real soon. What he's selling is high on pride but low on price. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

**Optional at extra cost.*

CHEVROLET

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Why Buy Quick-Rusting Mufflers?

THIS SIGN TELLS YOU WHERE TO BUY YOUR LONGER-LASTING AP "DRI-FLOW" MUFFLER

It's a good bet that the first big repair bill you'll have on your new car will be for a muffler. And it's a good bet, too, that that bill will come sooner than you think. No other part of your car takes such punishment, inside and out. So when you need a replacement muffler, here are some facts to help you get your money's worth.

Corrosion Ruins Most Mufflers

Despite the beating they take on the outside, it's on the inside that most mufflers give out first. Corrosion does it. Ever see water dripping from the end of a tail pipe? That's from condensation *inside* the muffler—condensation that can rust it out in no time. AP has found the answer to that problem.

Why AP "Dri-Flow" Mufflers Last Longer

The new "Dri-Flow" design of AP Mufflers protects them from inside condensation. "Dri-Flow" design causes the muffler to heat up evenly, *at all points*—there are no cold areas to cause condensation. Also, AP mufflers are built of thicker steel—up to 1/3 heavier outer shells, and up to 2/3 heavier ends. Many have special rust-resistant coatings at critical points.

As a result, AP mufflers last longer and give you greater protection from deadly carbon monoxide fumes. *Yet because we sell so many of them, they cost no more than quick-rusting mufflers.*

Look for the AP Sign

All over America, you'll see the giant red and white AP signs. They tell you that here is where you can get the longer-lasting AP "Dri-Flow" Mufflers, easily identified by the airliner grooves in the shell. They tell you, too, that here is a muffler expert who is interested in your exhaust system problems and has the know-how and the products to help you solve them.

THE AP PARTS CORPORATION

10-Q AP Building, Toledo 1, Ohio • Mufflers and Pipes

AP Longer-Lasting Mufflers—Designed for Today's High-Compression Engines

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WIN NEW HOUSEPOWER CONTEST

$100,000 IN PRIZES—CAPTION THIS CARTOON

WIN $5,000 CASH GRAND PRIZE

Hundreds of Appliance Prizes (worth $90,000)

It's easy! It's fun! Nothing to buy. First, read the facts about HOUSEPOWER shown below. Then write your cartoon caption, fill out the rest of the entry blank, mail it. And look at the prizes you may win:

$5,000 Cash—1st prize **$1,500 Cash—3rd prize**
$2,500 Cash—2nd prize **$1,000 Cash—4th prize**

PLUS hundreds of electric appliances including

Dishwashers
De luxe Electric Ranges
Food Freezers
Comb. Refrig. Freezers
Med. Priced Electric Ranges
Auto. Clothes Washers
Television Sets
Pressure Cookers with Auto. Control
Air Conditioners (room)
Electric Ironers
Elec. Clothes Dryers
Heat Pump Air Conditioners (room)
Electric Water Heaters
Electric Incinerators
Vacuum Cleaners
Portable Electric Space Heaters
Electric Mixers
Electric Coffee Makers
Electric Blankets
Electric Shavers
Automatic Toasters
Electric Steam Irons
Electric Fry Pans
Electric Meat Grinders
Electric Knife Sharpeners
Electric Saucepans

Appliances donated by these famous-name manufacturers

ABC
Blackstone
Chrysler Airtemp
Clark
Cory
Dormeyer
Easy
Eureka-Williams
Fedders-Quigan
Frigidaire
General Electric
Hamilton Beach
Hobart
Hotpoint
Ironrite
Kelvinator
Manning Bowman
Maytag
Norge
Philco
Presto
Proctor
Sunbeam
Sylvania
Thermador
Toastmaster
Waste King
Wesix
Westinghouse
Whirlpool
York
Youngstown

READ THESE FACTS . . . IMPROVE YOUR HOME . . . WIN WONDERFUL PRIZES

Today, 4 out of 5 homes have low HOUSEPOWER (not enough electrical wiring, outlets, and switches). See cartoon. This home is obviously one of the 4. If the man can find an outlet to plug that TV cord into, he's certainly going to see one or more of the symptoms of low HOUSEPOWER. His TV picture may shrink and wiggle when that coffee maker starts; the lights may dim. The coffee maker will be slow heating up. And no wonder the Mrs. looks bewildered at the maze of "Octopus plugs"—a sure sign of low HOUSEPOWER. For *full* HOUSEPOWER all they'd have to do is call their electrical contractor or electric company for a "HOUSEPOWER Rating." The electrical contractor can do the job quickly, neatly, economically. And *full* HOUSEPOWER will increase the value of their home.

"_____"

SEND IN YOUR CAPTION FOR THIS CARTOON IN COUPON BELOW

To show you how easy it is, here are some sample captions:

"I told you to get the wiring checked, Mr. Fix-it."

"How can I get a midnight snack with low HOUSEPOWER?"

"We might as well have a real octopus in here!"

See how simple it is! Now, write your caption in the coupon below and mail it in today!

HOW TO WIN

WHO MAY ENTER: Any user of electricity in his place of residence in the continental U. S. or Hawaii except employees (and their immediate families) of Electric Power Companies, Electric Leagues and Associations, their Advertising and Contest Agencies.

DURATION OF CONTEST: Contest ends April 30, 1958. Entries postmarked after April 30, 1958 or received after May 5, 1958 are not eligible.

HOW TO ENTER: Read carefully these facts about HOUSEPOWER. Then complete entry blank at right. Fill in your name and address *twice*. Be sure to check answers to all questions. Mail entry blank to HOUSEPOWER, P. O. Box 2070, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

Multiple entries will be accepted, provided an Official Entry Blank is used each time. Entry blanks may be obtained from local Electric Power Company.

JUDGING: Judging will be done by the Contest Management Division of Richard Manville Research Inc.—an independent contest organization. Judging will be based on the degree of aptness, originality, and sincerity of the caption you submit.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS: Winners will be notified by mail approximately 8 weeks from closing date of contest. Only one prize per household. Winners' list may be obtained by enclosing a *self-addressed, 6 cent stamped envelope with your entry*.

Contest is subject to federal, state, and local regulations. All entries become the property of Edison Electric Institute. Judges' decisions are final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

Each contestant consents and agrees that neither the sponsors of this contest, nor the Contest Management Division of Richard Manville Research Inc. nor any of their respective employees, will incur any legal liability for any negligence, error, act, or failure to act in the sponsoring or conducting of this contest or the handling, or judging, of any contestant's entry; however, all due caution will be exercised to prevent the occurrence of any such errors.

Your electrical industries sponsoring

HOUSEPOWER
TRADE MARK

P-3

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Mail to: HOUSEPOWER, P. O. Box 2070, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

PRINT YOUR CAPTION HERE (15 WORDS OR LESS)

"_____

_____

_____

_____"

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Name of your utility co._____

FILL IN BOTH PARTS OF THIS FORM

Please check your answers about your home's wiring system in boxes below. Look for answers inside your fuse box, or circuit breaker box:

Number of fuses: 4 or fewer ☐ 5-7 ☐ 8 or more ☐
Service Entrance Size is: 30 amp. ☐ 60 amp. ☐ 100 amp. ☐ over 100 amp. ☐

Age of my home is_____years

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Name of your utility co._____

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Fully Filtered Oil from FRAM Filter equipped engine. Filter replaced regularly to assure 100% efficient filtration. Oil is clean, smooth, free of dangerous power-robbing particles.
Dirty Oil from engine with clogged filter is loaded with "Deadly Diamonds" of abrasives. These grinding particles mean loss of power—may lead to big repair bills soon!

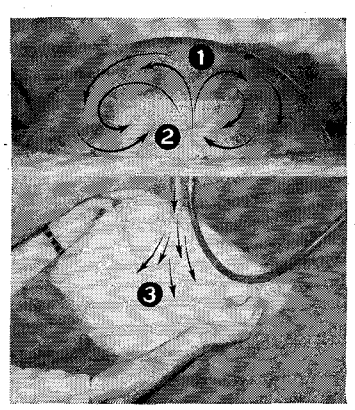
TAKE FIVE!

Keep "Deadly Diamonds" out of your engine with Full-Filtration by FRAM

Oil and air are *fully* filtered by FRAM "car matched" oil and air filters. "Deadly Diamonds" of abrasive hard carbon, grit and dirt are trapped. Damage-causing particles are removed from circulation. Years are added to your engine's life!

Help keep all the horsepower you paid for . . . with FRAM FULL-FILTRATION. Ask your FRAM Dealer about FRAM Oil and Air filter cartridge replacements at your next 5000-mile filter check. There's a FRAM Filter that's exactly right for your car . . . engineered by FRAM to your car manufacturer's rigid filter-type specifications.

Today, more new cars are factory equipped with FRAM Filters as original equipment than all other makes.



"DUST BOWL" TEST
Proof FRAM Air Filter 99%+ efficient!

1. **DUST AND DIRT-LADEN AIR** is blown under pressure into sealed container.
2. **FRAM FILTRONIC AIR FILTER CARTRIDGE** traps dirt and dust... thoroughly cleans stream of air flowing through.
3. **DUST, DIRT AND GRIT ELIMINATED!** White handkerchief is clean, shows no trace of dirt or dust. Abrasives are stopped!

FRAM "Take Five" service will help your car keep on delivering *full* power!

FRAM AUTHORIZED Service DEALER OIL AIR FUEL WATER FILTERS

TAKE FIVE MINUTES EVERY 5000 MILES for expert filter service where you see this sign. *Change filter—Change oil*

FRAM®
OIL • AIR • FUEL • WATER
FILTERS

FRAM CORPORATION, PROVIDENCE 16, RHODE ISLAND • FRAM CANADA LTD., STRATFORD, ONT.

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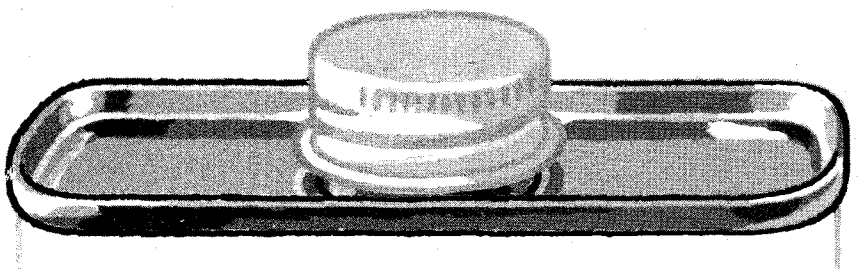
SIMONIZ MAKES IT

A TERRIFIC NEW CAR POLISH!

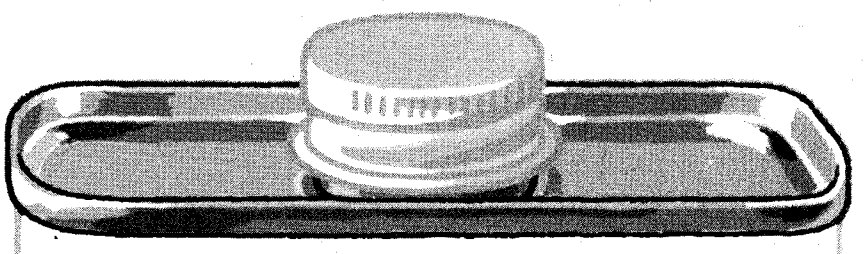


NEW LIQUID

BODY SHEEN®

by SIMONIZ

CLEANS & POLISHES CARS without a wash job



New HIGH-DRY SHINE for cars

New BODYSHEEN gives car a HIGH shine, brighter than any paste wax. Thick-liquid cleaning and polishing agents leave the car dazzling.

New BODYSHEEN gives car a DRY shine. It takes off normal dirt, dust, road grime . . . there's no need to wash your car first.

New BODYSHEEN gives your car like-new sparkle and color. Restores original lustre to the finish. Makes faded colors glow like new. Bodysheen is ideal for all the newest car colors and finishes, too.

Directions: Shake can well. Pour small amount of Bodysheen on cloth and wipe well on car. Let dry to a haze. Wipe off with soft cloth.

NOW — $1.49

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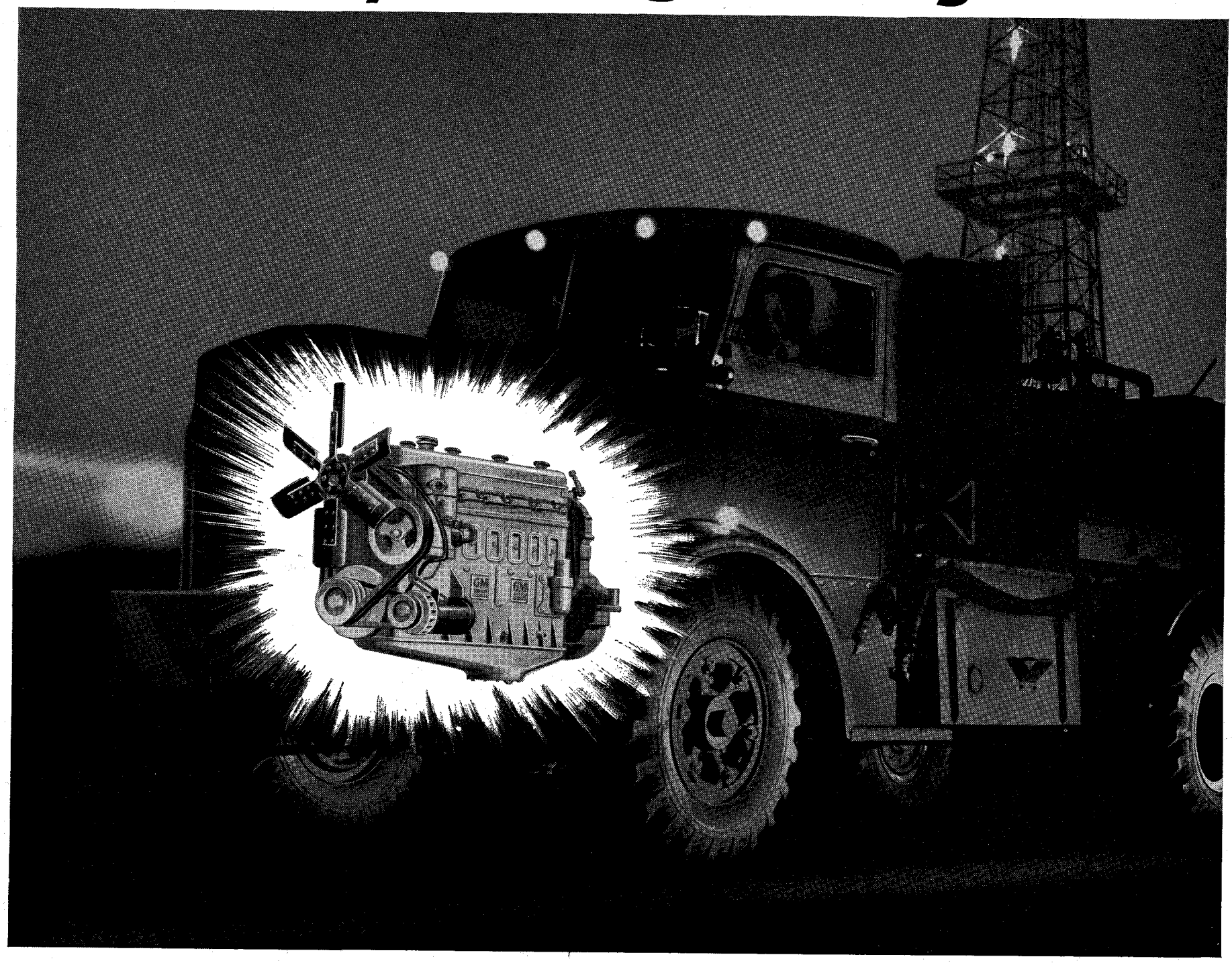
New "Jimmy" Diesel gets a big hand!



New GM "71E" Diesel produces lower-cost miles than ever obtained before—now available for any make truck 26,000 GVW and up

You can't fool cost-conscious fleet operators, who often figure mileage costs to the third decimal point. They know when an engine is earning money—and saving money.

And, in ever-growing numbers, they're learning that this new "E" model of the famed GM 2-cycle Diesel is the most efficient ever built. Its new 4-valve combustion chamber—fed by new, more efficient fuel injectors—squeezes maximum mileage out of every drop.

With its snappy acceleration and reserve torque, this Diesel takes on all comers on tough hill climbs—outperforms them all on the level or at high altitudes. And its lower fuel input per horsepower means extra, trouble-free miles for your fuel dollar.

Want more facts? See your GM Diesel distributor about repowering your present equipment—gasoline or Diesel. When you're in the market for new trucks, ask for this great new GM "71E"* engine.

And if the truck you choose isn't immediately available with a "Jimmy," turn it over to the GM Diesel distributor for a "71E" installation. *You'll be money ahead!*

**Truck and bus engines: "4-71E"—140 h.p.; "6-71E"—210 h.p. New Turbopower models utilize the energy of exhaust gases to deliver even higher power: "4-71T"—171 h.p.; "6-71T"—236 h.p.*

Now—more than ever—*it pays to standardize on GM Diesels*—available in 1485 applications of power equipment built by more than 175 manufacturers. Parts and Service *Worldwide.*

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DETROIT DIESEL POWER

GM 1908 · 1958

DETROIT DIESEL *Engine Division of General Motors, Detroit 28, Michigan*

Regional Offices: NEW YORK, ATLANTA, DETROIT, CHICAGO, DALLAS, SAN FRANCISCO • In Canada: GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL LIMITED, London, Ontario • Single Engines...30 to 300 H.P. Multiple Units...Up to 893 H.P.

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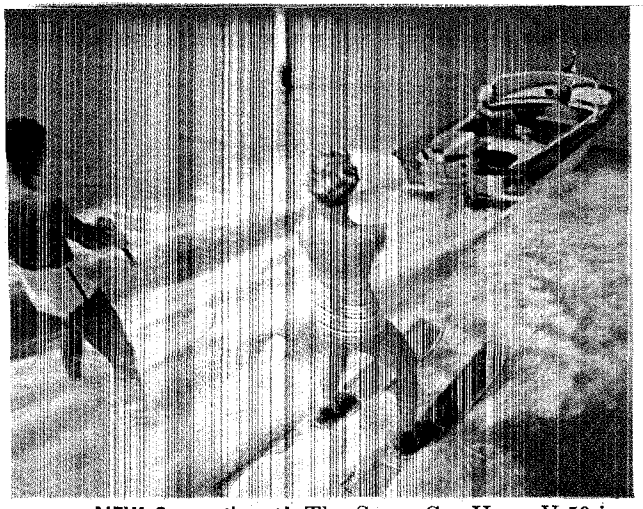
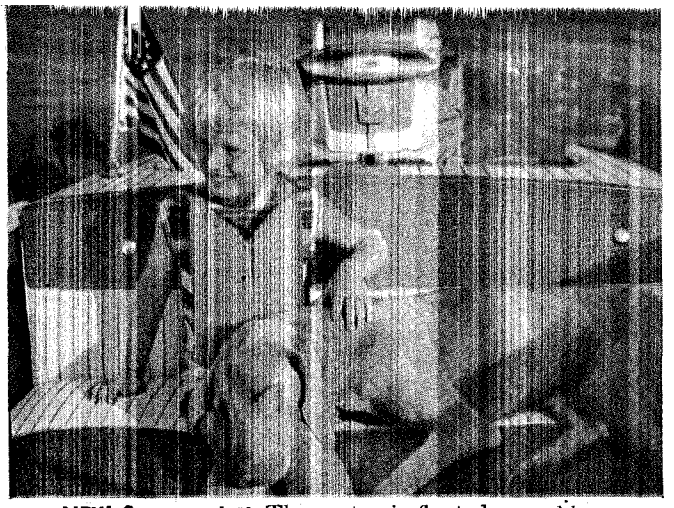
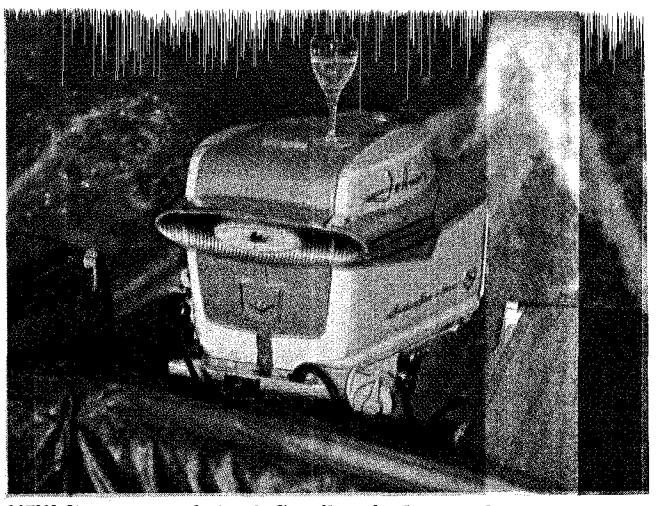


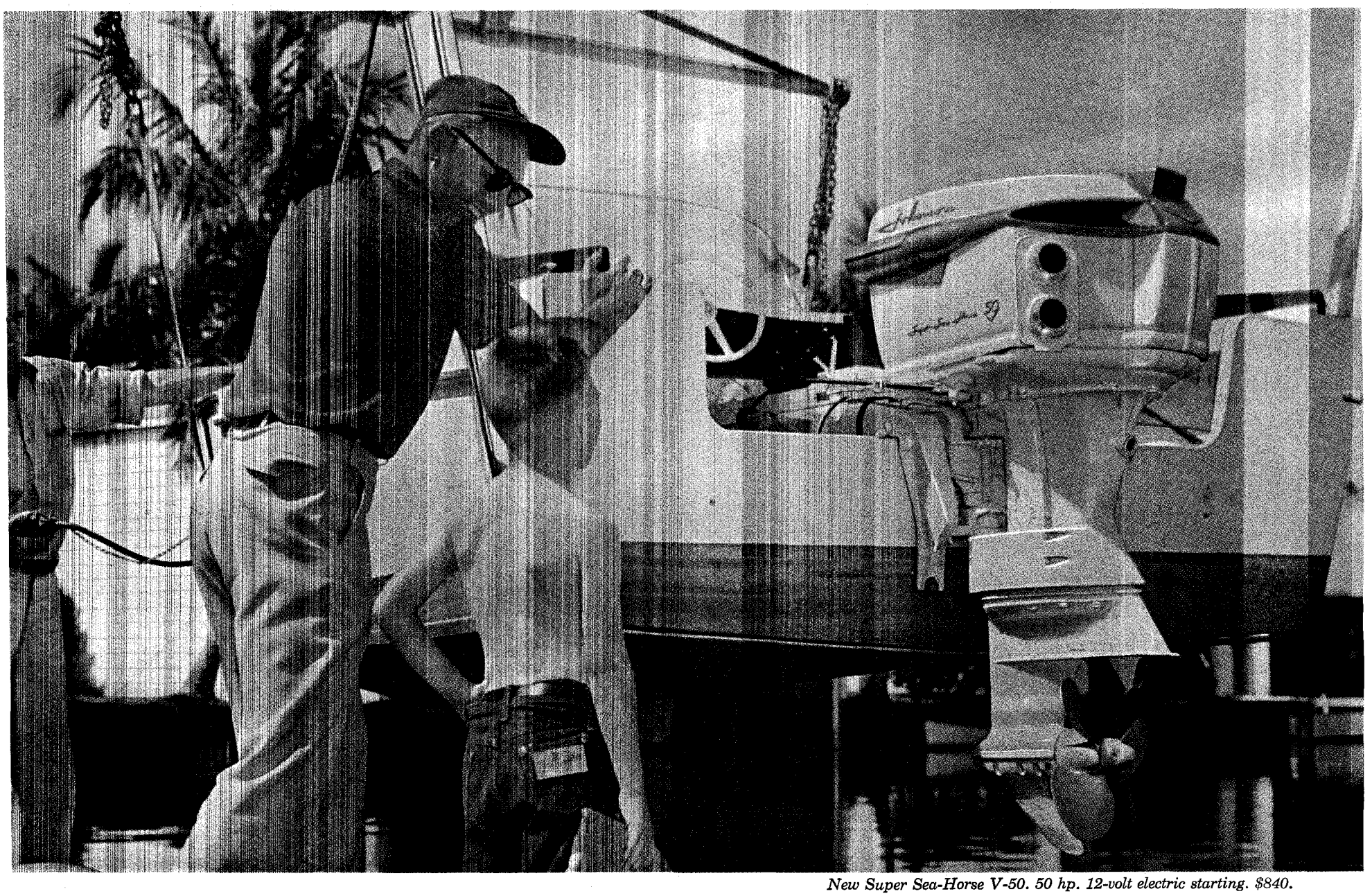
NEW Super thrust! The Super Sea-Horse V-50 is a miracle of compact power—virtually no load can make it labor. Develops 50 hp without effort, delivers full thrust instantaneously.



NEW Super quiet! The motor is floated on rubber within an outer shell which extends down the lower unit to the waterline, sealing in all airborne noise. Exhaust, as always, is underwater.



NEW Super smoothness! So vibrationless, a glass of water won't ripple at idle or spill underway. This new Johnson "V" has a power response as smooth as that found in a fine car V-8.



New Super Sea-Horse V-50. 50 hp. 12-volt electric starting. $840.

Meet the Sea-Horse that launched the "V" age!

It's lightning without thunder! Pure silver seals the pressurized crankcases. The powerhead floats on rubber. A huge 70.7 cubic inches of firepower are nestled in outboarding's first V-block. Prototype of the new form of outboard power, it's the 4-cylinder Super Sea-Horse V-50.

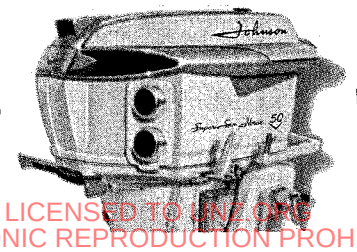
Everything about this engine is new. Unit magneto. Suction fuel pump. Recirculating water cooling system. Twin barrel single carburetor. Because this new "V" Sea-Horse knows no strain, it will set new standards for engine life.

In all, there are eleven new Johnsons this year. Choose from two new V-50s, three 35s, two 18s or a 10, 7½, 5½ or 3 hp Sea-Horse. Prices from $160 to $840. Your Johnson dealer's listed under "Outboard Motors" in the classified phone book. See him soon. Remember, nearly two million dependable Sea-Horses prove *Johnson knows best.*

FREE 1958 SEA-HORSE CATALOG! *Write: Johnson Motors, 322 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois. (Division of Outboard Marine Corporation. In Canada: manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ontario.)*

12-volt electric key starting in 50, 35 and 18 hp classes (new quick-charging 10-ampere generator with automatic voltage regulator available as accessory on electric starting V-50s and 35s). Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change. OBC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (18s and 35s at 4500).

First in dependability...
pioneers of the "V" age engine



Johnson

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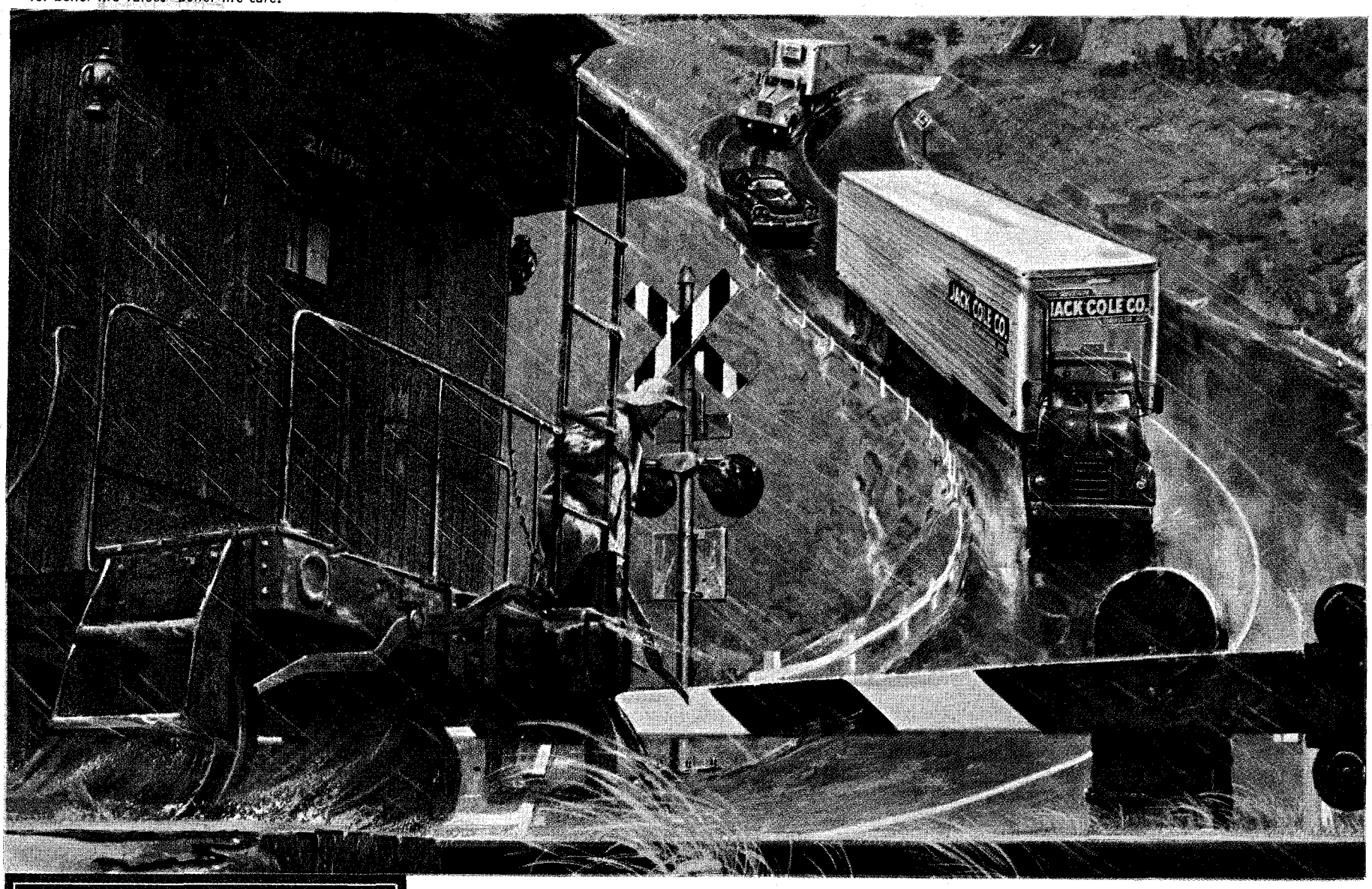
GOODYEAR TIRES

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values—better tire care.

"We almost *triple* original mileage of our former nylon tires—



and even high-crown roads behave for new HI-MILER CROSS-RIB!"

How Jack Cole Company of Birmingham, Ala., answers traction problems while getting longest original tread wear:

"We run general freight," says V. P. Sam Cole. "A million miles a month—and with alternating drivers on our sleepers to meet tight delivery schedules, some of our tires never grow cold!

"Our mountain runs are problems, too. Only 18 hours, Birmingham to Chicago —or only 30 to New York—makes traction a 'must,' and any tire failure is extra bad news.

"Those are all reasons why Cross-Rib has been such GOOD news for us.

"*Instead of 35,000 original drive-wheel mileage, Cross-Rib averages 93,000—and some crowd 100,000!* Yes—and then recap after recap besides!

"And our drivers report NO Cross-Rib failures, NO blowouts, NO bruise-breaks and practically no punctures. Also, much longer-lasting traction—*and no sideslips or jackknives.*

"And our Maintenance Manager says that, with Cross-Rib, our tire-cost-per-mile is HALF what it used to be! That's real music to any highway hauler's ears!"

Jack Cole Company operates 133 tractors, 300 tandem trailers and 50 smaller trucks into 27 cities in Alabama, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Georgia – and interchanges for all U. S. A. For other good names gone Cross-Rib, contact your Goodyear dealer—or

Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept.
Akron 16, Ohio

HI-MILER CROSS-RIB
EXTRA RUBBER *plus* TRIPLE-TOUGH
3-T NYLON CORD

TEMPERED LIKE STEEL! Like steel, tire cord must be tempered to be tough. Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process, involving Tension, Temperature and Time, triple-tempers cord to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH — to give you longest tire life, lowest cost-per-mile!

Buy and Specify Tubeless or Tube-Type

NEW HI-MILER CROSS-RIB by GOODYEAR

Hi-Miler—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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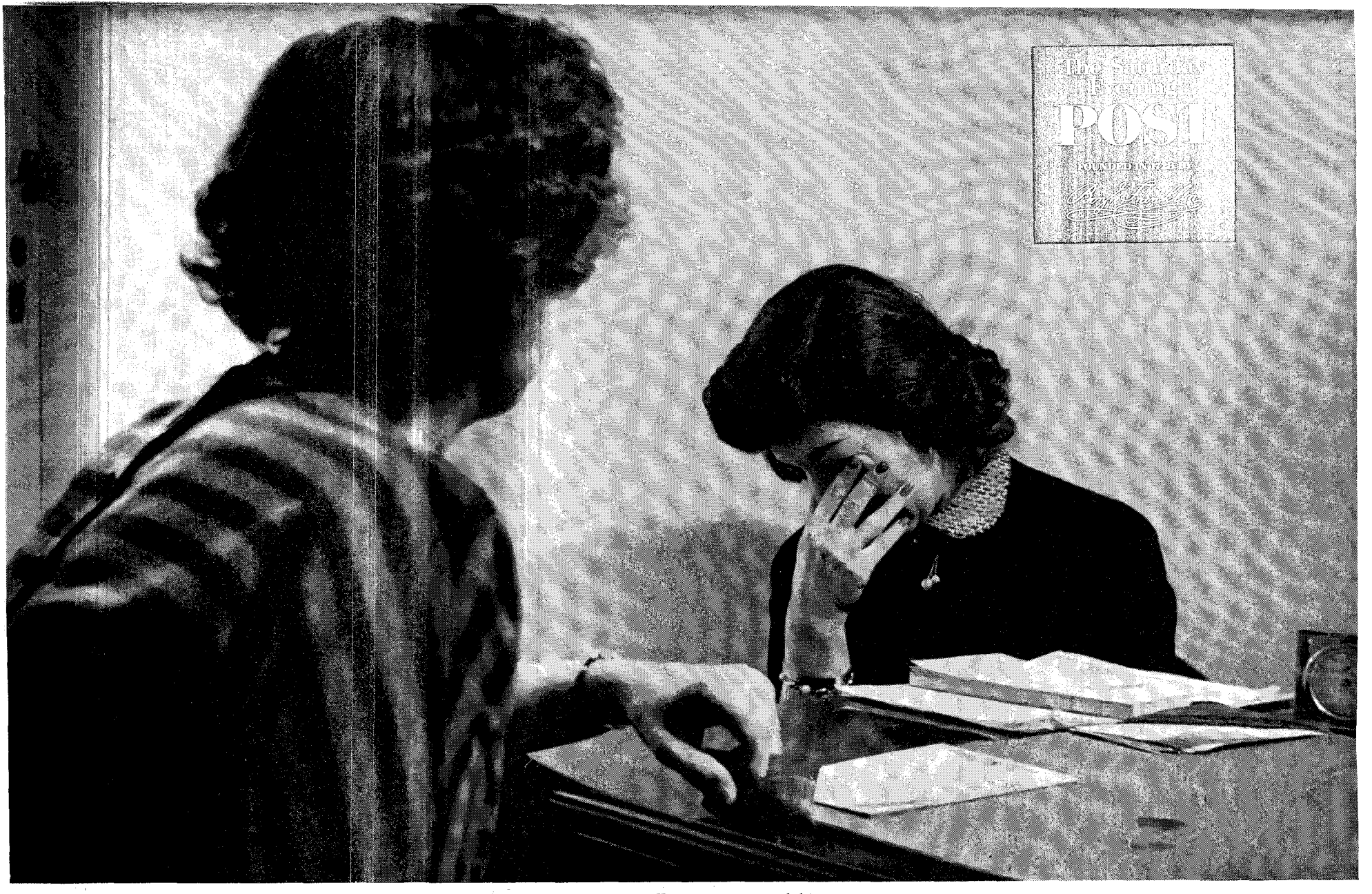

Mrs. Elvira Brigg, a marriage counselor, listens to a wife's story. For the outcome of this case, see next page.

Marriage is Our Business

HUSBAND TROUBLE

Here, made public for the first time, are actual case histories from the files of the Marriage Council of Philadelphia. Among other things, they show that even a wife-beater may have his side of the story.

First of Three Parts By EMILY HARTSHORNE MUDD as told to Hannah Lees

Unhappy marriages have been our business for more than twenty-six years. I have yet to see one in which only the husband or only the wife needed to change. You notice I don't say "was to blame." At the Marriage Council of Philadelphia we aren't a bit interested in who is to blame. Our job is to find out *what* is to blame, and help change it. A man may seem a brute when his wife tells us why she came in—and sometimes, of course, he is a brute—but after we find out why he acts the way he does, the problem often looks quite different.

We have examined more than 10,000 marriage problems since 1932. In that year a group of Philadelphia physicians and social scientists—including the celebrated Karl de Schweinetz—and I met to discuss a serious community need: An agency to help prevent those husband-vs.-wife turmoils whose chief victims are children. At that time only two such agencies existed in the United States—one headed by the eugenicist, Paul Popenoe, in Los Angeles; and the other, in New York, under Drs. Hannah and Abraham Stone. I was a doctor's

The author: "I almost refuse to use the word 'happy' in connection with any marriage. . . . Why should people think they can fence off marriage and find it sheer bliss?"

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HOW ONE COUPLE'S MARRIAGE WAS SAVED

1 The troubled couple seated above came in for help. First they had to fill out questionnaires.

2 The husband stated his side of the case to Mrs. Brigg, who had already talked with the wife.

wife and a laboratory assistant at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, and the junior member of the group. But I was the only wife and mother in the group. It was logical, I suppose, that the rest of the committee should ask me to become their first marriage counselor, but the request came as a shock. I agreed to do the work for a six-month trial, and be trained on the job.

After six months I realized I had found a lifetime job. I got my master's degree in social work in 1936 and my Ph.D. in 1950. Today, the one-woman staff of 1932 has grown to the present Marriage Council, with a counseling and research staff of seventeen, a board of trustees, supervising committees of medical and legal experts, and an office staff. Since 1950 we have been a part of the School of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, where I am a professor of family study in the Department of Psychiatry. There are now more than four hundred agencies doing marriage counseling in America.

Our 10,000 cases have involved a great many "brutal" husbands. For example, a young wife came to us last September. She had left her husband and taken her three children home to mother because, she said, her husband hit her every time he lost his temper, and he was always losing it. She had gone to the Legal Aid Society for help, and they had sent her to us. One of our counselors had four interviews with this young woman, four with her husband, and then one final interview with both of them together. The total fees they paid amounted to $35.50. Yet they left hand in hand, apparently eager to work out their problems together. What happened in those nine hours of talk—just talk—to change the way that husband and wife felt about each other? How does marriage counseling work?

Let's take a look at the case of Clara Burd, which happens not to be her real name; in our files she is listed merely as Mrs. X, case number 8451B. (Because of the confidential nature of our relationship with our clients, I shall not use real names in any of the cases I describe. Apart from identifying characteristics, however, the cases are reported just as they occurred.) Clara phoned in and was given a three-o'clock appointment with Dr. Hilda Goodwin, our supervisor. She might have drawn any one of our eight counselors; the secretary on duty usually assigns new clients to whoever happens to have convenient free time. Clara arrived on schedule, and was given two forms to fill out. One was a background questionnaire: How much did you share in the housework while growing up? How much were your parents in agreement or disagreement? and thirty-seven additional questions about education, religion and early way of life. The other form was a marriage-adjustment schedule: Are you satisfied with the amount of affection shown? Do you and your spouse spend your spare time together? What are your areas of disagreement? and some thirty-odd others. We use a third schedule, on sexual adjustment, but it is always filled out by our clients during an interview, and never until they have had time to feel at home with the counselor.

When Clara finished the forms, Doctor Goodwin took her to an office on the second floor of the old West Philadelphia double house where we work. The one thing we know about those who walk in our door is that they are lonely and anxious. Doctor Goodwin, the wife of a broker, has a doctor's degree in social work. Her most obvious characteristic is gentleness. She closed the door and sat down facing Clara. "Now," she said, "tell me why you are here."

Whether we work with a couple nine hours or forty-nine, there are usually three stages. First we have to find out what each one of them *thinks* the trouble is. Sometimes they agree on the trouble, but often a husband and wife give entirely different stories. After they have talked enough to give the counselor a good idea of what is really making them unhappy—their first complaint is seldom the real trouble—the next step is to help them *both* see it. And finally, they have to want to change, not each other, but themselves and their relationship.

Clara Burd said she was all in pieces. Her husband, Tony, had a terrible temper. Whatever she did, whatever she said, he turned it into an argument and ended up hitting her. Sometimes he knocked her down.

What were the arguments about, Doctor Goodwin asked. Sex? Money?

No. They got along fine in bed, Clara Burd said. Tony expected her to manage the family

3 Time out between interviews: The counselors often have lunch together in the conference room and discuss their cases. Doctor Mudd is at right rear.

4 The final step was an interview with husband and wife together. Mrs. Brigg helped them face the real source of their trouble. As a result, the couple were reconciled.

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Premarital counseling: Virginia Henderson, a psychologist from the Marriage Council, helps a group of Swarthmore College students consider what marriage really means. "The more alike a boy and girl are," says Dr. Mudd, "the better are their chances of happiness together."

finances and she always had. It was all sorts of little things. If something went wrong at work, he came home and took it out on her. If she ever asked him to help with the children or the dishes, he blew his top. She really needed help, with three children under four, but that was when he most often got mad enough to hit her. If it wasn't for his temper—well, she liked being married. There were nice times. Sometimes he brought her flowers.

Could she get Mr. Burd to come in, Doctor Goodwin asked. Clara said she thought so; since she had left him he had called up every day, asking her to come back. A few days later Mr. Burd did come for an interview. He was a little, inconspicuous fellow who drove a milk truck and didn't look much like a brute. He was full of remorse about his terrible temper. He would do anything, promise anything, he said, if we would only get his wife back. Doctor Goodwin explained patiently that we were not here to punish or forgive, and we couldn't promise his wife would come back. All we could do was help them find out why they couldn't get along and what they could do about it. This hitting his wife, for instance, what made him do it?

He never meant to, he said, but her whole attitude was, "When I say jump, jump." Then he'd get mad. It would all be over in ten or fifteen minutes, and he hadn't really hit her often, maybe nine or ten times in the four years they had been married. But Clara and her mother acted as if he was a wife-beater. He'd never even dried a dish before he got married, and she was always demanding he help with the dishes, help with the children, go shopping with her. His two married sisters laughed at him. His mother-in-law made a lot of the trouble. She seemed to enjoy it when he and Clara had fights. One reason he wanted to make up was he didn't want the children staying with his mother-in-law. That woman had Clara right under her thumb. It was terrible the way his mother-in-law pushed her own husband around. *His* mother? Oh, she had died when he was little, and his father had raised his two sisters and himself alone. Someone had always been getting a beating. He had sworn when he got married he'd do things differently, but now look at him.

These early family patterns keep cropping up in our work. People may hate the relationship their parents had, but they are inclined to remember it as the usual way for a husband and wife to act, and tend to act the same way in their own marriage.

Clara Burd, it turned out, had learned a completely different, but just as unpleasant, way of life from her own parents.

She never meant to make demands on Tony, she said at her next visit. But she was very sensitive, and when he'd be helpful for a while and then just stop, it hurt her and she couldn't help showing it, and then an argument started. It was lonely doing dishes all alone. Mostly she wanted him to help her for company.

What about her mother, who Tony seemed to think made trouble? Well, her mother was pretty positive, but long ago Clara had learned that it was easier not to make her mother mad. (Continued on Page 46)

Photographs by Larry Keighley

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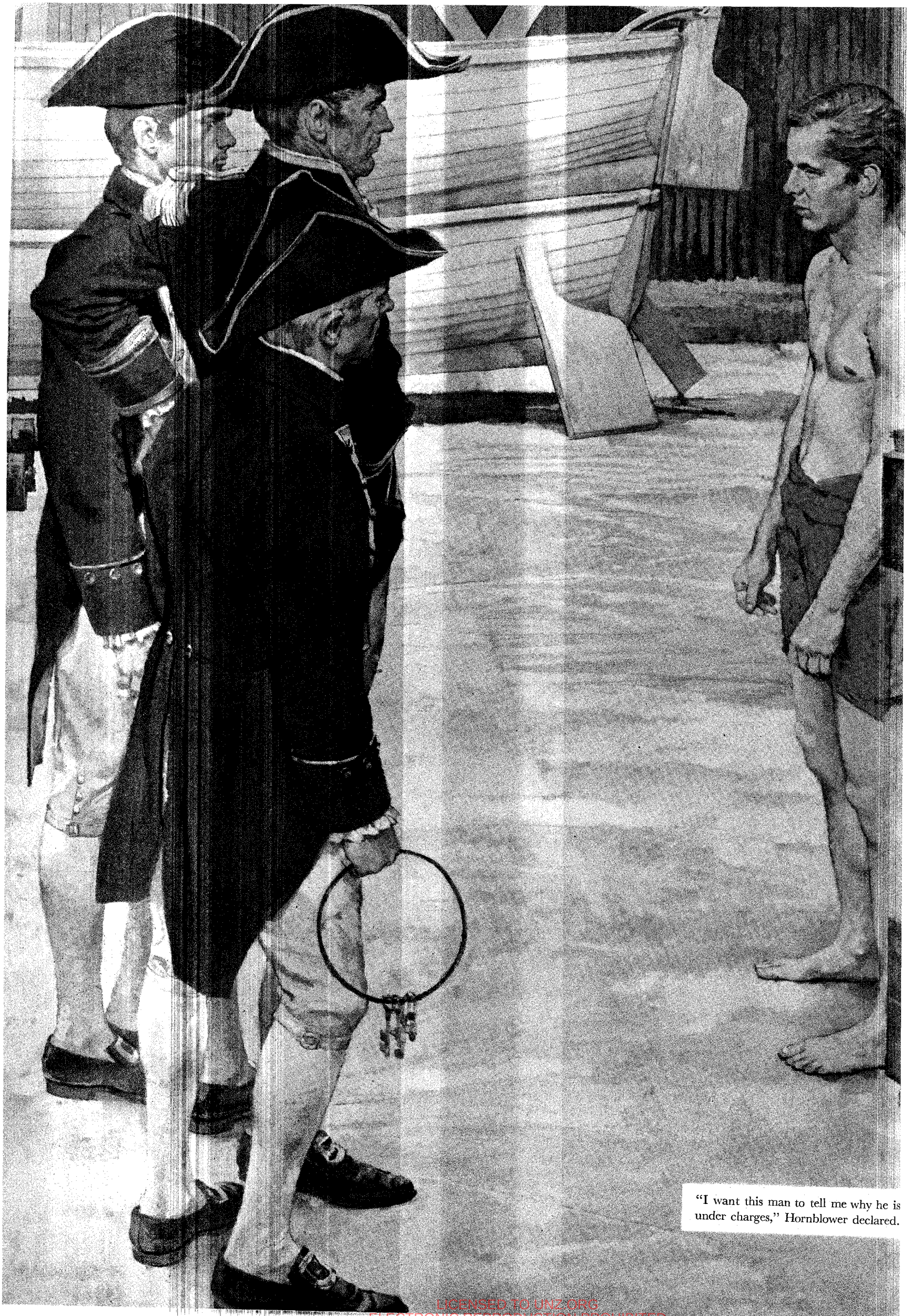

"I want this man to tell me why he is under charges," Hornblower declared.

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HORNBLOWER'S HURRICANE

A British marine would be flogged through the fleet—unless Hornblower could solve one of the knottiest problems of his career.

First of three parts by C. S. FORESTER

Hornblower came walking into his office at Admiralty House at half past five o'clock in the morning exactly. Now that the summer was come, there was just enough daylight at that time to transact business, and it was a fairly cool moment as well. Gerard and Spendlove, his flag lieutenant and secretary, were waiting for him there—it would have gone hard with them if they had not been—and they pulled themselves erect, without any clicking of heels, for in three years they had found that their chief discountenanced the practice.

They said "Good morning, my lord," "Good morning, my lord" as if they were the two barrels of a shotgun.

"Morning," said Hornblower. He had not had his breakfast coffee yet; otherwise he would have put "good" in front of "morning."

He sat down at his desk, and Spendlove came to hover over his shoulder with a sheaf of papers while Gerard made the dawn report.

"Weather conditions normal, my lord. High water today at eleven-thirty. No arrivals during the night, and nothing in sight this morning from the signal station. No news of the packet, my lord, and no news of Triton."

"A negative report if ever there was one," said Hornblower. The negatives in the last two phrases balanced each other; H.M.S. Triton was bringing out his successor to relieve him of his command at the end of his three years' appointment, and Hornblower was not happy over the prospect of ceasing to be commander in chief in the West Indies; but the West India packet was bringing out his wife, whom he had not seen during all this time, and to whose arrival he was eagerly looking forward. She was coming out so as to make the return voyage to England with him.

"The packet's due any day, my lord," said Gerard soothingly.

"Your business is to tell me things I don't know, Mr. Gerard," snapped Hornblower. It annoyed him to be soothed like a child, and it annoyed him still more that his personal staff should think him human enough to be anxious to see his wife. He looked at his secretary. "What do you have there, Spendlove?"

Spendlove made a hasty rearrangement of the papers in his hand. Hornblower's morning coffee was due, and Spendlove had something he did not want to show his chief until it had come and was half drunk at least.

"Here are the dockyard returns to the thirty-first ultimo, my lord," he said.

"Can't you say 'to the end of last month'?" demanded Hornblower, taking them from him.

"Aye, aye, my lord," said Spendlove, passionately hoping the coffee would come soon.

"Anything in these?" asked Hornblower, glancing over them.

"Nothing for your special attention, my lord."

"Then why trouble me with them? Next?"

"The warrants for the new gunner in Clorinda, my lord, and for the dockyard cooper."

"Your coffee, my lord," said Gerard at this moment, the relief in his voice quite apparent.

"Better late than never!" snapped Hornblower. "And for heaven's sake, don't fuss round me! I'll pour it for myself!"

Spendlove and Gerard were busily making room on his desk for the tray to be put down, and Spendlove hastily withdrew his hand from the coffeepot handle.

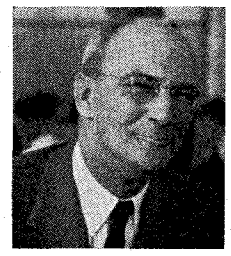
"Too damned hot," said Hornblower, taking a sip. "It's always too damned hot."

Last week the new system had been begun, whereby coffee

(Continued on Page 83)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

The First Moment of Success



By C. S. FORESTER

I wish I hadn't been asked about this. I've never given it any serious thought before, and now that I'm trying to do so, I'm being forced to admit to myself, much against my will, that this is a most unhappy profession which I have practiced for my whole adult life—and for much of my adolescence too. There isn't any pleasure at all in writing for one's living—and seeing that I detest even more strongly, if possible, any other kind of writing—letters, for instance—I might be thought to be a most unhappy man.

That isn't true at all, though. Except for wars and international crises and things like that, I've led an extremely happy and pleasant life. I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't written for my living. I don't think I would have enjoyed myself half as much if I'd been a doctor—as I would have been if I'd been equal to the effort of passing the examinations—or a confidence trickster, or an unskilled laborer, as I might have been if my pen hadn't saved me. I've had a delightful life, but writing has contributed to that only indirectly.

What moments of professional success have I known? A great many, I suppose; I have to admit it. It would be perfectly foolish to deny that there have been moments of worldly professional success, but whether there was any satisfaction to be derived from them is another matter. There are always too many other considerations, stemming from the more unworldly aspects of my profession. Was there any pleasure in writing the last words of my first novel or of any of my novels? When I've written those last words I've always been too mortally tired, too flat and weary altogether to find any satisfaction in anything at all. And when the fatigue starts to evaporate, the growth of the fragile plant of pleasure is promptly checked by the weeds of doubt. The book is finished; there's nothing more to be done to it, but is it as good as the wonderful book I had in mind when I began? No, not nearly. Am I satisfied with it? No. Is there anything

(Continued on Page 107)

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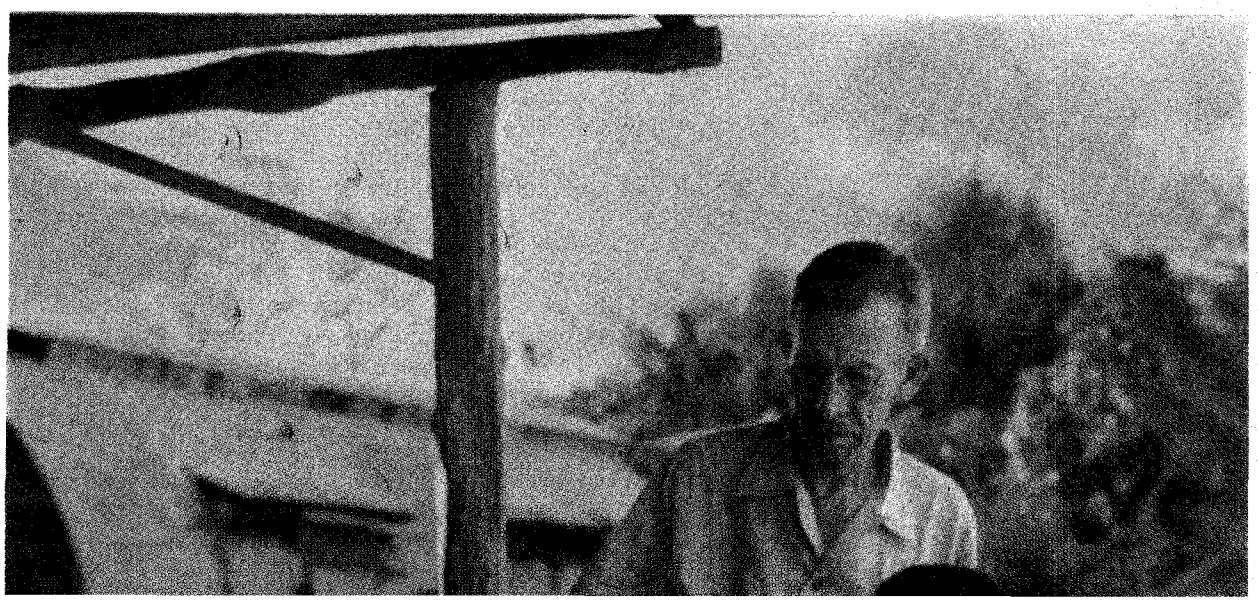
On the island of Yap, native practitioner Bernard Yo-u gives villagers a checkup. The doctors are careful not to offend local medicine men.

Those Amazing Island Medics

By MILTON and MARGARET SILVERMAN

Photographs by Larry Keighley

These native physicians of the Pacific Islands perform operations so skillfully that highly trained specialists admit to a "feeling of humility."



KOROR, WESTERN CAROLINE ISLANDS. One sweltering day last June, the trading ship Gunners Knot arrived at this lush green tropical island from Tokyo and Guam. In her hold was a cargo of rice, canned goods and assorted merchandise.

"Also," the ship's master admitted, "we've got a couple of men aboard who've been complaining of fever and headache."

During the next few days five crew members were taken for treatment to the whitewashed hospital on the hill above the lagoon. On July Fourth, other members of the crew came ashore to participate in holiday festivities. Then, on July sixth, a raging epidemic of Asian influenza broke out and swept across the island with terrifying speed. Within a few weeks, an astounding proportion—more than

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Native physician Lomisan Ngirailild (at right of table) performs an exploratory operation with the assistance of Dr. Willam Conover (center), medical director of Palau.

85 per cent—of Koror's 3100 inhabitants were stricken. Many suffered from pneumonia and other complications. This was clearly a major medical crisis.

One American physician, Dr. William Conover, had been assigned to Koror. When the epidemic began, he was in Honolulu, nearly 5000 miles away. No other physicians were within 200 miles. Accordingly, the care of Koror's flu victims was entrusted to three young Micronesians known as native medical practitioners or, in some circles, simply as island medics. They had been licensed to practice after receiving incredibly brief training—about five years of Japanese grammar school and the equivalent of less than three years of premedical and medical school courses.

Don Heron, the district administrator here, flashed the disquieting news to headquarters of the Trust Territory Administration in Guam, 800 miles to the northeast. He was immediately offered more native practitioners and nurses from other islands. He was offered American physicians from other districts and full assistance from the United States Navy Hospital in Guam.

"The Navy has teams of doctors ready to move in to help us," Delmas Nucker, the high commissioner, told him by radio. "They've offered all the drugs and equipment you need to set up field hospitals. The admiral has planes and pilots standing by. What can we do to help?"

"Nothing right now," Heron answered. "Our fellows think they can handle it."

The three young medical practitioners—Lomisan Ngirailild, Alfonso Faustino and Yuji Mesubed—battled the epidemic and its deadly complications to a standstill. They worked day and night in the jammed 105-bed hospital, even when they themselves were hit by flu and (Continued on Page 72)

Whenever a native doctor believes it necessary he can send his patient to the nearest U.S. Naval hospital.

Throughout Micronesia islanders travel casually from village to village by water. Native physicians have helped banish some common diseases from these islands.

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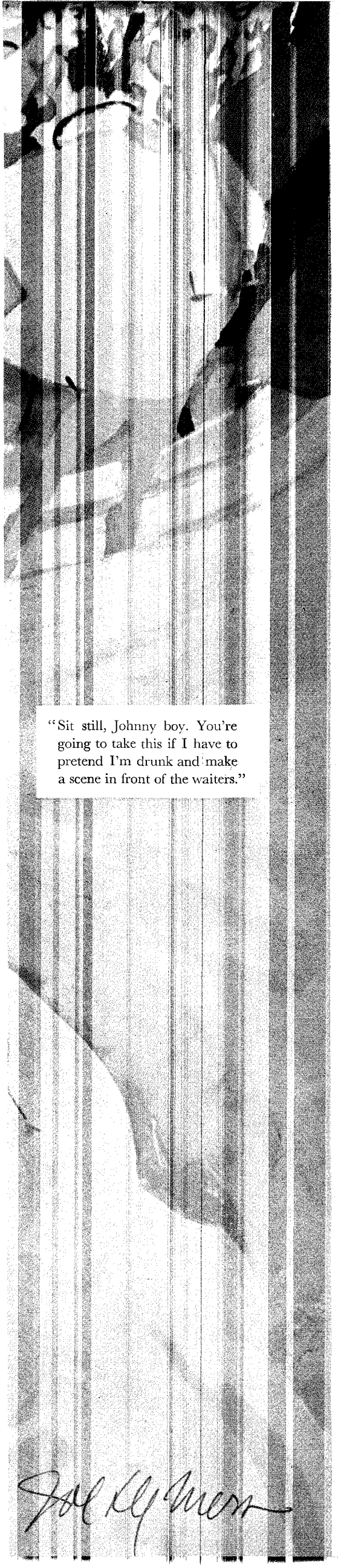

"Sit still, Johnny boy. You're going to take this if I have to pretend I'm drunk and make a scene in front of the waiters."

By
ALLAN
SEAGER

Shock Treatment

He learned the truth about his own wife . . . from another woman.

When John Ransom's wife died, he didn't know how to take it. It was sudden. At breakfast they had been discussing a trip to the South of France to see his parents, and at night, when he came home from the office, there she was on the kitchen floor with her head bent at this impossible angle. Clara, their colored servant, had been afraid to touch her, but she had already called a doctor.

Mrs. Ransom, she said, had climbed up on that little ladder to get a casserole for the chicken they didn't eat yesterday. She had climbed up that ladder and lost her balance or something. Clara didn't know; all she had heard was the scream and the crash, but that was the ladder sure enough. And all the time she was talking she pointed at the ladder as if it were murderous. But it wasn't the ladder. They lived in the house he had been born in—an old house with high ceilings. The pantry shelves were high. Eleanor had mentioned their height two or three times, but jokingly. Should they have lived in another house? Was this the way guilt started? He stood there trying to throw off these thoughts and letting Clara run nervously on. Once he stooped and tried his wife's pulse, but there was no beat. It seemed wrong to leave her, somehow, so he just stood there until the doctor came.

The doctor pronounced her dead quickly enough. She had obviously broken her neck when she hit the kitchen floor. Together, the doctor and Ransom carried her upstairs and laid her on a bed, and Clara drew a clean sheet over her. Doctor Abernathy was getting old, near the end of his practice. He had known John Ransom all his life. As he came down the stairs, puffing slightly, he asked John for a tot of whisky and followed him into the library where the liquor cabinet was.

"Ice? Soda?" John asked.

"No, three quarters of an inch straight," the doctor said. "Now, you better have some, too, John. This is a terrible thing—terrible thing."

"You mean I'm in shock?" John asked. He had never seen any of his family dead. His grandparents had died when he was with the Air Force in Italy.

"Not in shock, not medically. Although maybe you are, at that. You've had a shock."

"Can you tell by looking at me?"

"Great God, man! Isn't it a shock to come home and find your wife dead on the kitchen floor?"

In the war there had been shocks enough, but you were braced for them, somehow. Now he didn't know what he was feeling. "Yes, it is, I guess," he said.

The doctor looked at him a moment, said, "Drink up," and swallowed his own whisky at a gulp. "Eleanor was a wonderful girl," and Ransom knew what was coming next. Doc would say how pretty she was. That's what everybody said, and she was—had been, that is.

"She was—nobody says this kind of thing any more—but she was a good woman. Oh, I know you married her for her looks. Would've myself, but it's hard for a pretty woman to be good. I don't mean 'good' the way they say it in the movies. I mean generous, kind, decent."

"It's good of you to say it, doctor."

"You'll miss her. Miss her like the devil, but ——" he said as he boosted himself out of his chair. "I've got to be going —— You're young. You're young enough to start again."

John Ransom was thirty-nine.

As he went out through the front hall, Doctor Abernathy was saying, "I'll never forget the day I had to tell her she wasn't going to bear you any children. Most women cry and carry on. All Eleanor said was, 'You're sure, doctor?' That's what I mean, a good woman. 'You're

(Continued on Page 67)

Illustrated by Joe DeMers

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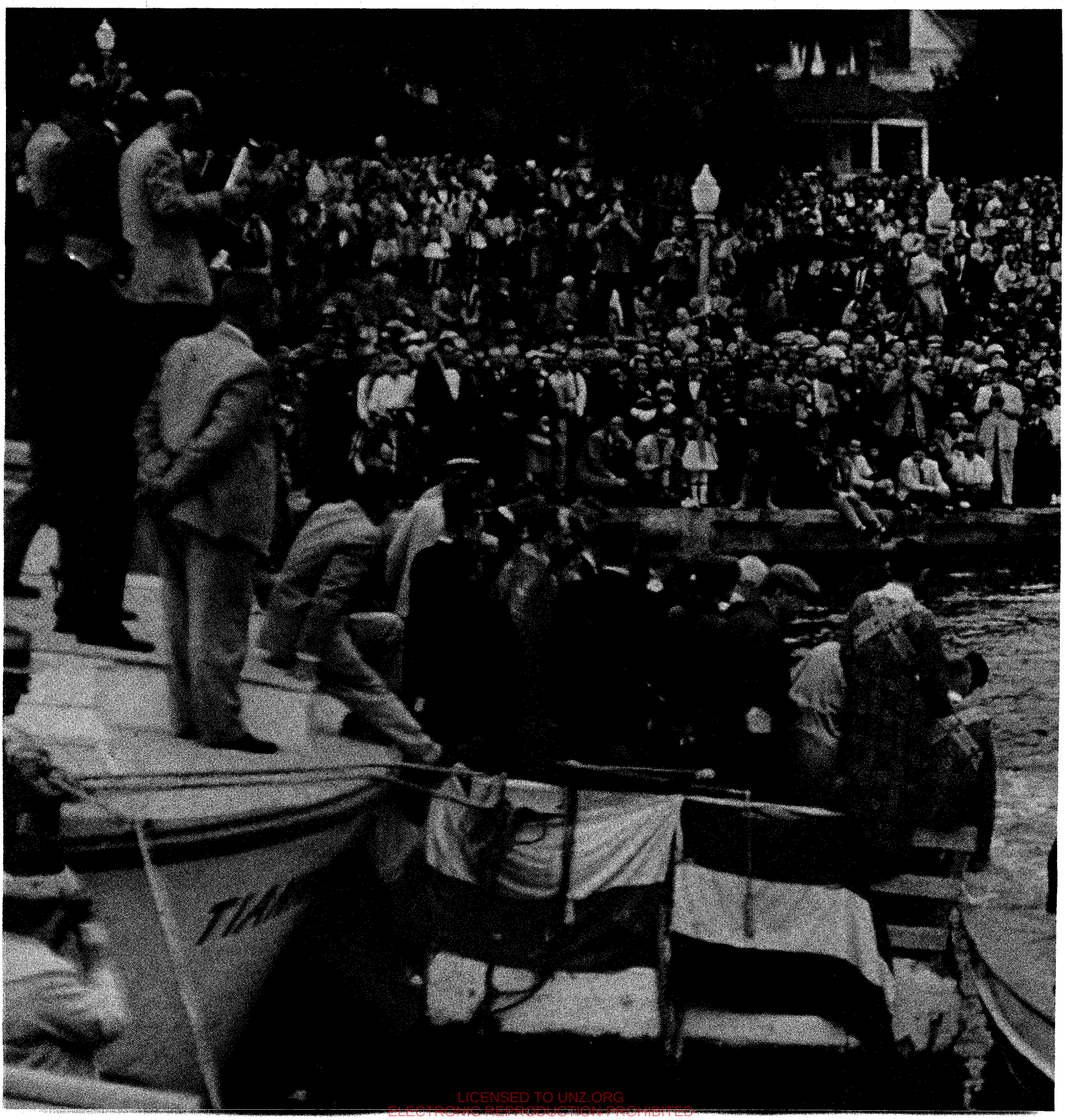
The Face of AMERICA

The Greek Americans



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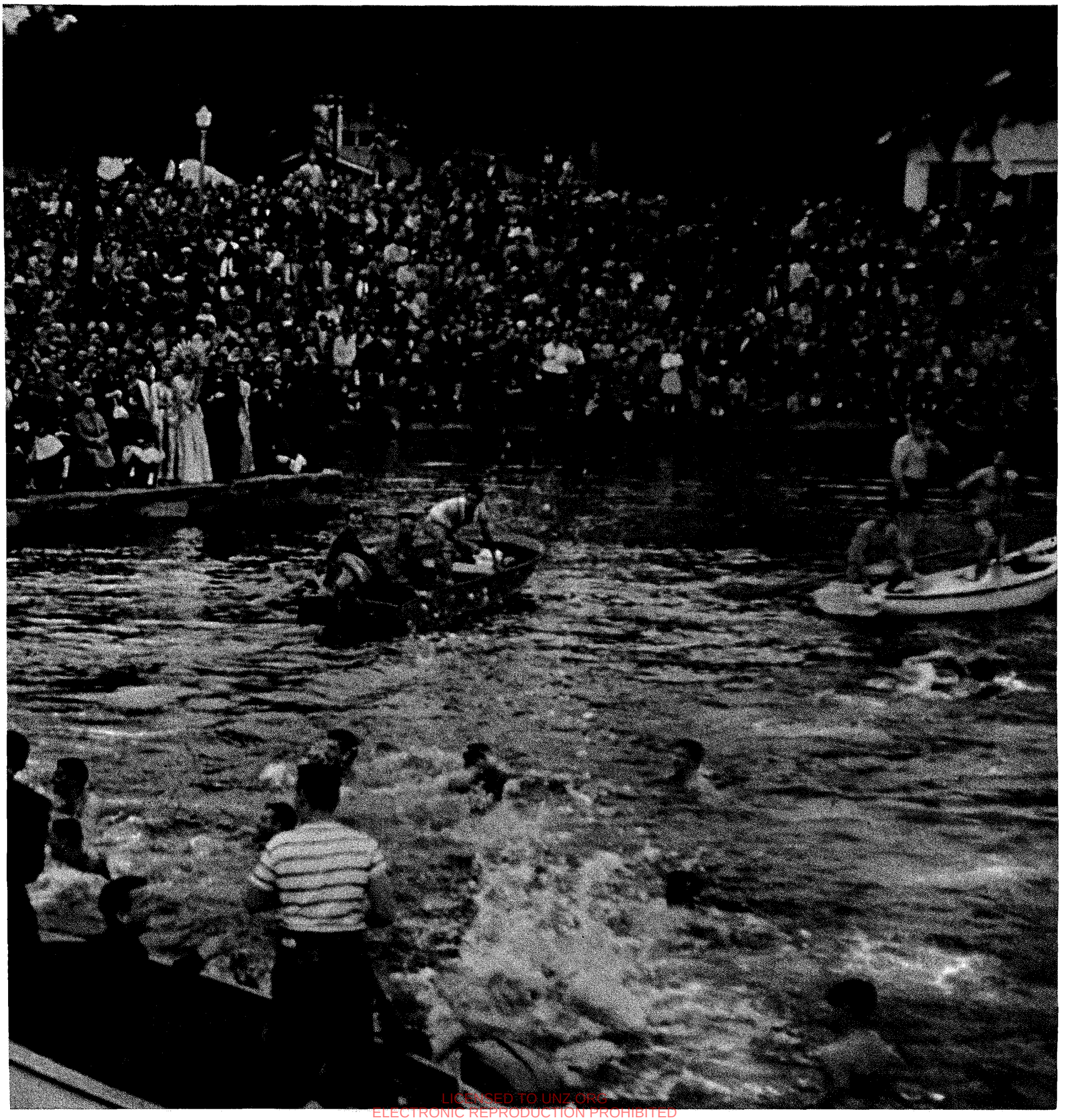
It can be pretty chilly in the waters of *Spring Bayou* on January 6th, the day the Greek Orthodox community of Tarpon Springs, Florida, puts on its gala version of Epiphany. Their festival commemorates the baptism of Jesus in the Jordan, and nobody pays the thermometer much mind, least of all the rugged swimmers who are treading water, tensed against the climax of the ceremony.

The words of an ancient canticle—*En Iordani*—float out to the jam-packed stands. The bishop dips a cross into the bayou, blessing the waters. He dips it once, twice. The third time he throws it outward, and the frantic diving to retrieve it starts. The one who bobs up with the holy prize may look for great good fortune in his life. Even the losers, however, go home afterward to feast and celebrate. Tomorrow they go back to work, mostly to dive for sponges in the Gulf; this day they dived for their faith.

● Photograph by Frank Ross



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"I will not have a liar about," he said, bringing down the strap.

How much brute punishment and bitter disappointment could he take?

MAVERICK BOY

By PRENTISS COMBS

Outside in the dusk the dog's deep-throated threats changed to wails of welcome. The boy had come home and all three of them sitting to supper knew it. Sara Macafee's plain face went soft with her joy. She chanced one flung glance at her brother, Graven Macafee, just bending his massive head for grace. He caught the glance and his face closed like a clenched fist.

Adam Threewitt, sitting at the hand's place at table end, smiled faintly and his smile deepened when from the woodpile there sounded one straight-down thud. It was not a slanted, chip-starting stroke. It was a blow. So Graven hadn't stomped out the last spark of gumption in his boy, after all, he thought. But the ax picked up the steady whick-whack rhythm of an axman making a cut, and Adam rubbed at the line calluses on his thumbs, withdrawing himself from what did not concern him.

Graven began his grace, his voice like all else about him, the deep ringing of hammered strength. Adam waited for Amen before he pushed back his chair and went to the door. Graven let him have the knob in his hand before he spoke, and then it was a boss talking to a hand.

"Leave him be, skinner," he said.

"If there's need for wood," Adam said carefully, "I'll cut it. He's likely down to the ragged edge after a week of it. He's only thirteen and a week to that age can be a year."

"I've no need for wood," Sara said quickly, and Graven would not even give his spinster sister a stature-granting glance.

"I've said what I mean," he said flatly. "Leave him be."

Adam came back to lean on the back of his chair. There was no challenge in any line of his easy body. A mild-faced, stringy length of man with puckers of wrinkles about his eyes, he was as contained as a trace chain in its leather boot.

"I don't know much about boys," he said slowly. "I know mules, though. A mule must be broken to be useful, but even a broken mule must be left something. Break him all the way and he's not worth his salt."

Graven reached for the potatoes and his eyes measured Adam. "What is it you leave a mule?" he asked.

Adam's big brown hands worked on the chair back, (Continued on Page 94)

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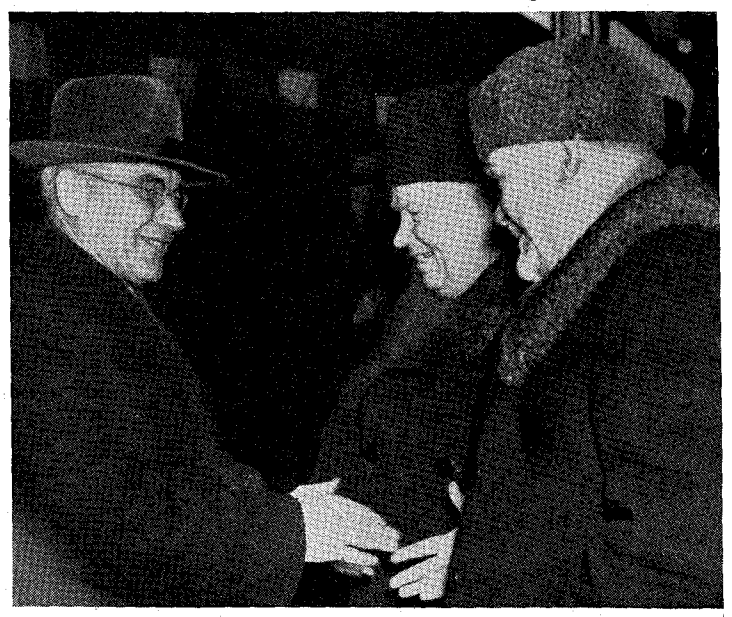
Why Russia Has Poland Trouble

For generations the Poles have hated the Russians, and they still do. Even now, they make threatening noises at their conquerors. A Post editor reports from Warsaw.

By James P. O'Donnell



Moscow, 1956: Gomulka (left), Poland's unpredictable Red boss, is frequently a thorn in the Kremlin's side. Before this visit with Khrushchev and Bulganin he had damned Soviet rapacity.

"The gentle French dreamer Fourier predicted
That one day the oceans would run with lemonade.
Our leaders drank the sea water,
And they shouted: 'It tastes like lemonade.'
Then quietly they crept to their homes
To retch and vomit."
(*Comment on Communism by Polish Communist poet, Adam Wazyk*)

WARSAW.

It's late winter, Warsaw, and cold outside. In one spacious midtown square, where the rough cast-iron statue of Dzerzhinski glowers down on shivering passers-by, it always seems ten degrees colder. Dzerzhinski, the ice-cold revolutionary, is a half-forgotten ghoul today. But once he was a dread name that made even Lenin and Stalin wince.

Why Dzerzhinski, and why here? The Poles are loath to admit it, but Bolshevik Feliks Dzerzhinski was born a Pole. He was the first secret-police chief of the Cheka, which became the O.G.P.U., which became the N.K.V.D. and now is the M.V.D. This ugly statue, like the nearby skyscraper Palace of Culture, is a gift from the Soviet people to the Polish people. In the same sense that the wooden horse was a gift from the Greeks to the people of Troy.

This monster monument is as popular in Warsaw as would be a memorial to Oliver Cromwell in Dublin, General Sherman in Atlanta, Georgia, or Benedict Arnold at West Point. If there is any form of humanity patriotic Poles despise more than Russians, it is Poles who do the dirty work for the Russians—Dzerzhinski a generation ago or Marshal Rokossovsky just yesterday.

In the sullen, restless climate of opinion in Poland there are many elements and emotions neither clear nor simple. It would be false to try to make them so. It is best to begin this report with an accent on simple glandular hatred, the historical Polish hatred of all things Russian except vodka, come Cossack or come commissar.

(Continued on Page 78)

Warsaw, 1957: This young Pole was hurt when he rioted against Gomulka's ban on a student newspaper. He is but one of the nameless victims of Communist "restraints."

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Private Life of Gunsmoke's Star

Arness and his wife, Virginia, have three children, (from left) Rolf, just 7; Jenny Lee, nearly 8; and Craig, who is 11. They live in a modest home—with no swimming pool.

As Marshal Matt Dillon,
James Arness lives a rough, dangerous life.
But off screen, he goes as easy as he pleases.

By ROBERT de ROOS

On location, Arness is an edgy, nervous performer. When he was offered the part of Matt Dillon, Arness had already embarked on a movie career and hesitated to switch to TV. But John Wayne talked him into it.

Television addicts who snapped on the première of Gunsmoke on the evening of September 10, 1955, settled back anticipating a half-hour re-enactment of the Western myth. The United States marshal, they knew, would be a towering, sarsaparilla-loving, iron-faced man with eyes as cold as the steel he wore at his side. He would be a man of few words, softly spoken, and a fast man with his brace of sure-shot six-guns. From time to time, astride his erudite horse, he would go tarry-hootin' out of the village, hot on the trail of evildoers. It would be only a matter of time before he returned with up to a half-dozen unshaven varmints in tow.

To those who expected this hackneyed, wholesome fare, Gunsmoke could have been a disappointment. True enough, Marshal Matt Dillon, played by a personable young giant named James Arness, towered in a satisfactory manner. But he wore only one gun and his manner lacked that certain invincibility associated with a frontier marshal. Gunsmoke was something new: an adult Western. Lest there be any thought that it was for kids, the show was broadcast in mid-evening, well past the children's hour, and sponsored by a cigarette and an electric shaver.

The first Gunsmoke seemed to start according to formula. It was not three minutes old before Marshal Dillon confronted a bad man from down Texas way on the main street of Dodge City, Kansas Territory, wickedest town on the prairie circa 1875.

"Ah'm bad," the bad fellow announced, stepping over the body of a man he had just perforated. "You want me, marshal, you got to come and git me."

Marshal Matt Dillon brushed aside Kitty, the beauteous saloon girl, stepped off the wooden sidewalk and reached for his trusty

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At home, after a fourteen-hour day as Matt Dillon, Arness collapses in bed. "My wife sure spoils me," he says. Arness never wears pajamas or bathrobes, likes to go days without shaving.

Colt. Whereupon, in defiance of every rule governing the fictional West, the bad guy shot Matt Dillon and laid him writhing in the dust. In the end, Dillon arose, recovered, and got his man. But what caught the audience was the way he went about it, revealing a human tendency to fumble a bit and showing flashes of a well-developed moral sense. In the phrase of a British journalist, "he appeared more trigger sorry than trigger happy."

For well over a hundred Saturday nights, Gunsmoke has persisted in its perverse treason against the stereotypes of the West. It has done this so effectively that in July of 1956, Gunsmoke was the first half-hour Western to reach the heady altitude of the first ten in the TV ratings. And early last June it nudged I Love Lucy out of first place in the Nielsen rating to become the most popular show in the country.

The astounding fact is that every week in the United States alone, 40,000,000 people watch James Arness and his capable cohorts. In England, where more millions see the show (called Gun Law there), Jim Arness is the most popular male star on the tube. As a comparison point, a Hollywood movie seen in the world's theaters by 10,000,000 people is a runaway success. (Continued on Page 108)

Arness met Virginia in 1948 when they appeared together on the stage in Candida. His hair was then blond, its natural color.

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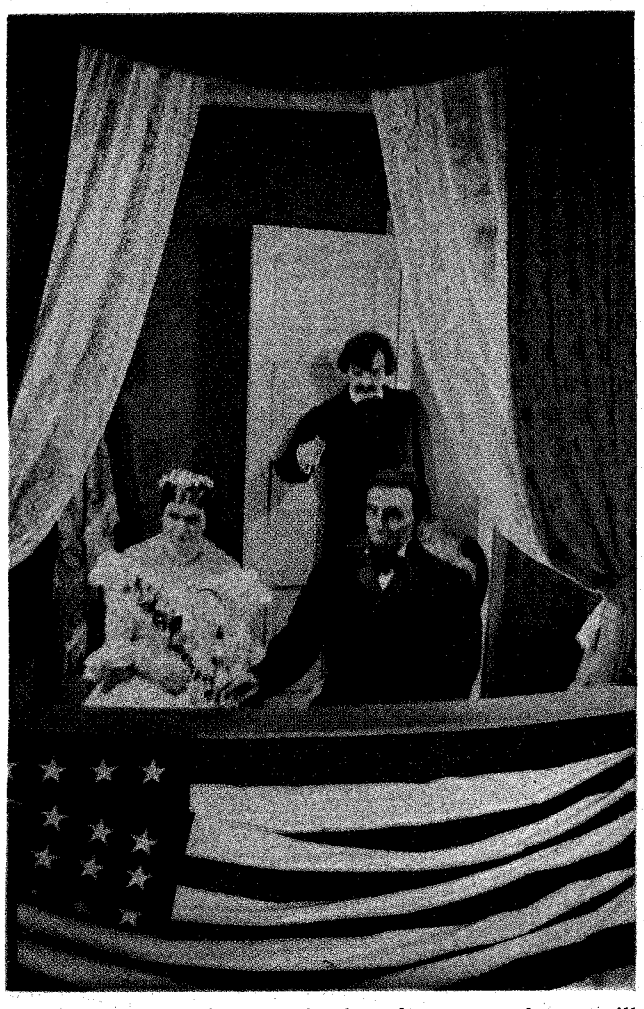
The signing of the Declaration of Independence re-created. From left: Ben Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Hancock and John Adams.

HOUSE OF ILLUSION

By ASHLEY HALSEY, JR.

Photographs by Frank Ross

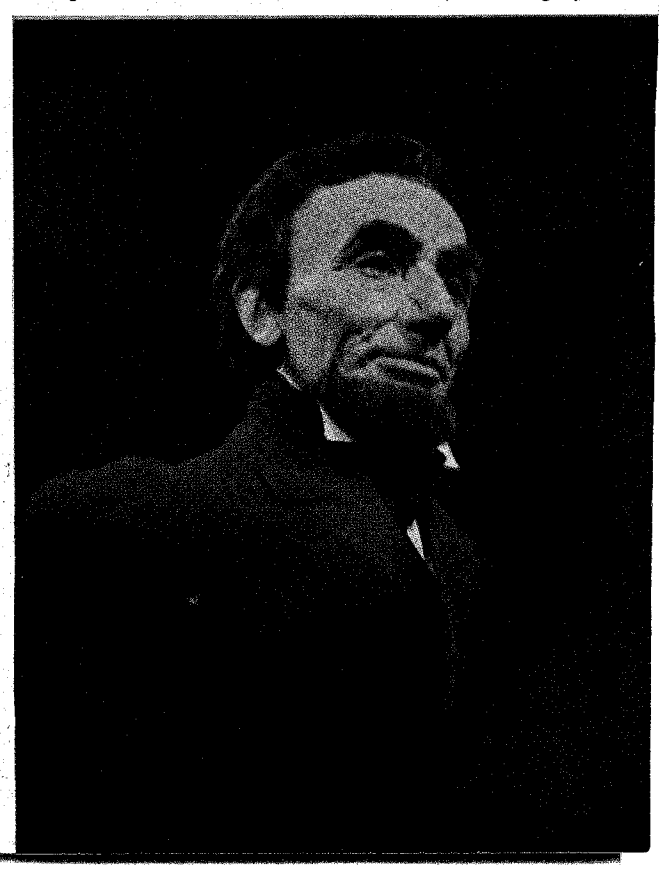
Now Washington has a show in the old tradition of Paris and London: a hall of famous people, living and dead, who look real enough to speak.



Lincoln's assassination, the museum hopes, will look so real that spectators will feel impelled to do something to save the President's life.

Theodore Roosevelt. The faces and hands of the figures are plastic, backed up with an inner lining of wax.

The figure of Lincoln cost $800. The museum examined 70 descriptions of him before it learned his eyes were gray.



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Felix Weinberg, a prosthetic technician, blows a final spray of flesh tone on Franklin. Behind Ben, a hairless Harry Truman.

Mary Costa gives Robert E. Lee his beard before a distinguished audience. From left: Babe Ruth, Eisenhower, Martha Washington, Roosevelt, Churchill, Grant, Stalin and (in pigtails) Chief Powhatan.

The figures in the dimly lighted back room in Washington, D.C., were distributed as casually as guests at a cocktail party. Gradually my eyes grew accustomed to the dimness. I could make out faces. There was Pocahontas, pertly seated on the floor, her head against the good gray knee of General Robert E. Lee. Next, and equally oblivious to all around them, were Joseph Stalin and a buxom young woman whom I quickly identified as Betsy Ross. Stalin's leer at Betsy was something for investigation by an Un-American Activities committee.

"Great, aren't they?" said my host, the only other living person in the room with me. "Of course, you'll be able to see and appreciate them a lot better in their proper perspective."

Their "proper perspective," just now opened to the public at a modest admission, is the National Historical Waxworks Museum. In a capital city replete with museums and unusual people, Washington's latest has the distinction of being different from all else. Its attractions, sixty-seven by unofficial census, range in chronological order from Columbus to Eisenhower. All are full-size figures, so lifelike that if you accidentally bump against one, you automatically say, "Excuse me."

The museum is strategically located for luring flocks of tourists. It is on Twenty-Sixth Street, N.W., in downtown Washington within sight of the Potomac. Its nearest neighbors are an atomic-energy office (nonradiating) and a coffee shop owned by George Allen in partnership with President Eisenhower. Across the street lies the site of the projected State Department cultural center. Original plans called for the museum to be near the White House and Corcoran Gallery of Art, but one of Washington's major industries, a typewriter-repair service, pre-empted that location.

Like many other truly American institutions, the capital's newest sprang from nothing more substantial than one man's bright idea. The dreamer whose (Continued on Page 104)

Andrew Carnegie. Somehow the historical images usually turn out better than more recent models.

Pocahontas pleads for the life of John Smith. The museum, having no good picture of her, admits to "prettying Pocahontas up a bit."

Woodrow Wilson here stands eternally ready to press his fight for the League or Nations.

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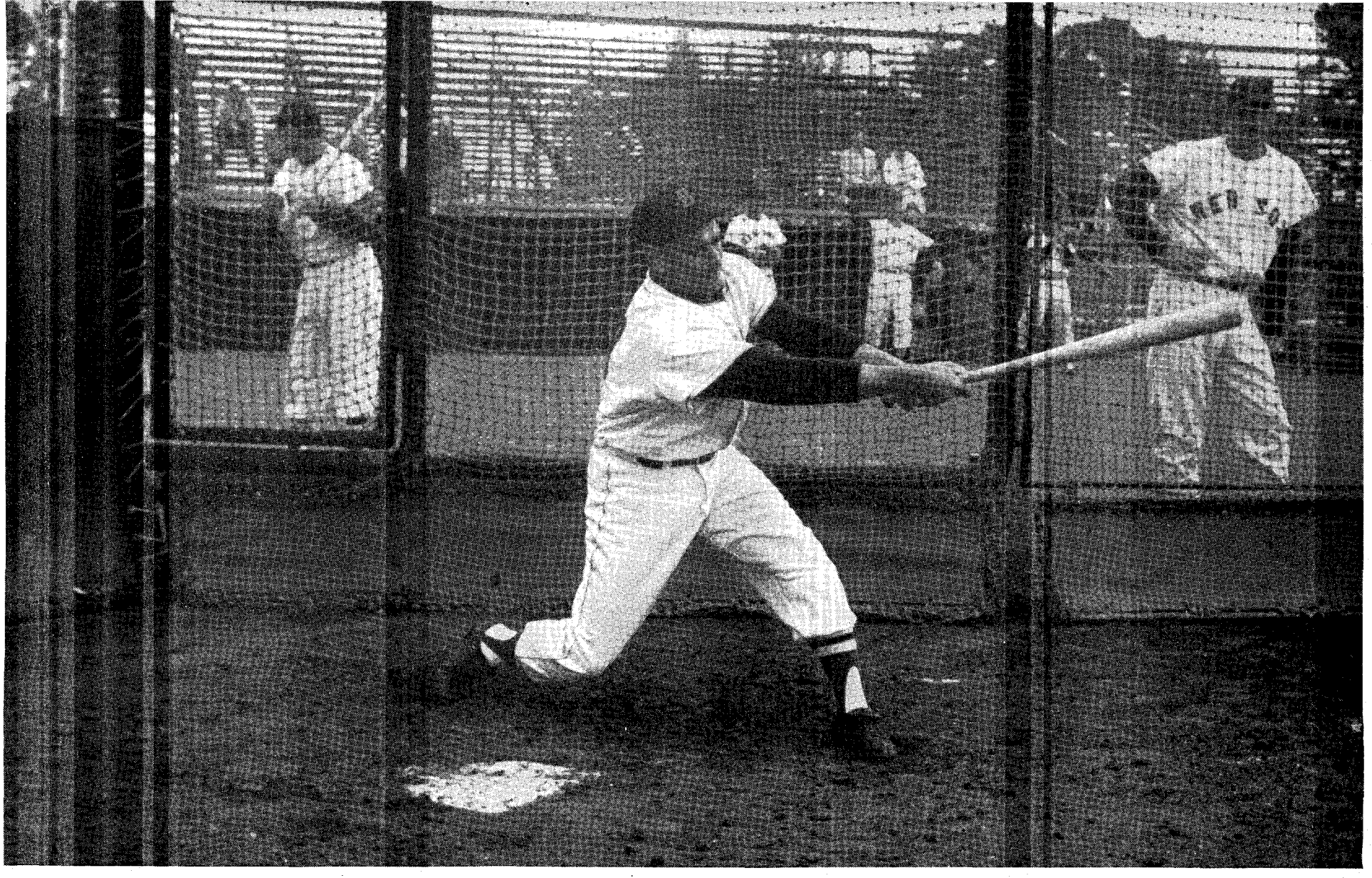

Malzone, who plugged a big hole in the Red Sox infield, batted in over 100 runs last season, flirted with the .300 mark. Here he practices, before a pre-season game.

From Washout to Wonder Boy

How Frank Malzone of the Red Sox conquered personal tragedy to become the hottest third baseman in the American league.

Frank, Amy and their son, Jimmy. The turning point came when she finally got Frank to talk about the death of their little daughter, Suzanne.

By AL HIRSHBERG

Young Frank Malzone of the Boston Red Sox is an example of the ancient truth that actions can be more eloquent than words. If a man had to be a talker to get attention in baseball, Malzone might go along for years without anybody noticing that he was around. But with his glove and bat to speak for him, Malzone required only one season to make his name heard around the American League. Playing his first full year in 1957, he was almost everybody's choice as the best third baseman in the circuit.

Malzone's success was unusually heartwarming. The year before, he had been so stunned by the sudden death of his fifteen-month-old daughter that he not only failed to make the grade with the Red Sox but nearly flunked out of the Pacific Coast League as well. He had to overcome a problem far more deep-seated than any mere batting or fielding slump.

Even under normal circumstances, Frank Malzone—pronounced mal-ZONE—is the naturally quiet type for whom baseball men dust off the old gag, "He says hello in the spring, good-by in the fall and nothing in between." When Red Sox player representative Sammy White was asked to help out in a movie promotion stunt last year by conducting a poll to select "the silent man" of the team, White quipped, "No need to vote. It's Malzone by a landslide."

It also was Malzone by a landslide at the third-base position when a Baseball Writers Association panel selected an American League All-Star Team for the United Press at the end of the season. Malzone hit fifteen home runs in 1957, batted in more than 100 runs and flirted with the .300 mark most of the year. Even more important to the Red Sox, he plugged up an

(Continued on Page 77)

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The Man Who Wouldn't Fall

By RICHARD STERN

She had money, looks
and a fancy car,
but he was immune
to them all.

There was this wild raccoon they called Wilbur, and Hank decided Wilbur liked Concord grapes. Does that mean that Wilbur stole the car keys? And there was Liz, of course, but all she did during the entire weekend was knit. Charlie? He just sort of stood around, maybe a trifle confused. That leaves Gillian, whose keys were stolen—she said.

Gillian arrived at the camp at two o'clock in the afternoon, five hours out of New York for a flat sixty-mile-an-hour average. This was Friday. She had a cup of tea and a part of a sandwich with Charlie and Liz. Then she unpacked, changed into slacks, went for a long walk and then a row across the lake and back, had a bath, dressed in a sweater and skirt, poked at the log fire, rearranged the flowers on the table, fiddled with the radio and then looked around for something else to do. Do I give the impression that young Gillian found it impossible just to sit? Some people learn to run before they can walk, and then, like a child on his first bicycle, can't, or won't, or are afraid to slow down for fear of falling.

Charlie, mixing a cocktail in the kitchen, said, "What's with her? She has hives?"

And Liz smiled a secret sort of smile, somehow infuriating, and said, "Just wait."

Charlie turned from his mixing. "Now what might that mean? If you're up to shenanigans, cut it out. Hank ——"

Suddenly Gillian was at the doorway. "Can I set the table?" (Continued on Page 100)

"You're probably tired," Hank said, dismissing her.

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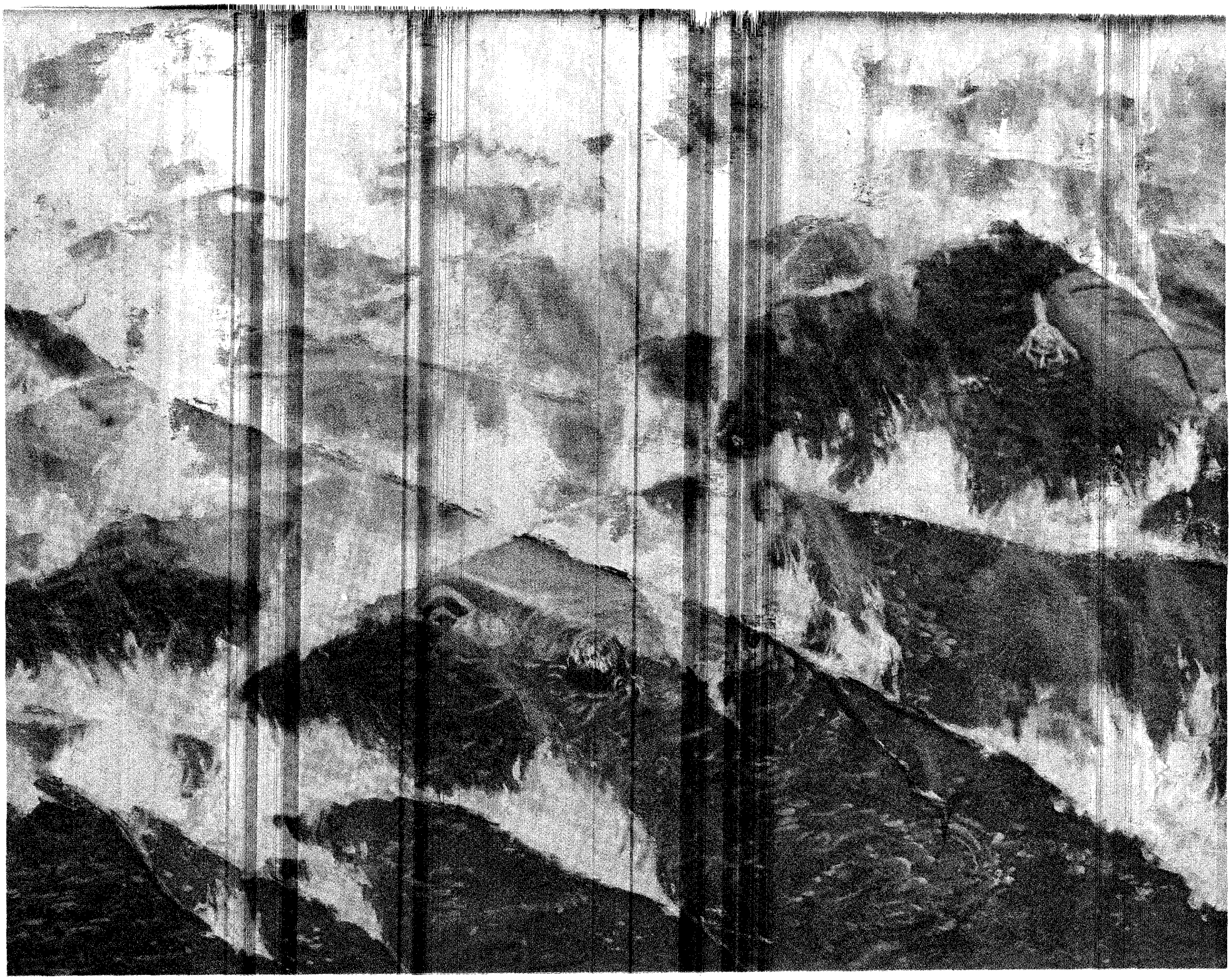

The old man had tipped the canoe and was floating toward the shore.

The Flaming River

A wall of fire trapped two men . . . two enemies, facing death together.

By DION HENDERSON

From the weathered depot, they crossed the hot, dusty street, walking very formally and only a little self-consciously to the station wagon. Randy grinned down at her, and Susan held his arm lightly, but she was acutely aware of her trim traveling suit, her high heels. Without looking, she knew how the lumberjacks were leaning against the frame store fronts with studied casualness, the sunburned farmers and the dark young men from the Nation. In the general store the bonneted women would be watching, bright-eyed. Billy Walker had parked the station wagon in front of the store as a special favor to the ladies of the Settlement, so they could see the bride Randolph Savage was bringing home from the city.

Susan hopped thankfully into the car and Billy Walker put the bags away and climbed behind the wheel, but they did not go anywhere.

An old man was sitting in the middle of the street. He wore a suit of red flannel underwear and an eagle feather in his hair, and he sat calmly in the deep, hot dust, contemplating

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the distant hills with a face as old and still as the dust.

"My grandfather would have given a thousand acres of white pine for a chance like this," Randolph Savage said balefully. "If he won't get out of the way, run over him."

"That wouldn't be right," Billy Walker said reasonably. "He was a great chief; and, besides, he's my great grand-uncle on my mother's side."

"Great thief, you mean." Randolph Savage was annoyed, but it seemed more than the momentary annoyance.

"I beg your pardon." Billy Walker was insulted. "I wish to remind you that he was the man who burned the wagons."

The moment passed. Randolph Savage winked at Susan. "I have heard the story, too, Billy. When the old braves tell it on Saturday nights in the moon of ripening corn."

"It is a matter of record," Billy Walker said even more stiffly. "Furthermore, he never signed the treaty."

"But your grandfather did and my grandfather did, and now we are all good friends. Let's figure out some way to make him move."

"That's right," Billy Walker said, mollified. "You had people at the wagons too. On the inside. . . . Well, should I run over him?"

"Of course not," Randolph Savage said. "But there is no use blowing the horn. Since he does not believe in automobiles, you can't expect him to believe in horns."

Susan Savage knew a little about this northwoods country where the frontier past lingered in the shadow of the new timber, but she had not expected to face a crisis left over from the Indian wars, not on her honeymoon. Randy might even have mentioned such things, but somehow it had seemed like the small talk you always heard from patients. They were always cattle barons or oilmen or timber kings, fresh from the lusty margin of civilization. Only Randy really existed.

Now she said, "For goodness' sake, why not just ask the chief to move?"

Her husband and Billy Walker stared at her. Before either could speak, she slipped out of the car.

The old man in the once-resplendent union suit did not look at her when she stopped in front of him. The underwear was very old and faded from many washings and many ceremonial occasions. In addition to that and the eagle feather, he wore a belt from which hung a knife with its handle made from the main beam of a deer antler, and from the other side a full set of false teeth suspended from a thong, like a trophy.

But when you looked at his face, the incredibly wrinkled face beneath the braided hair that was as snowy as a weasel in winter coat, you forgot about the comic-opera costume. You did not even have to know that his name was John Walked-With-Grandfather, and that Grandfather was the name the People used for the grizzly bear when there were many grizzly bears; you did not have to know that this name was once a great name to know he was a great warrior. Susan could not believe that anyone should ever take him lightly.

"Monsieur ——" she said hesitantly, then corrected herself: "Monseigneur ——"

Finally his gaze turned toward her. "I see you," he said. The fierce old eyes surveyed her unemotionally, ankle, hip and thigh. Susan felt suddenly that her girdle was too tight.

"The man Savage has a good eye, for all his barbaric regulations," the old man said. "May you have many sons."

"Well," Susan said. "Well, thank you."

A glint in the fierce old eyes might have been amusement. "I myself had thirteen sons," he said. "But now, so that you do not really have to ask me to move, I shall make way for the machine to proceed."

He arose, softly and dustily and with little effort, and Susan stepped back into the station wagon. Her husband did not look happy. Billy Walker was as expressionless as a totem pole.

Presently, Randolph Savage said, "Well, at least the old coot moved. I was afraid that he wouldn't."

"I thought he was very polite," Susan said contritely. "But I wish I knew more about your local feuds."

She noted with a sinking heart that Billy Walker approved the observation more than Randy did.

"No feuds." Randy managed a grin again. "It's just that we have some preposterous local heroes. The old chief, and"—he noted with grim pleasure Billy Walker's stiffening back—"Doc Champion. He'll probably call on you for some free nursing care of his ne'er-do-well patients."

Susan saw now that between Randolph Savage and Billy Walker it was a solemn kind of fun. She knew, with a new wife's intuitive twinge, that these two men had been very good friends in some very difficult times.

Randy said, "Now I'd like to have Mr. Walker up there tell me about the smoke."

They had seen the smoke from the train. It was a big smoke and from the train they had been able to watch it grow up in the distance; first a thin fume and then a tall dark column, and finally a billowing cloud on the horizon, like a waiting thunderhead. You could not see it from the Settlement because Thunder Mountain was in the way.

Putting aside matters of ancestral pride, Billy Walker said, "It's nothing much. Dude fire on the old MacDowell burn, yonder side of MacDowell's Run on the South Fork."

"The MacDowell burn is thirty years old," Randy said. "There's some pretty-good-sized timber in there now. How high is the creek?"

"There's good water in the run," Billy Walker said. "And the state crews have moved in with back pumps and fog."

"Did the dudes get out?"

"They were ahead of the smoke," Billy Walker said with a woodsman's contempt. "Said they built their campfire in an open space, but when they woke up, the brush was burning all around them."

"Dudes," Randolph Savage said, echoing the tone. "If we didn't have any trout in this country, we wouldn't have any dude fishermen and we wouldn't have any fires."

The road crossed the North Fork of the Warrior where the river boiled down a long decline spotted with enormous granite slabs, some of them sitting squarely upright in the river bed, as big as houses. Below the bridge there was a whirling eddy where the South Fork came in to make the Warrior proper.

(Continued on Page 90)

"Monsieur ——" she said hesitantly. The fierce old eyes surveyed her unemotionally.

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

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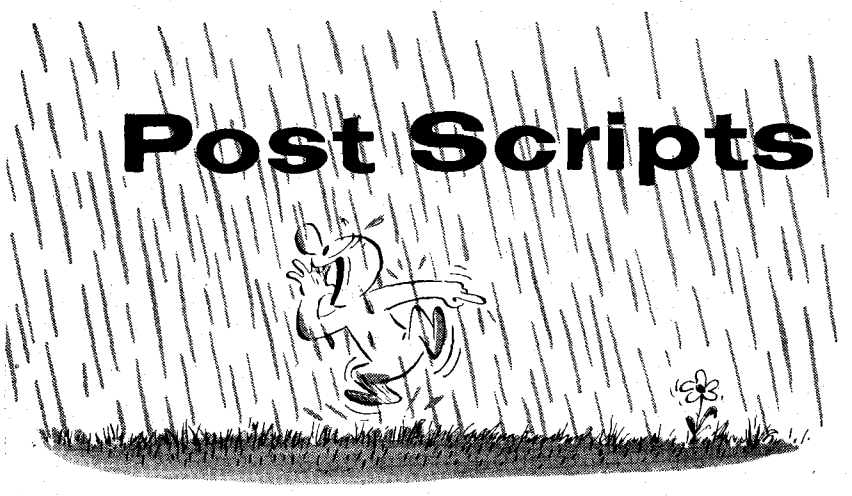
Post Scripts



TV-Quiz-Show Prattle

"And we certainly wish to welcome you to the Goliath Jackpot Program. It says here that your name is Agatha Durkee. Mind if I just call you Aggie?"
"Please do."

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to be able to give you just a couple of seconds more. Would you care to make a guess?"
"It's right here on the tip of my tongue."

"Where are you from, Mr. Guilfoyle?"
"California—Los Angeles."
"Oh, a westerner, eh?"

"And I want to impress upon you, Mrs. Hoerner, that you don't have to go on. You can stop the game at any time—any time at all. You've only to say the word, Mrs. Hoerner, and the game comes to a halt."
"I'd like to continue."

"Do you understand the question, Miss McReady?"
"I think so. In other words, you want me to name the ——"

"You say Portuguese Timor?"
"That's right—Portuguese Timor."
"Is that your answer, Mr. Dooley?"
"Yes."
"You're sure?"
"Yes."
"YOU'RE RIGHT!"
"YE-O-O-O-O-O-O-OW!"

VERNON H. KURTZ

"I've got the sweetest, kindest, dearest, most wonderful mother-in-law in the whole world."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I'm Percolating Too

One thing my wife's
Been quick at learning—
The coffee's done
When the handle's burning.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

Unenchanted Evening

The speaker was a man of vast importance,
He ranted on and on in great profusion;
It's true he didn't need an introduction,
But, brother, how he needed a conclusion!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Take Me Out to What Ball Game?

The baseball teams are changing towns
And leagues from here to there;
This year when umpires cry "Play ball!"
The fans will answer "Where?"

LOYD ROSENFIELD

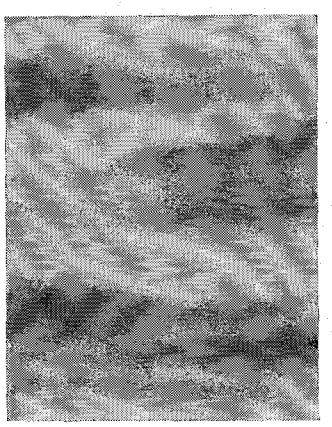
You Don't Catch Her Napping

Till fashion took its latest tack,
I never would have guessed
A woman could be in the sack
And still be fully dressed.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

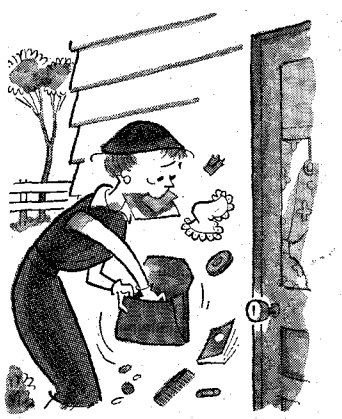
SOUND EFFECTS

Air conditioner stopped.



Fog horn.

Garage door opening.



Telephone ringing.

Thunder.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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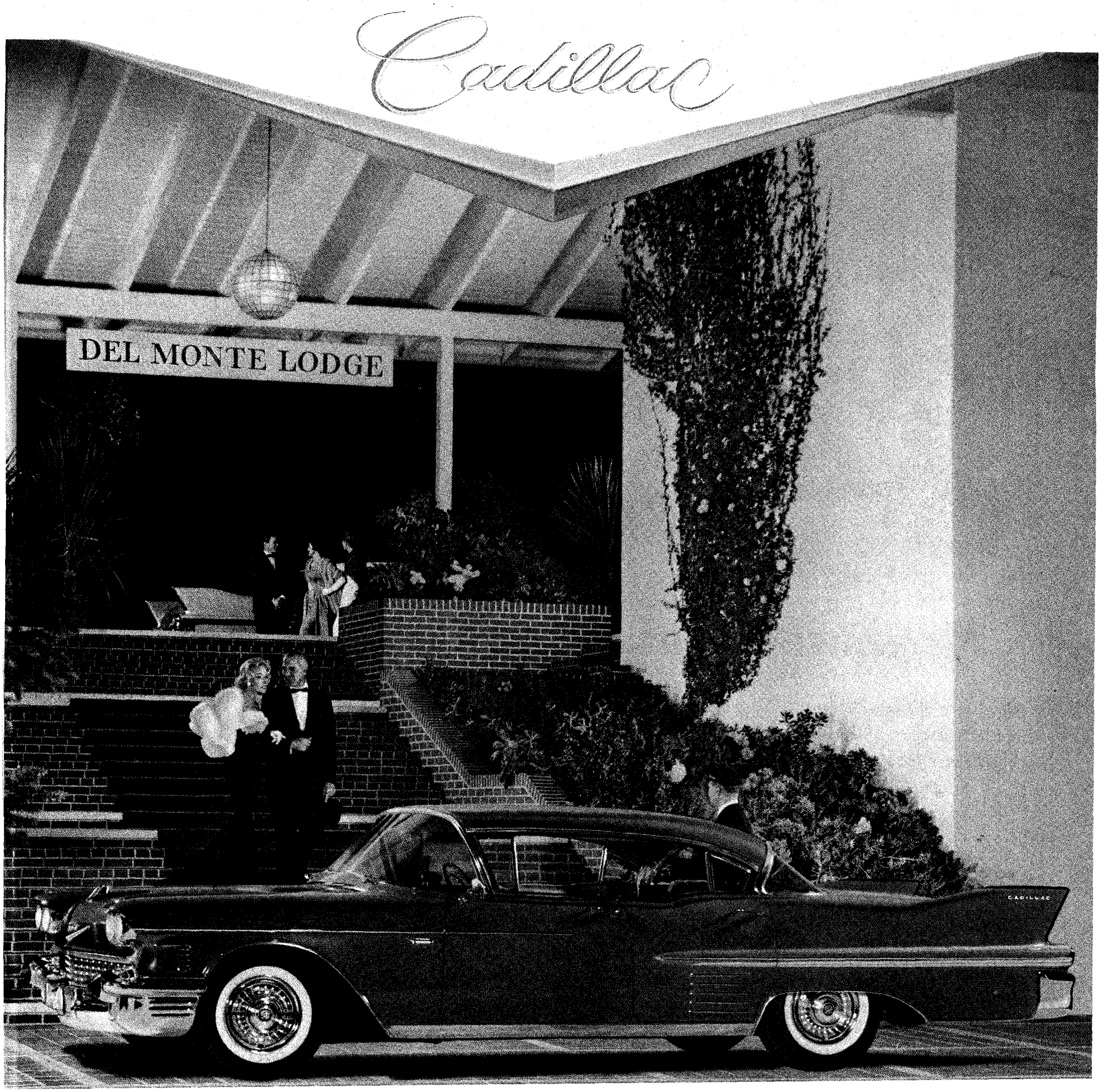

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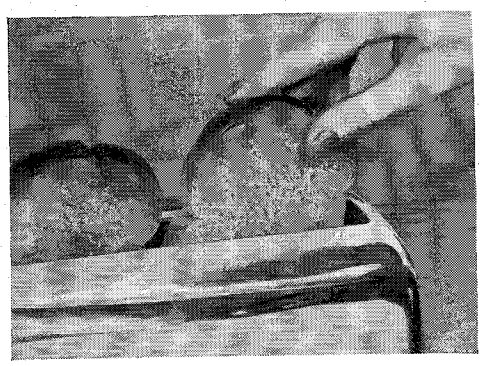
Now...a toaster and "oven" in one!

New General Electric Toast-R-Oven toasts "upstairs"... heats buns and other baked foods "downstairs"— right at your table!

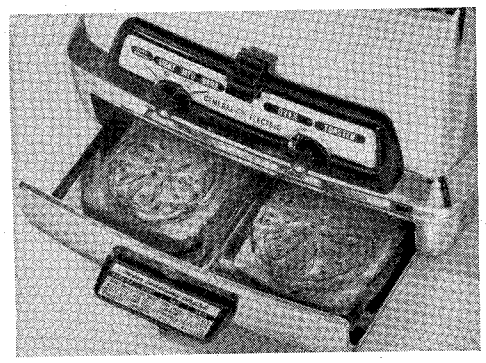
Here's something shiny new in toasters—and new in "ovens," too.

The General Electric Toast-R-Oven does just about *all* your toasting and warming jobs—right at your table. "Upstairs," it makes perfect toast. "Downstairs," it heats rolls . . . muffins . . . frozen waffles . . . toasted sandwiches . . . garlic bread . . . the list could go right off the page.

Your nearby General Electric dealer has the great new Toast-R-Oven now. See it soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



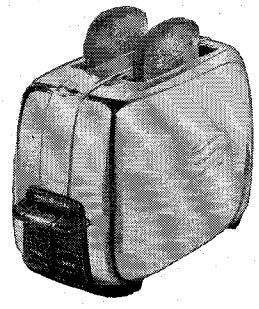
Toasts any shade you want. Just set the control for your favorite shade—light, dark, or anywhere in between. Now press the button. Done! Toast pops up extra high—no digging, no burned fingertips. Bright chrome finish is a breeze to keep clean.



Makes toasted sandwiches, keeps up to six pieces of buttered toast warm at once, does *so* many jobs that used to mean using your range oven. Dial at left sets "oven" toasting time. Chart on "oven" drawer shows just-right settings. Drawer pulls out for easy cleaning.

For toast *alone*, nothing tops the General Electric *truly automatic* toaster.

It gives you toast the way you want it—every time. Features six-position light-to-dark control, extra high pop-up, snap-out crumb tray for easy cleaning. See it at your General Electric dealer's.



Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Jessamine heard a tremendous crash as the huge block of stone crushed her convertible to an unrecognizable mass of metal.

DEATH STALKS THE BRIDE

This was no accident. Someone was trying to kill her.

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

Jessamine was newly wed, and Jessamine was miserable. From the moment of her marriage she was tormented by the suspicion that her husband, Eric Barthelmieu, was involved in a sinister other-life of which he never spoke.

At the wedding, for example, two strange, unexpected guests appeared, each in some disquieting way a part of Eric's past. One was Maxann York, a striking redhead. The other, Papa Raoul, Eric's father. Later, a Mrs. Quade told Jessamine that Eric—whose real name, she said, was LeMay—was married to a girl named Daphne and that the police wanted him in connection with her disappearance.

Jessamine fought to keep faith in her new husband, to quell the doubt in her heart.

III

The small yellow-haired girl ran to him eagerly. "Eric!"

Eric stooped to swing her up in his strong arms. For an instant he held her close; then off a bit so he could look at her. His dark blue eyes surveyed her soberly and carefully: her small, scuffed but carefully polished shoes; her neatly pressed but worn gingham dress; her combed and ribboned but uncurled hair. He smiled, finally, and put her down. She seemed very small and fragile beside his tall and lean body.

"You have been gone so long!" said the little girl.

"I sent you postals, Kendall. Every day. And now I am back and I have a present for you."

"A present!"

When he sat down, she climbed eagerly into his lap and began to go through his pockets with the industry of a squirrel. She found a small, beribboned box. "This?"

"This," he nodded.

She tore off the wrappings eagerly. "It's jewelry."

"Indian jewelry," he said. "There wasn't much there that little girls would like, but I thought maybe this."

She scrambled down and ran across the shabby apartment to a small mirror. She held the necklace against her thin, bony throat. "Like mamma's!" she said.

Then suddenly she dropped the necklace and began to cry. Eric rose and crossed the room to put big, gentle hands on her small shoulders. "Don't cry, Kendall. Don't cry!"

"But mamma ——" she said. "She never left us for this long before. When will she be back?"

He shook his head. "But you are happy here, are you not? Papa Raoul has been good to you while I was gone?"

Kendall let him wipe her face. She blew her nose obediently. She tried to smile. "Papa Raoul is wonderful. I have my own little room and he cooks for us, hot food every meal. And yesterday he brought me a plant from his social-security check. Come and see."

Eric stood in the tiny cubicle that was the child's room and looked at the small potted geranium. Like everything else in the apartment, it looked worn, tired. He touched the battered rag doll on the child's narrow cot; he opened the door of the small closet and saw her little red coat—too short, now that her five-year-old legs were lengthening—her other pair of shoes, also carefully polished, and the few other dresses that hung there. He looked back across the shabby living room, which was also immaculate, but its neatness did not hide the age of the upholstery on the sofa or the patched slip cover on the chair.

He said, "That some should have so much!"

Kendall pulled at his hand anxiously. Her hazel eyes looked up at him. "Don't you like it?"

He forced a smile at the sad little red geranium. "It's beautiful."

Kendall watched him, frowning. "We don't have to move again, do we?"

"No," he said. "Not yet."

"Mamma always moved so much," said Kendall, "because of the bills, I think. Hotels. Awful grubby little hotels where they don't like children and we ate out of milk cartons in our room. I never

(Continued on Page 58)

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1 Don't give up flavor to get mildness.

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84¢
VALUE!
59¢ FITCH Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO
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BOTH ONLY 69¢
(WHILE COMBINATION SALE LASTS)

SAVE—while you get rid of
EMBARRASSING DANDRUFF
without harsh medication
(get well-groomed hair too)

There's a big saving on two famous Fitch hair-care products at stores everywhere! Look what you get! A regular 59¢ bottle of Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo *plus* a 25¢ bottle of Fitch Hair Dressing—a whopping 84¢ value for only 69¢ (plus Fed. tax)!

And, whether you're a woman or a man—you'll welcome the chance to solve your *dandruff* problem, get the well-groomed hair you want. New Fitch Shampoo gets rid of embarrassing dandruff *without harsh medication* (floats it gently, thoroughly away). And you'll like Fitch Hair Dressing—contains lanolin, helps *condition* hair as it grooms! Get your Fitch bargain *combination!*

Marriage is Our Business (Continued from Page 21)

So here was a wife who complained that her husband was brutal, and a husband who complained that his wife bossed him around; and both were right, but neither of them had the faintest idea why they hurt each other. Because her mother was so domineering, Clara had probably never in her life heard a woman say, "Won't you, please?" or "I'd love you to," or even "I like you around." For all her sensitive feelings, the only way she knew how to get what she wanted was to say, "Do this or else!" Tony Burd had grown up expecting women to do all the housework and seeing a man use the flat of his hand to show he was angry. What's more, he was sensitive about his puny build, and he had to prove he was a tough guy.

A dozen other conflicts wove in and out of their main problem. Clara felt Tony expected her to keep the house too clean, and she tried so hard she was always worn out. Tony was so hostile to his mother-in-law that he continually saw her reflected in his wife. Tony often fell asleep in front of the TV, and that hurt Clara's feelings. On Sundays, Clara often wanted him to visit her friends, who bored him, while he wanted to go fishing with his father. But there are hundreds of good marriages with this sort of conflict. The basic problem between these two wasn't that Tony knocked Clara around, but that each was tearing the other down and living braced against attack.

After two painful interviews with Clara, and two with Tony, Doctor Goodwin was able to help each of them begin to understand what made the other flare up so easily. In their marriage they had both looked forward to a gentleness and warmth that neither of them had known in their own families. They both wanted understanding, and when they began trying to give it *to* each other—instead of demanding it *from* each other—the gap closed up fast.

At their final interview, a joint one, Tony happened to say he wished Clara would have his friends in sometimes. Clara burst into tears and said, "But I do. You're not fair." Tony looked at Doctor Goodwin and said, "See how sensitive she is. She does that all the time." But then, instead of getting mad himself, he began to comfort her. Of course she did let him have his friends in sometimes he said. He just wished she would more. And she stopped crying and said he was right, she didn't consider his wants enough, but she was going to try. The Burds' life is never going to be a bed of roses. They are both immature and probably will continue to wish for more than they can have, but they have learned they need each other. Each has learned to look at his own hurts through the other's eyes.

Here at Marriage Council we have no illusions of turning an unhappy marriage into a bed of roses. I almost refuse to use the word happy in connection with any marriage. Comfortable, full, satisfying—all right. A good marriage has a lot of happiness in it, and fun, and even ecstasy, but life itself is no bed of roses. Why should people think they can fence off marriage and find it sheer bliss? A huge number of marriages are unhappy just because people have that overly romantic concept. All we try to do is make marriages work, help two people who have grown away from each other come closer together again.

We don't always succeed, by any means. About 5 per cent of all the cases we work with are flat failures—that is, the relationship is even worse when the clients leave us than when they came. About 25 per cent show little or no change, usually because one client or both are unwilling to change, or just can't face the pain involved in trying to change. We have dozens of abortive cases where a husband and wife come only for one or two sessions. Then they find they can't simply tell their troubles and collect sympathy, or have the counselor wave a fairy wand for them. When they see they won't get anywhere unless they themselves actually work at making their life go more smoothly, they don't come back. But the ones who stick it out and face the painful struggle to understand why they are hurting each other—they go away much happier and much closer together. Our statistical studies show that marriage counseling is a real help to 70 per cent of the couples who stay with us for more than an interview or two.

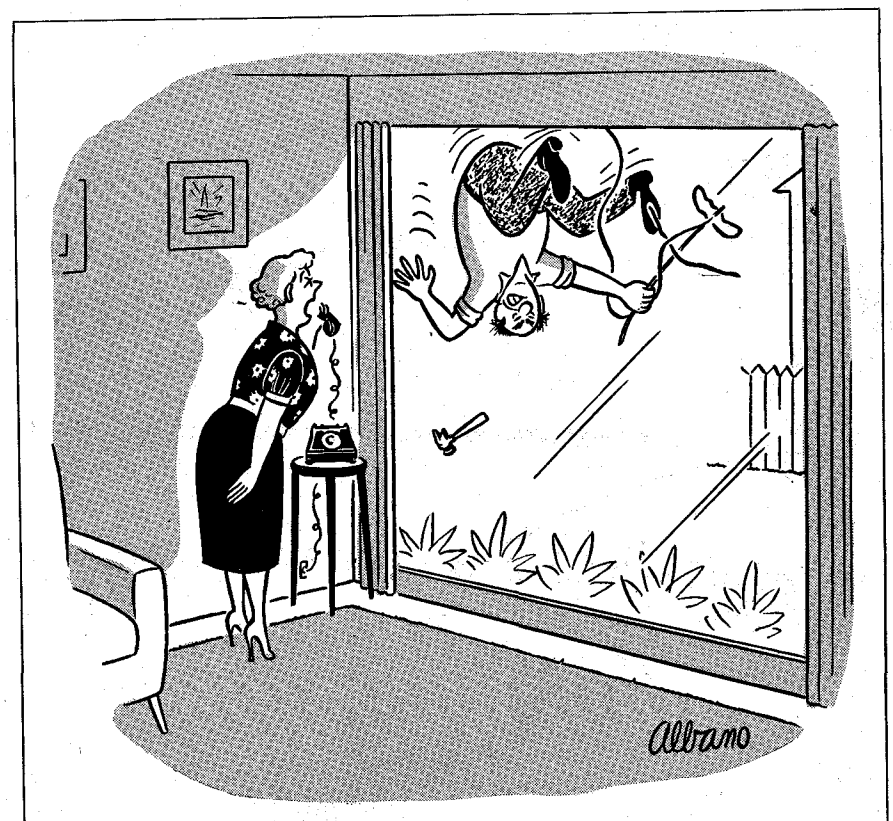
What do we call success? What do we call failure? We do not believe any marriage should be mutual enslavement. If we cannot help two people understand themselves and each other better, if we cannot help them begin to get some satisfaction out of living together—or at least work out some solution—the counseling has failed. It is a success if they go forward together with a new willingness to try. It may even be a success if two people who can never be happy together learn, through counseling, why and how they have destroyed their marriage. We may have prepared them to do better if they should marry again. The cases we find discouraging are the ones where one or both seem unable to learn anything. Case 7804B in our files is one of these.

Phil and Rachel Castor—let us call them—were assigned to Mrs. Mary Gibbon, a surgeon's wife, who trained for marriage counseling after her children were grown. Mr. Castor said at once that they had come to see whether they could possibly stay married. He didn't think they could. He had been living for almost a year with another woman, Fran, with whom he felt he had much more in common. Fran wanted to marry him, and he thought he wanted to marry her, but he had gone back to Rachel to talk it over and make sure. He and Rachel had had an affair in college. When World War II came, he had married her because he felt morally committed, but he had always felt trapped. When he went to business school after the war, for instance, he missed all the normal fun of college life. He had often been unfaithful, which hurt Rachel terribly, but each time she forgave him. They had two children, and he felt like a heel, but he didn't think he could ever be happy with Rachel now.

Rachel Castor had been in love with Phil since she was eighteen. She had been "determined" to marry him, she told Mrs. Gibbon. She had never loved anybody else and had decided that his infidelities were the price she had to pay for having a husband so wonderful in every other way. She had never wanted to be unfaithful, but had tried necking around at parties to pay Phil back. He had made a scene and said he would divorce her if she kept it up. Ironically, his reaction made her very happy. It seemed proof that he loved her. Rachel Castor was pathetically eager to find out how she could help her husband be more contented.

Phil Castor never came back to us. He spent weeks vacillating between Fran and Rachel, who could not bear to make the break herself, and during this time Mrs. Gibbon could do no more than help Rachel face the fact that divorce was the only practical answer. This case was certainly a failure, but a failure can be as educational as a success, and Rachel learned a great deal from it.

From some such failures—and many more successes—we have learned a lot about what works and what doesn't work, in the past twenty-six years. Hundreds of individual doctors, ministers, social workers, psychologists and sociologists do marriage counseling today, and quite a few of them had their first training with us. We have had a training program since 1950, when the Wm. T. Grant Foundation gave us $100,000 to set up training in this field over a five-year period. As part of the University of Pennsylvania's School of Medicine, we offer an elective course to the senior medical students and accept, in addition, a dozen or so professional people each year for special training in (*Continued on Page 48*)



"Hold it, Fred—here he comes now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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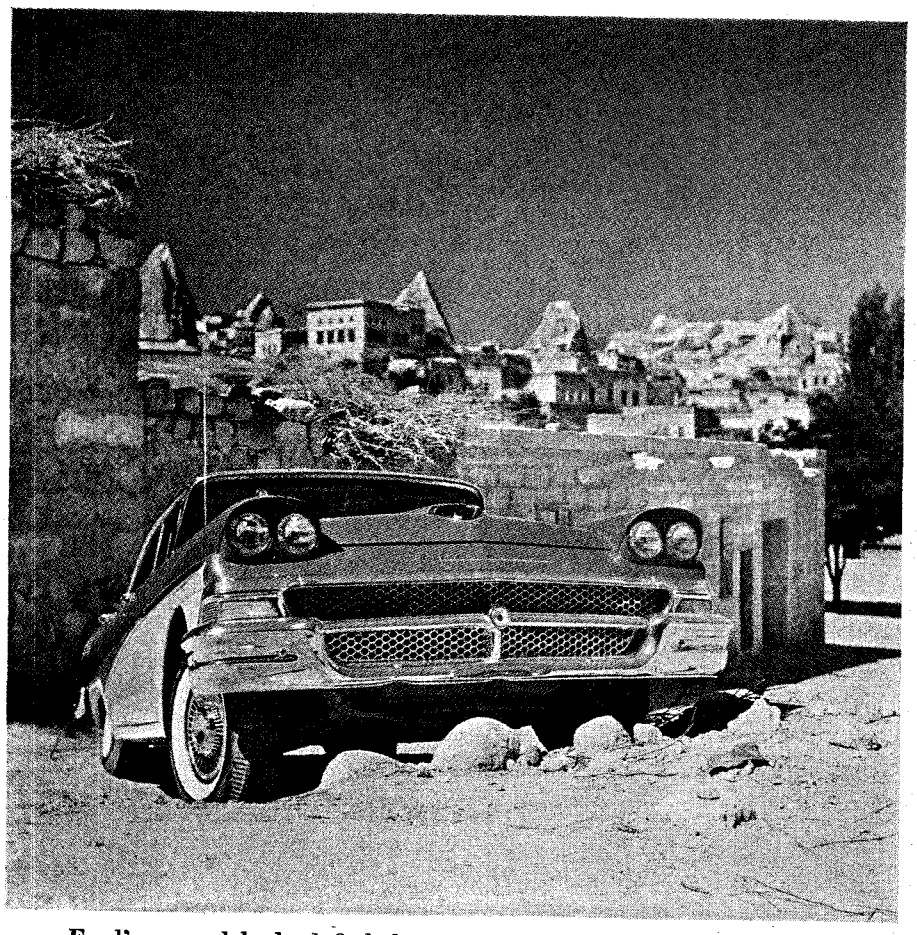
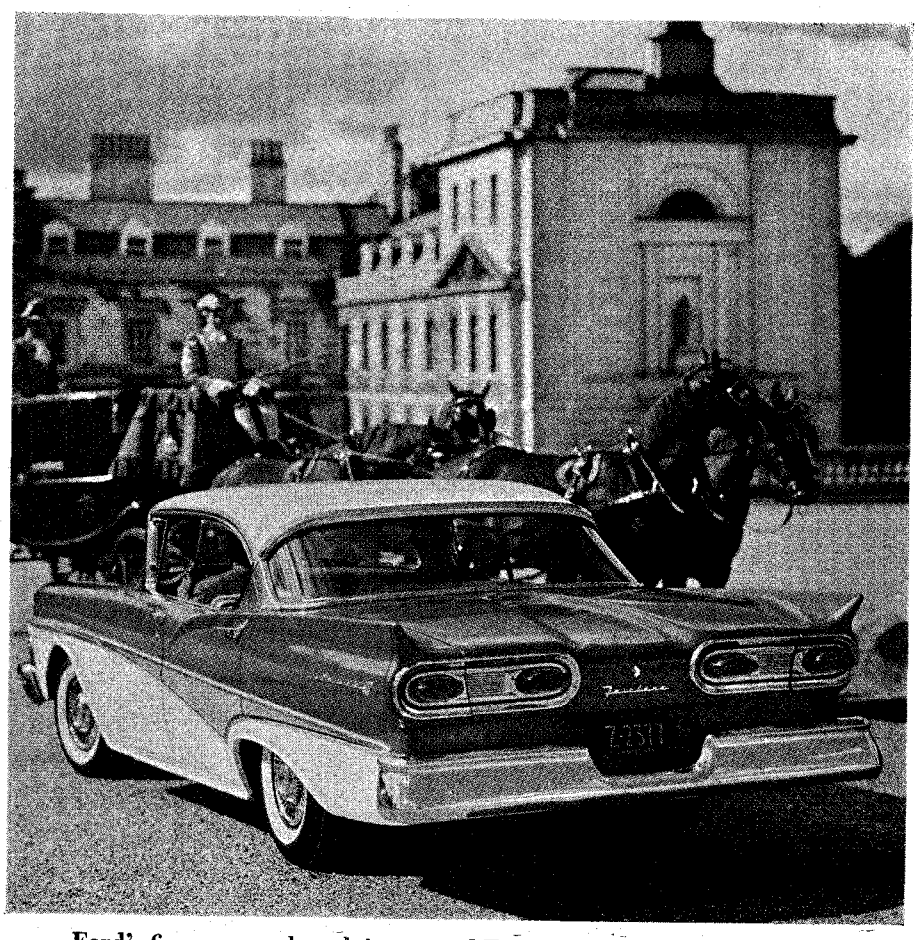


Ford's rugged body defied the world's toughest roads. The ancient roads of Asia proved the hard way that the 58 Ford's new body stays quiet and tight. Here's a car that's really *proven* that it's built for keeps.



Ford's fine-car coachwork impressed English craftsmen. Skillful, fine-car body work . . . new, carefully tailored fittings . . . doors that close solid as a bank vault. Here, indeed, is truly royal company for a royal coach.

Best in build around the world

Best for savings, too!

You save when you buy, *and* in the long run! Ford's round-the-world test *proved* Ford bodies are built better. Why not? *Five* braces provide superior strength in the new Slipstream roof—compared with three or less in competitive cars. Under those graceful body contours is the most insulation in Ford's field. Ford's exclusive wide-base frame and superior body mounting provide lasting rigidity, quieter ride, greater safety. You can't buy better in *build!*

Smart New York shoppers agreed: you can't buy better! Visit your Ford Dealer soon to Action Test the all-new 58 Ford and check its low, low-price!

58 FORD

Proved and approved around the world

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(*Continued from Page 46*) marriage counseling. The university pays for our teaching and some of our fellowships. We have also had research grants from both the United States Public Health Service and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania Department of Welfare.

For example, our research workers, with Dr. Howard Mitchell as project director, are just now finishing up a study on the relationship between excessive drinking and marital conflict under a state grant. But none of this pays for our counseling.

Marriage Council has always been nonprofit. It welcomes any couple needing help, for whatever fee they can afford, regardless of their race or creed. We charge on a sliding scale, according to the clients' joint income. The average fee is $4.50, but the cost of each interview, allowing for overhead and salaries, is over $10.00. The difference is made up by individual "member" contributions ranging from $5.00 to $5000. Anyone may become a member and we wish everyone would.

Where do our clients come from? About 25 per cent are sent by courts and other public agencies; many are sent by members and many more by doctors or lawyers or ministers. The biggest proportion, however, is sent by couples we have counseled. We have many more requests than our eight counselors can handle. We wish we had twice as many counselors, especially when we see the right help turn an apparently hopeless relationship into a happy one.

A woman came to us in September of 1954. I'll call her Bessie Jacobs. She was an intense, righteous woman with a college degree. Her husband had had a complete personality change, she said. He used to be sweet and helpful. Now he was ugly and sometimes downright brutal. She gave a dozen instances. He shook her. He shouted at her and the children. He was drinking secretly. She had found a bottle in his closet. Their life was impossible and it was very bad for the children. Whether he would come for counseling she just didn't know. She had pleaded with him, but since he wouldn't listen to her she had simply left him a note. The note, when her husband turned up with it an hour or so later, said: "If you don't appear you can pack your things and get out."

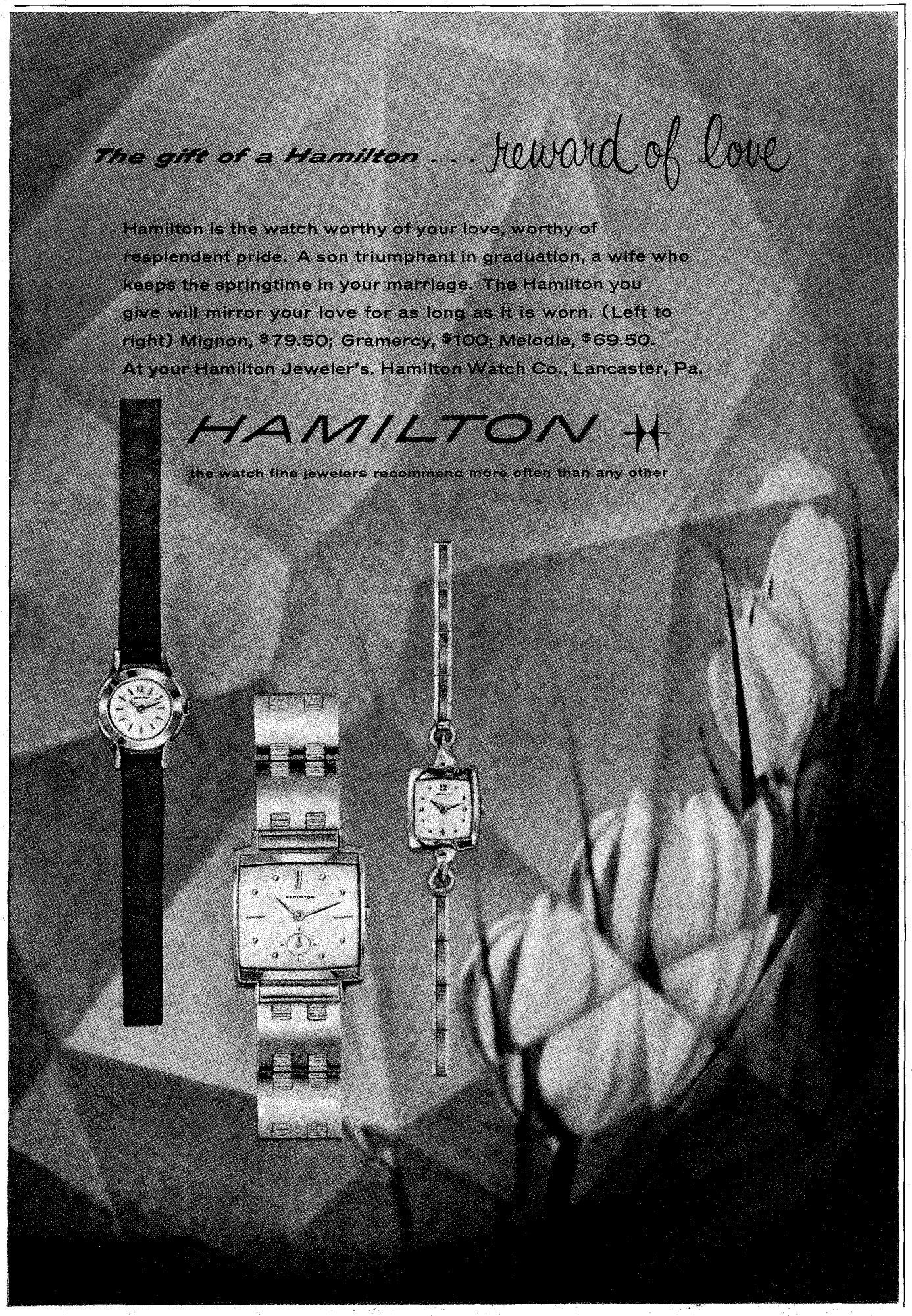
Mr. Jacobs was a tall, stooped fellow who ran a gas station. He alternated between being exaggeratedly polite and stubbornly withdrawn. He didn't want to be here and said so. His wife had always felt superior because he had only a high-school education. When he didn't get ahead very fast she became more and more critical and demanding. Sometimes when he couldn't take any more, he had walked out on her. The last time he had done this she had haled him into court. Oh, they had patched things up—but it hadn't helped. Maybe he had changed, but he was good and tired of being treated as a doormat. His wife used sex as a weapon. She hadn't let him near her in years. Even the children had taken to picking on him and making fun of him. Drinking? Who wouldn't take a drink, when things were this bad? One drink and she called him a drunkard. But what was the point of counseling? he said. He would just go back to serving, serving, serving until he couldn't take it any longer.

A male counselor-in-training worked with these two under my supervision. He saw both the husband and the wife about a dozen times over a seven-month period, twenty-six hours in all, to be exact. They paid $6.00 a visit; the total cost to them was $156. Mrs. Jacobs spent her first six interviews telling in detail all the ways her husband had disappointed and neglected her, and describing his constant irrational behavior. Once, on a brief vacation at the seashore with some friends, she had written a post card saying it was pleasant to breathe clean fresh air; he had taken this as an excuse to walk out and stay away for a month.

The counselor listened sympathetically and uncritically week after week. He didn't try to point out the discrepancies between her story and her husband's, although Mr. Jacobs had shown him the post card that made him walk out. It had been addressed to the Jacobs kids, not to her husband, and what it really said was: "It is good to get away from all the ugliness and tension." The counselor let Mrs. Jacobs talk and find that whatever she said or did she would not be reproached or scorned. Toward the end of the sixth interview she suddenly said, "I guess I've been pretty selfish and arrogant, haven't I?" A few minutes later she said for the first time, "What can I do?"

For six weeks Mr. Jacobs had been pleading with the counselor to persuade his wife to let him stop coming here. He would promise to do anything, if he could only stay quietly at home. It was quite obvious that this was the pattern he had followed all during his marriage. It took six weeks to make him believe the counselor wanted to help him, not punish him. His ego was beaten down—and with reason: Mrs. Jacobs, for instance, had once thrown his week's earnings in the street in scorn. He had had to get down on his hands and knees to gather it up.

When Mrs. Jacobs said, "What can I do?" the counselor at last could help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her see that she had been using her husband as a scapegoat for her disappointment at not achieving the glamorous, luxurious life she dreamed of; and that, if the children scorned their father, it was because she had torn him down so much in front of them. Mr. Jacobs, meanwhile, began to see that a little quiet firmness was a better way of asserting himself than getting drunk. It turned out that his drinking had never been anything but a protest against his wife's not allowing liquor in the house.

From then on, each week they made remarkable progress. They went back to taking walks together. They went back to making love. The children began reflecting their mother's new attitude and treated their father with new respect and affection. Mrs. Jacobs even began offering her husband a drink in the kitchen before dinner. When they left us they were happily bewildered by the change in their lives.

The classic stereotype of the domineering wife and the henpecked husband is one of the commonest conflicts we run into. Not that the United States is a country of strong women and weak men; a domineering woman isn't likely to be a strong woman. She doesn't know how to get what she wants from her husband or from life by being loving and charming. Some men react to a domineering wife by fighting—like Mr. Burd—or by alternately submitting and rebelling—like Mr. Jacobs. But we see many husbands react in a far more devastating way. If their wives don't respect them as men, they simply lose their capacity to act like men.

A young man of thirty-five came to our office two years ago asking for a man counselor. He was a shy, rather intense English teacher in a public high school. In our files he is Mr. X, case number 8421B. Let's call him George Hollis. He was assigned to Jerry Grossfeld, one of our younger counselors; Jerry is in his late twenties and has a master's degree in social work.

Mr. Hollis had been married seven years. His wife was a wonderful girl, he said with embarrassment. She used to be a nurse, but had given it up to have a baby. He was crazy about the baby and loved his wife, but lately, even when he really wanted to make love to her, he couldn't. Of course he had been working terribly hard; and then, too, his wife had been pregnant, but still this impotence was frightening to both of them. They couldn't face the idea of divorce. They needed each other, but they couldn't go on this way. Maybe he ought to see a doctor or a psychiatrist, but his wife had urged him to come here first. She had heard about Marriage Council from a friend. It was a great effort for Mr. Hollis to talk at all. He sat silently twisting his hat, forced out a halting statement, and then sat silent again. He relaxed a little when Mr. Grossfeld told him theirs was rather a common problem, but tensed up again at the suggestion that he ask his wife to come for an interview. What good would that do? After all, the problem was with him.

Mr. Grossfeld explained that there is a good deal less hope of solving any marriage problem if we can work with only one partner. George Hollis said hopelessly that he'd tell his wife, but he wasn't at all sure she would come. However, Ethel Hollis called up the very next day for an appointment. She turned out to be as friendly and assured as her husband was shy and withdrawn. She had no trouble talking about what she called "her husband's problem." George was brilliant, she told Mr. Grossfeld, but had always been oversensitive and rather helpless except where his work was concerned. For example, she had to cut the grass because he handled the power mower so badly it made her nervous. She had to do all the little repair jobs around the house; he could never do them right. She realized she shouldn't but someone had to. She knew she had a tendency to be pretty positive, and sometimes sharp, but she was just that way and it had never made a problem until this recent trouble of George's. Now, of course, he felt inadequate and she felt hostile because she felt unloved. For a while she had thought there must be another woman, but now she was sure there wasn't. If George could just get back to lovemaking, she knew everything would be all right again.

We run across plenty of sexual problems, but they are much more likely to be a symptom than a cause. In their first interviews, however, the Hollises didn't even bring up any other difficulties. But the second (*Continued on Page 55*)

Line of Trucks

Up half a dozen hills I've
sworn in vain
To overtake them, once
we've passed the summit.
Like old arthritic elephants
up they strain;
Like crack Olympic skiers
down they plummet.

Laurence Eisenlohr

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Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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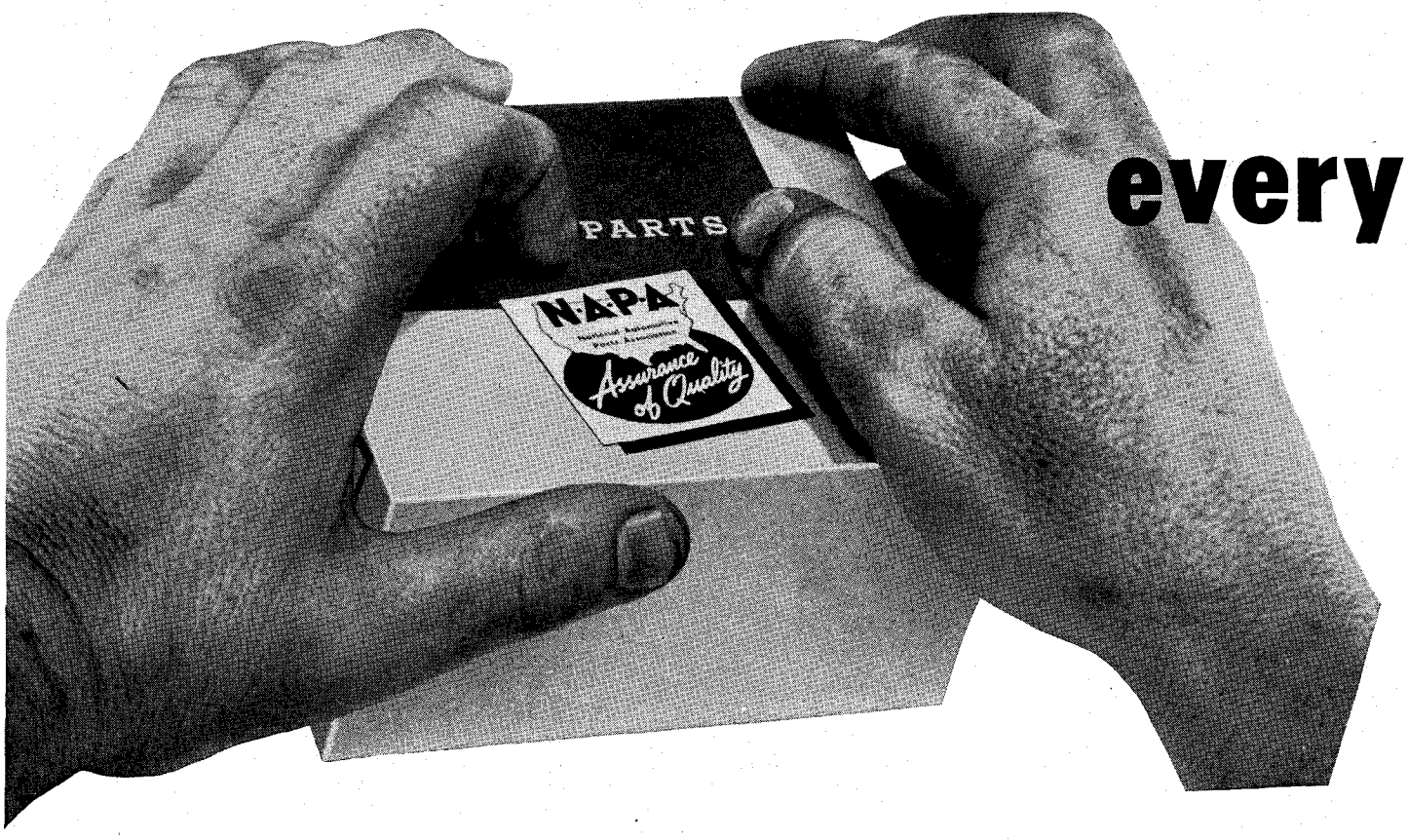
The N·A·P·A "Parade of Parts" puts everything he



When your repairman uses parts bearing the N·A·P·A *Seal you can be sure he's trying to turn out the best possible job for you.*

You can be sure, too, that he is also doing his best to get your car back to you in the least possible time.

Your repairman's job is not a simple one. He must first diagnose the trouble—and then use his skill to remedy it. But before he can go to work on your car, he must get the necessary parts.

Here is where the N·A·P·A Jobber in your community saves time and expense for both you and your repairman, by keeping on hand the parts, supplies and tools he needs. Your N·A·P·A Jobber is part of the nation's largest independent parts organization—one of 2700 N·A·P·A Jobbers whose stocks are replenished every day by 45 N·A·P·A Warehouses throughout the nation.

The N·A·P·A "Parade of Parts"—from manufacturer to Warehouse to Jobber to your repairman—never stops. It grows year by year because the speed of service rendered by the N·A·P·A Jobber, and the genuine quality of the parts he supplies, for cars, trucks and tractors of all makes and all ages—are unparalleled in the automotive industry.

N·A·P·A National Automotive Parts Association Assurance of Quality

Only Nationally Advertised Parts and Supplies of Genuine Quality Are Identified by This Seal

They Are Backed by the Nation's Largest Independent Automotive Parts Organization

They Are Quickly Available to Your Repairman—for Cars, Trucks and Tractors of All Makes and Ages—from the Same Nearby and Time-Saving Source of Supply the N·A·P·A Jobber

National Automotive Parts Association, Detroit, in behalf of the thousands of independent

N·A·P·A JOBBERS

who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these and many other nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

Soundmaster Mufflers

. . . last longer, thanks to "Corrosion Balance" that fights muffler-killing corrosion with special materials, temperature control and "Zonal Drainage." Equally important, Soundmasters bring out the full-power performance your engine was designed to deliver —*quietly*.

De KOVEN MANUFACTURING CO. • RACINE, WIS

Easy to Apply, Quick Drying

Just press the button and paint! Famou Martin-Senour quality paints spray o quickly, easily . . . leave a hard, high-glos finish. For both automotive and home refin ishing jobs. King-size 16-oz. spray cans. Als —6-oz. lacquer touch-up cans in late mod passenger car colors. See nearest dealer.

MARTIN-SENOUR, 2500 SOUTH SENOUR AVENU CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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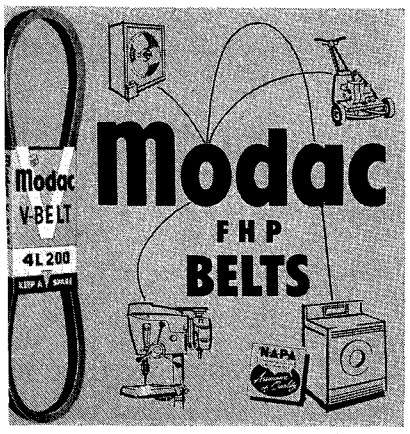
in your repairman's hands

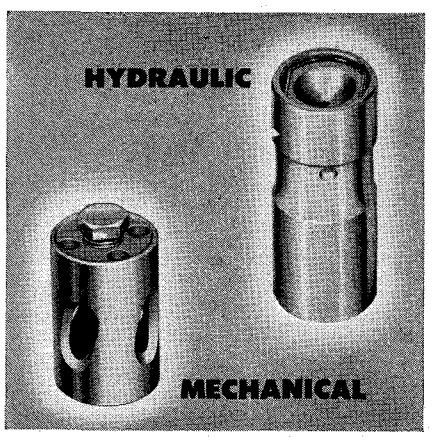
needs for fast service on your car



FUN TIME

nmer time is fun time . . . especially with ay's many modern home appliances and ıveniences. Always keep them in top oper- ıg condition. When V-Belt replacements needed, get MODAC Fractional Horse- ver V-Belts. Buy them where you see the A·P·A seal . . . your assurance of top ılity products.

'WOOD INDUSTRIES • WAYNESVILLE, N. C.



Balkamp Valve Tappets

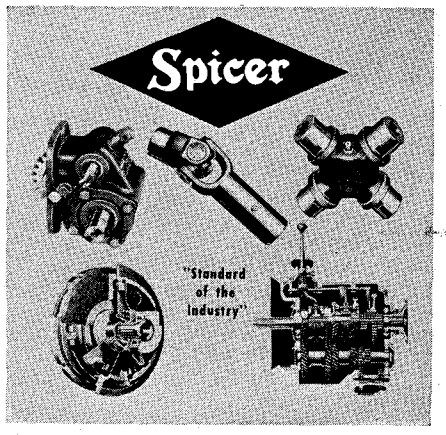
The most complete line of mechanical and hydraulic valve tappets in the industry. All built to the finest original equipment standards of materials, design and dimension. Also, for Ford engines, the time-saving *adjustable* tappet, designed and produced by one of the leading original equipment makers.

BALKAMP, INC. • INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Allied Engine Parts

When your engine needs new parts—pistons, pins, valves, valve springs, or water pump, you can depend on *Allied!* Behind every Allied Engine Part are specialized engineering experience, production facilities and manufacturing capacity unsurpassed in the industry.

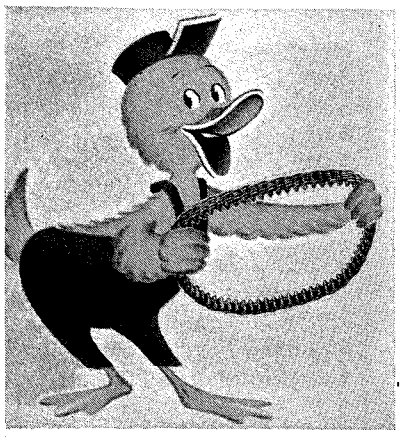
ALLIED AUTOMOTIVE PARTS COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO



Dana Products

Just as practically all vehicle makers depend on DANA-made Products, you can depend on Spicer and "Mechanics-Type" Universal Joint Kits; Spicer Transmission; Spicer Power Take-Offs and Joints, and Monmouth Clutch Plates.

DANA CORPORATION • TOLEDO 1, OHIO



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.nces are 300-to-1 your sluggish motor a worn timing chain and sprockets. Why? s unit controls up to 300 moving parts. y on N·A·P·A Timing Service for top ne performance and economy.

CHAIN BELT COMPANY
PLAINFIELD ST. • SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.

There's a "Best" In Tire Valves

Used for years as original equipment on all leading makes of cars, Bridgeport tire valves have a long-established reputation for quality and dependability. Dealers who carry the Bridgeport line are thus able to give the very best in tire valve service and repair.

BRIDGEPORT BRASS COMPANY
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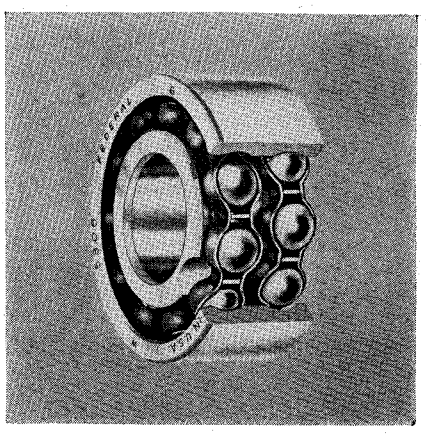

Federal Ball Bearings

The safety, efficiency and smooth performance of the car you drive depends on *reliable* ball bearings! That's why millions of cars, trucks and tractors are factory-equipped with Federal Ball Bearings—why so many service shops keep 'em running with Federals.

THE FEDERAL BEARINGS CO., INC.
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Get New Car Performance

No tune-up job is complete unless your Contacts, Condenser, Coil, Distributor Cover, Rotor and Voltage Regulator are thoroughly checked and replaced when needed. Insist on the best, ask for ECHLIN.

ECHLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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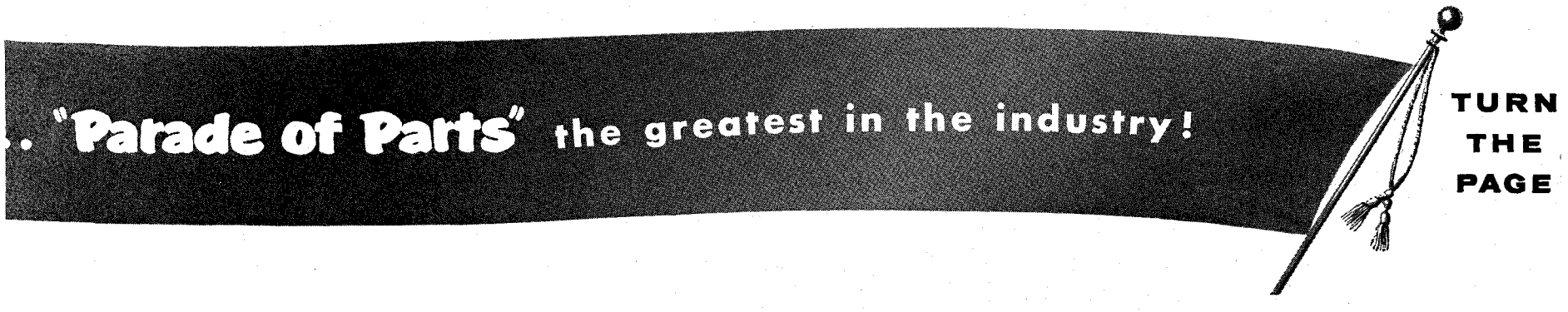

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N·A·P·A "Parade"

MicroTest Transmission Parts

Automatic transmissions sometimes need only adjustment; other times *new parts*. If new parts *are* needed, your repairman can depend on his N·A·P·A Jobber for MicroTest, the nationally advertised line of genuine quality automatic transmission parts for all cars.

MICROTEST GEAR COMPANY
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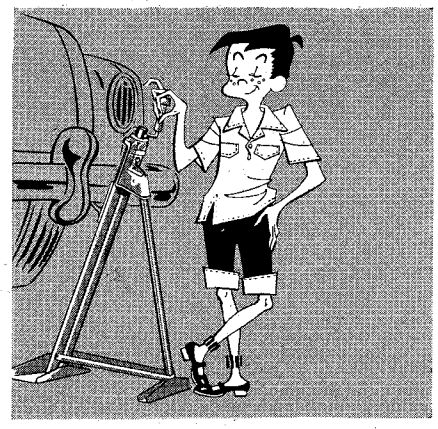
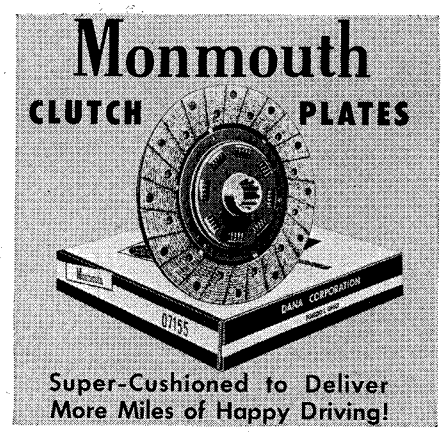


FLEET Bumper Jacks

You can send a boy to do a man's job when you change tires with a FLEET bipod bumper jack. There are no parts to assemble or get lost . . . just set it up and go to work. When you're through, fold it up, neat as an umbrella.

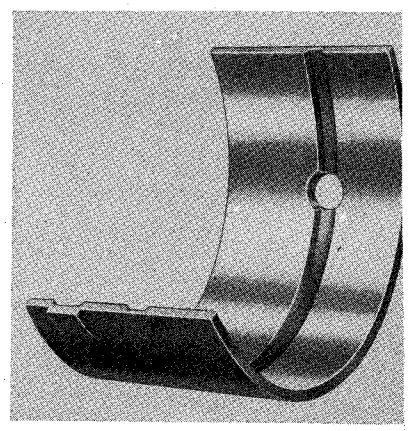
EDGEWEWATER AUTOMOTIVE DIVISION
ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN



Monmouth Clutch Plates

Monmouth Clutch Plates have long been famous in the automotive industry for their patented super-cushion action . . . their precision manufacture . . . and their excellent performance record. They are typical in quality and engineered performance of the complete line of DANA products.

DANA CORPORATION • TOLEDO 1, OHIO



Monmouth Engine Bearings

MICRO AND CLEVITE 77

Designed Right—by the engineers who desi most original equipment.

Made Right—by the world's largest be ing manufacturer.

Sold Right—N·A·P·A service.

CLEVITE SERVICE DIV. • CLEVELAND, O

Famous Hand Tools

The professional Tools Mechanics choose for Automotive, Aircraft and Industrial repairs and services.

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THE NEW BRITAIN MACHINE COMPANY
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

Automotive Finishes

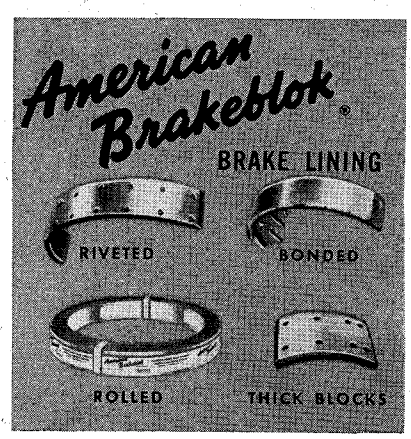
Help to assure finest refinishing of your car by asking for famous-quality Martin-Senour products! America's widest range of colors . . . factory-packaged or custom-mixed for all makes. Everything required for the *complete* job. Insist on Martin-Senour for all your automotive and home painting needs.

MARTIN-SENOUR, 2500 SOUTH SENOUR AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Choice of Car Factory Engineers

Thermostats are vital to efficient, economical engine performance in summer, and quick heating in winter. The advantage which Thomson "HP" Thermostats give in modern *pressurized* cooling systems, is confirmed by most car-factory engineers. *Thomson leads in thermostats for all systems.*

STANDARD-THOMSON CORPORATION
WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS



FRICTIONEERED . . .

- *for power or standard brakes*
- for safer, smoother stops
- for thousands of extra miles of service!

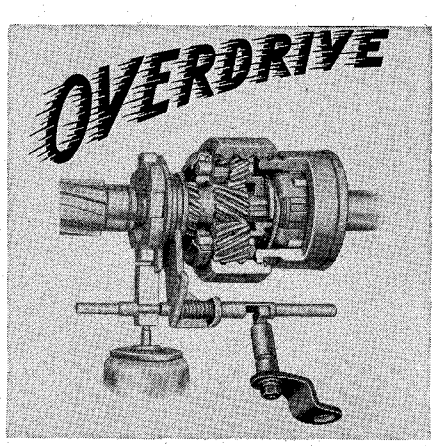
Play it safe! Get a complete American Bral blok brake inspection today!

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION
BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN

MILLIONS USE THEM— EXPERTS CHOOSE THEM

Nothing will do more to give you smoother and better motor performance than to install new ECHLIN Ignition Contacts and Condenser every 5000 miles.

ECHLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BRANFORD, CONNECTICUT



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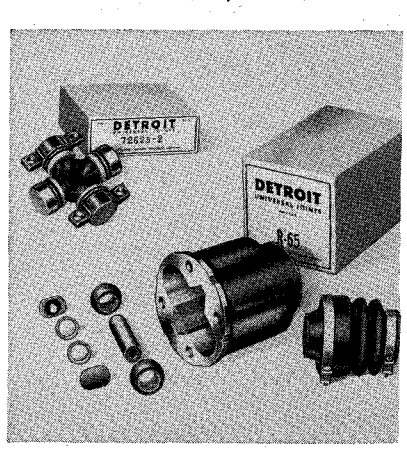
Complete service for all Overdrive Units—Dittmer's newest addition to the N·A·P·A "Parade of Parts." Since 1919 Dittmer Standard Transmission Gears and Shafts for cars and trucks have been known the world over as "Second to None." Ask for Dittmer—your password to quality.

DITTMER GEAR DIVISION • AUBURN, INDIANA

SPRING RAINS . . . "MUD-PIE" ROADS

. . . keep windshields blinded, make driving dangerous. But NOT for the driver who has a Trico Co-Ordinated Windshield Washer! A touch of the button squirts water and on go the wipers cleaning the glass of road mist, dirt and grime. When the glass is dry, the wipers park automatically. Have a Trico washer installed on your car today.

TRICO PRODUCTS CORP. • BUFFALO, N. Y.



Detroit Universal Joints

and propeller shafts transmit the torque fr today's super powered engines quietly a smoothly.

Performance proven by over 40 years' by vehicle manufacturers.

When repairs are needed be sure you genuine Detroit Service Parts.

DETROIT UNIVERSAL DIV. • DEARBORN, MI

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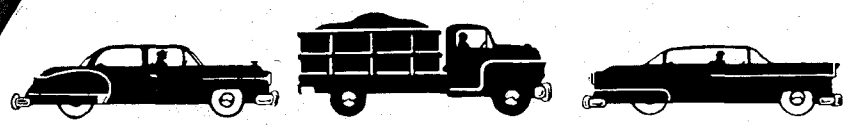
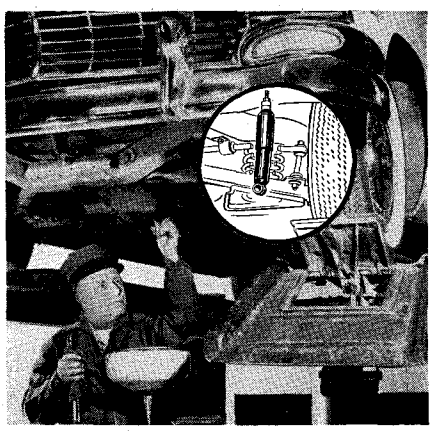


***nationally advertised brands for* CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS · ALL MAKES · ALL AGES!**

Look for this sign

red and yellow Soundmaster sign is your guide to expert muffler service. Where see it, you'll get a free—and thorough—ıust system inspection. If replacements ıeeded, they'll be *Soundmaster*, the only ler backed by the N·A·P·A Assurance uality.

OVEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN



...don't forget your shocks!

Shock absorbers are vital to the safe operation of your car. Worn or leaky shocks rob you of riding comfort—make driving hazardous. Have your shocks checked regularly. When you need new ones, get the best—get Briggs!

THE BRIGGS SHOCK ABSORBER COMPANY
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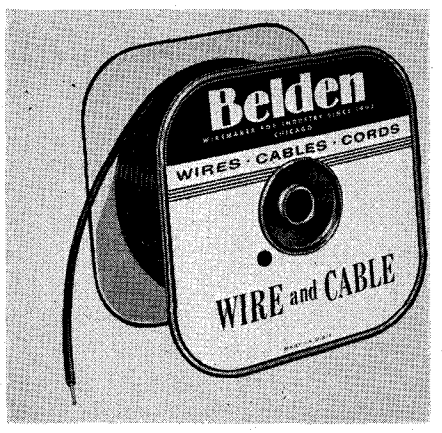
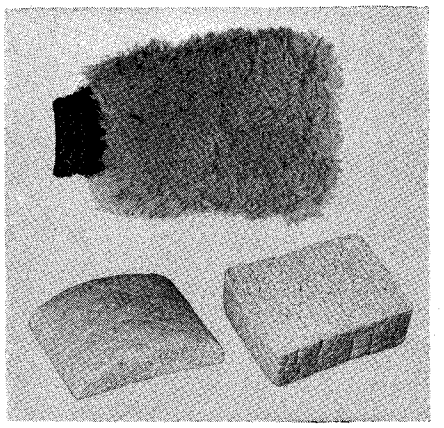


Safe · Sure · Wires and Cables

—if it's worth a serviceman's time

—it's worth good wire and cable

BELDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



B★K Car-Washing Accessories

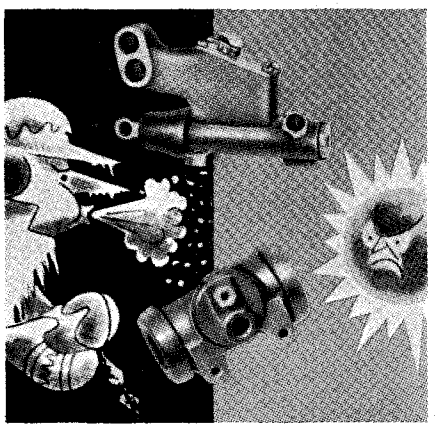
For the millions of people (both pro's and amateurs) who like to keep cars bright and shiny, but don't want to take any more time than necessary, B★K supplies everything that's needed—the finest and most adaptable of sponges—soft, durable wash-mitts—imported chamois-skins—brushes of all types.

B★K SERVICE PRODUCTS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Allied Chassis Parts

wear, riding ease, and safe steering de- on "chassis parts." You and your fam- re safe with Allied Wheel Suspension Steering Parts, Coil Springs, King Bolt and Shackles—all engineered and built riginal equipment standards.

ED AUTOMOTIVE PARTS COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO



UNITED

UNITED brake parts CAN take it! All parts that make up UNITED cylinder repair kits and/or master and wheel cylinder assemblies are periodically operated, alternately, in cold chambers and high temperature ovens in accord with S.A.E. & A.S.T.M. specifications.

UNITED PARTS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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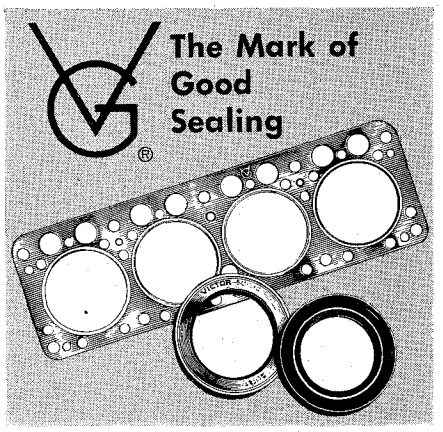


VICTOR Gaskets and Oil Seals

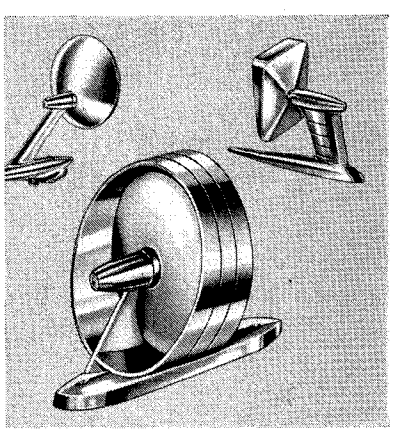
Recommended by your service shop because they prevent power loss . . . stop leakage of oil, grease, water, antifreeze . . . and for your safety, keep dirt and grease out of brakes. More cars, trucks and tractors are built with Victor sealing parts than with any other make.

VICTOR MANUFACTURING & GASKET CO.
P.O. BOX 1333 CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

All This, and Color, Too!

Prospect *Contoured* Floor Mats *fit better, wear longer*. The exact shape of the car floor is *built in*, of the same materials supplied to car makers. Holes for pedals, etc., are prepunched for old cars and new. In blue, green or gray for late model cars.

PROSPECT RUBBER COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO



Visall Safety Products

ɔnger car mirrors for tomorrow's cars. ınct modern concept of design to enhance beauty. Quality material . . . skilled ıeering . . . know-how manufacturing. Signals, Clearance, Marker, Fog and ing, Back-up, Utility, Emergency, Safety ɔment for all vehicles.

CLE PRODUCTS CO. • CINCINNATI, OHIO

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CELORON® Timing Gears
Continental Fibre Division, Cleveland, Ohio

CLEVELAND Universal Joints
Cleveland Steel Products Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio

HAARTZ-MASON Friction Tape
Haartz-Mason Inc., Watertown, Mass.

MICROTEST Axle Shafts
MicroTest Gear Company, Pottstown, Pennsylvania

MICROTEST Drive and Pinion Gears
Flywheel Gears
Balkamp, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana

MODAC Auto Mats
Wooster Rubber Company, Wooster, Ohio

MODAC Service Hose and Splash Guards
B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio

OILOK Treated Paper Packing
Manufactured by
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PURITAN Brake Fluid
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ROCKFORD Fasteners, Screws, Bolts and Nuts
Rockford Screw Products Company, Rockford, Illinois

SKIL Power Tools
Skil Corporation, Chicago 30, Illinois

ZOLLNER Heavy-Duty Pistons
Zollner Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana

National Automotive Parts Association, Detroit, in behalf of the thousands of independent

N·A·P·A JOBBERS

who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these—and many other—nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

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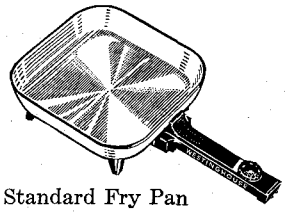
IT'S WESTINGHOUSE . . . THE SQUARE AUTOMATIC FRY PAN WITH THE SQUARE HEATING ELEMENT

NO STICKING...NO WATCHING

with Westinghouse exclusive Spread-Even Heat

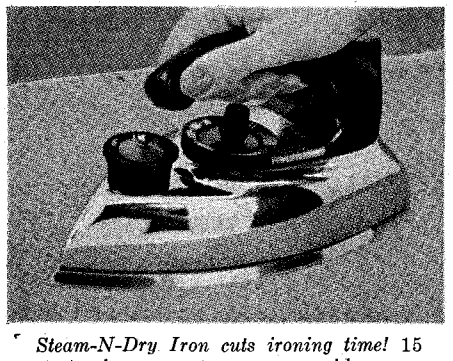
Sauté meat, bake apples, simmer cream-base soups without fear of their scorching or sticking. The square heating element matches the pan's square shape, gives even heat all over . . . eliminates sticking and scorching. No need for constant watching . . . pan never gets hotter or cooler than temperature you set.

Deluxe Open Handle Fry Pan has exclusive thermometer-type heat control that measures heat from edge-to-edge of pan, assures precisely the amount you set on the dial . . . and it holds that heat until the food is perfectly cooked. Westinghouse Guaranteed Values: Deluxe Fry Pan, **$23.95;** Standard, **$19.95.**



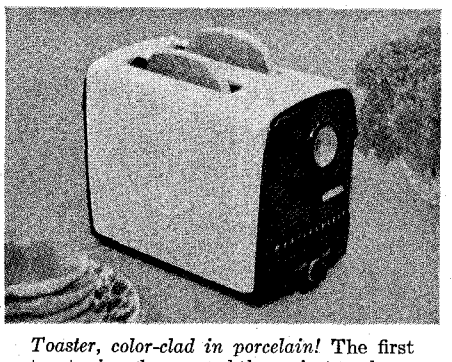
Standard Fry Pan

Westinghouse . . . The gift with something extra!

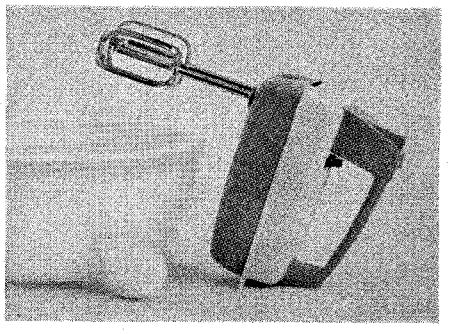


Steam-N-Dry Iron cuts ironing time! 15 vents give more steam over a wider area. Westinghouse Guaranteed Values: *Copper-tone*, **$18.95;** *Deluxe Chrome* (shown), **$17.95.**

Coffee Maker brews coffee the fastest way yet! Extracts *all* the flavor. Westinghouse Guaranteed Values: *Deluxe* (shown), **$29.95;** *Standard*, **$21.95.**



Toaster, color-clad in porcelain! The first toaster in color . . . and the easiest to clean. Westinghouse Guaranteed Values: *Confection Colors*, **$21.95;** *Chrome*, **$19.95.**



Portable Mixer mixes with more power, even thick refrigerator cookie dough! Sits on heel or hangs on wall. Choice of 4 Colors. Westinghouse Guaranteed Value: **$19.95.**

Watch TV's top dramatic show. Westinghouse *Studio One in Hollywood*

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S **Westinghouse**

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(*Continued from Page 49*) time Mrs. Hollis came in, she said that her in-laws were very stuffy and conventional and disapproved of her completely. She didn't like them, either, and she particularly couldn't stand her mother-in-law. Being the frank person she was, she couldn't help showing it. And George was too closely tied to his parents.

How did they disapprove of her? Well, they thought she was too unconventional and antisocial. She wasn't really antisocial, but she had always hated suburban life. Her neighbors were stupid and she couldn't be bothered making friends with them. But of course that meant she was alone with the baby all day, so she was often blue when George came home.

In his second interview, George Hollis said he had to act as peacemaker between his mother and his wife. "I hate conflict," he said; "I always have, but Ethel seems to like it." In his third interview, he said, "I guess I have what you might call an inferiority complex. I've never felt I could do anything really well, and now, with this new problem, I just feel more inadequate." But during most of both interviews he sat silent and hostile, as if he felt the counselor might expose his weaknesses. Jerry Grossfeld concentrated on getting Hollis to talk about his wife and how he really felt about her. By the fifth interview Hollis began to feel it was safe to reveal some of his critical and angry feelings toward Ethel, but though he reported at length on his unsuccessful attempts to make love, he never seemed able to connect those failures with any other feelings about his marriage.

Ethel Hollis, meanwhile, spent each hour talking with disarming frankness about her shortcomings, but never as if they *were* shortcomings. She had given up her job—long before she was pregnant it turned out—because it made her too nervous, yet she talked as if she had sacrificed a career to give her husband a child and was now trapped in a solitary existence. Like Mrs. Jacobs, she was spilling out all her secret resentment. Unlike Mrs. Jacobs, she showed no signs of ever saying "What can I do to change?" She, too, reported at length on their inadequate sex life, but as if it were walled off from the rest of their life. Mr. Grossfeld began to realize that she was simply using the sessions as one more proof of her husband's inadequacy. She was saying: "See how co-operative I am. See what a hopeless fellow my husband is." They weren't really getting anywhere. If he couldn't get them to face the problem in their relationship squarely and together, counseling wasn't ever going to help.

Our counselors often have a sandwich lunch together in our conference room and discuss their cases. Jerry Grossfeld told Doctor Goodwin and the other counselors about the Hollises. Something had to happen. Maybe, Doctor Goodwin suggested, George Hollis trusted him enough by now so that if Jerry arranged a joint conference and gave George moral support, he'd tell his wife how he felt. Jerry agreed.

The minute the Hollises came in together, Ethel Hollis started talking. "George has been thinking ——" she began.

"Why don't you let him tell me?" Mr. Grossfeld said gently.

"Well, I've been thinking that part of our trouble may be ——" George started hesitantly.

"You see, he thinks maybe I ——" Mrs. Hollis broke in again. Mr. Grossfeld said, "Please let him finish."

"But he never can get anything out," said Mrs. Hollis irritably.

"Give him a chance for once. Let him try," said Mr. Grossfeld and deliberately turned away from her to her husband.

"One trouble," Mr. Hollis started again awkwardly, "is that a man, any man, don't you think, needs some ego building. She says I have no confidence, but she never helps me get it. She never gives me anything but criticism. Everything I do is wrong. I constantly feel I'm no good because I'm not living up to her expectations."

"You can't blame me for your weaknesses," Ethel Hollis said defensively. "You've said often that you felt inferior long before we got married."

George Hollis looked at the counselor and apparently it gave him courage, for he said, "Sure I did, but a man expects his wife to help him change. He expects her to build him up. All you've ever done was tear me down. When I want to make love to you, I start being afraid because I feel you have nothing but contempt for me."

"Then you do think the impotence may be caused by your other feelings for each other?" Jerry Grossfeld said quietly.

"Yes, I do," George Hollis said. "How can I make love to her when I feel she is sneering at me?"

"But I'm not," Ethel Hollis said. "I know I'm too outspoken and too much of an individualist, but I can't help it if I am."

"Why not?" Mr. Grossfeld said very gently. "People do change. People can. If your husband feels you tear him down, maybe he's got something. Haven't you both been using your unhappy sex life as a shield to hide all your other conflicts?"

There was a good deal more talk, and at the end of the hour Mrs. Hollis went away more silent than she had ever been before. But at her next appointment she stormed into Mr. Grossfeld's office in a rage—not at her husband, at the counselor. "You pretended to understand me," she accused him, "and then you went and took my husband's side against me."

No, Mr. Grossfeld said, he had simply helped her husband say things she had to hear, but had never been willing to listen to before. He had simply helped them both reveal themselves to each other. And then this positive girl, who up to then had been so inflexible, said pathetically, "But I can't do all the changing."

"You don't have to," Mr. Grossfeld told her; "just some. Your husband is awfully eager to change too."

From then on, things happened quite fast between the Hollises. Ethel Hollis admitted her assertiveness was largely a cover-up for a feeling that she was inadequate and unattractive. She began to work at being gentler and less demanding, while her husband worked at being more communicative and less retreating. As his wife helped him feel more like a man, George Hollis began to feel more like a husband again. As he began to feel closer to his wife he grew far less dependent on his parents, and it turned out that, like the impotence, the in-law problem had been nothing but a symptom. Ethel Hollis made a deliberate effort to find a neighborhood group they could enjoy together. They realized that each had been starving the other and expecting sex to be a substitute for love rather than an expression of it. At the end of twenty-nine interviews—twelve with Mrs. Hollis and seventeen with Mr. Hollis at a total cost to them of $174—over a period of five months, those two, though not the all-American marriage, were decidedly a going concern.

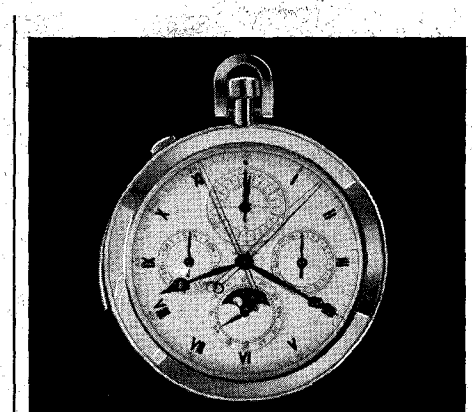
You may notice that each one of these cases has involved the same thing—male pride. Couples bring us dozens of other problems—trouble with money, trouble with in-laws, incompatible interests. We help with these problems, but we know the country is full of couples who have the same problems and handle them comfortably because each manages to make the other feel important and loved. The most high-powered and effective men, the most mature men in the world are terribly vulnerable to criticism or scorn from the women they love.

But this doesn't mean for a minute that wives are responsible for all or even most unhappy marriages. Those three husbands had to do as much changing as their wives did. And there are just as many ways men can—and do—frustrate and destroy women in marriage. Women have special needs that men don't know how to fill; most men don't want to bother to learn. Next week, I shall tell what we have found out about women who feel unloved.

Editors' Note: This is the first of three articles by Doctor Mudd.

"...five hundred and eight, five hundred and nine, five hundred and..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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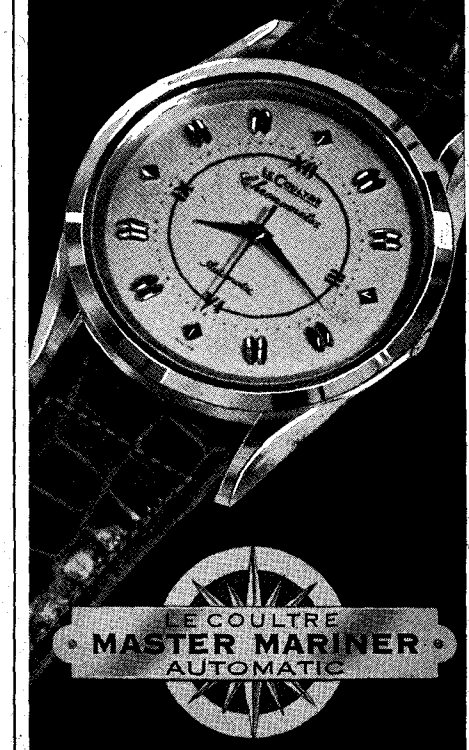

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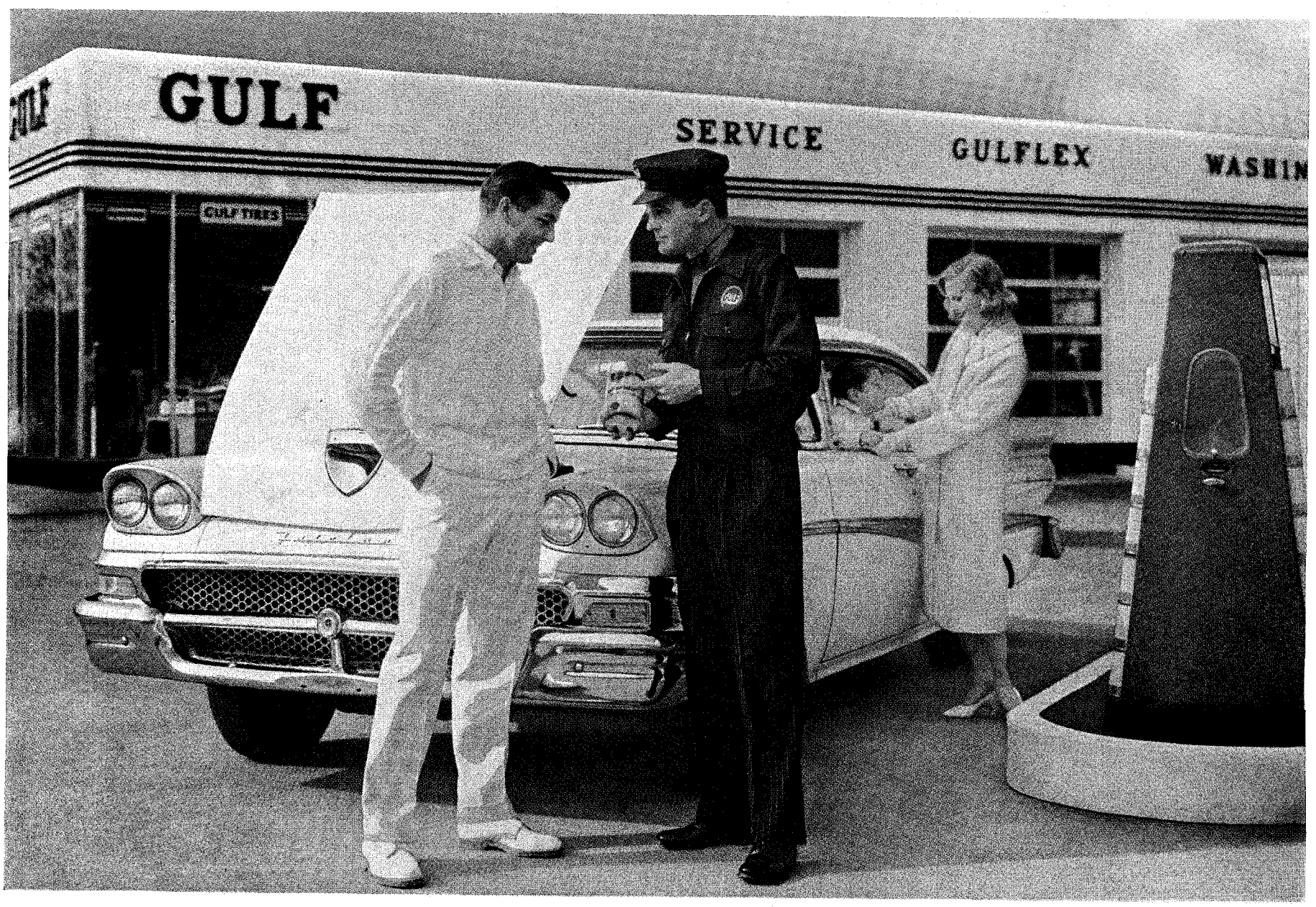

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Death Stalks the Bride (Continued from Page 43)

had a home until now, and we've moved so much since mamma went away. I never had a room of my own before."

"But you are happy here with Papa Raoul? He is always good to you? Always gentle?"

Kendall smiled shyly. "Oh, yes. He plays the most beautiful music for me and he makes up stories and games for us. But I would like to go down to the street oftener—where the other children are."

"It's too cold for you now."

"But next year I can go to school?"

"Yes," he said, sighing. "Next year you must go to school. By then I hope things will be much different, Kendall."

Papa Raoul came in, his face red from the cold, his thick white hair ruffled by the wind. He said, "Ah. Eric."

Eric took the package of groceries from the old man and went behind the curtained-off place that served as a makeshift hot-plate kitchen. Papa Raoul followed, rubbing his cold hands together.

Eric said, "I must get you some warm gloves."

Papa Raoul smiled and shook his head. "I do not mind. You have other uses for your money now. You have a wife."

Eric looked over his shoulder at Kendall, who was standing in her little room, admiring her geranium. He said, "You must not come to her house again, Papa Raoul. It is too dangerous."

Papa Raoul brushed at his shabby velveteen coat. "Dangerous? To see my son?"

Eric said, "If the police should find you again, they might follow you. To me."

"But they do not know the name you now use."

"It is my legal name," Eric said patiently. "When my mother—went away with that other man, you said you did not want her to find us again, ever. So we moved and you changed our name to LeMay. All the school records, your social security when it finally started—everything is in that name. I myself used it until now. But my legal name, under which I was born and baptized and which was never legally changed, was Eric Barthelmieu."

Papa Raoul nodded. "I know, Eric. I know."

"For the present, it is better that I come to see you and Kendall here, when I am sure no one is watching. I shall come every day. Then, if you and Kendall stay in as much as possible —— There are many LeMays in the phone book. You are not there, but many others are. Unless the police think of tracing your social security and know your given name, there is no reason for them to come here. You will do this for me?"

Papa Raoul's soft voice was very dignified. "For you, Eric," he said, "I would do anything. Anything at all."

Eric's hand trembled a little as he put it on the old man's frail shoulder. For a moment there was something unspoken between them; each looked as if he would speak, but did not. Finally Papa Raoul's sharp blue eyes dropped sorrowfully, and Eric, sighing, tightened his hand. He said, "And the child? She is not too much of a trouble? For this little while?"

Papa Raoul said gently, "She is no trouble, the small one. So tiny, so frightened, so lost. No one but you and me has ever loved her. And yet she is no kin of ours. Her own soldier father dead of a bomb blast in Korea; her mother ——" Unexpectedly the sharp eyes flashed anger, the soft voice became strident, "A wicked woman! A wicked woman! She ——"

"Papa Raoul!" said Eric sharply, and the old man's voice died, and the anger in his eyes. "You must forget about her—her and my mother. You must not connect them with each other, nor the child with either of them. You understand that?"

Papa Raoul's white head slumped to his chest. "I understand. And you, too, Eric, must try to forget. Not to be tormented by dreams, as you were. To walk the floor, night after night. Forget, Eric. Try to forget."

"You must not answer any questions and you must not let Kendall answer any. Any questions at all. You will do this for me?"

Papa Raoul nodded.

Eric hesitated. Then he patted the old man's shoulder again and moved out to the shabby living room. Kendall ran to him, and he held her for an instant, kissing the soft young cheek.

She said, "You won't go away again?"

"Not if I can help it, Kendall. I'll be back tomorrow."

She clung to him fiercely. "You promise?"

"I promise."

"Mamma promised, but she didn't come."

Eric's dark blue eyes looked over the child's head into space. "I'll come."

"And it won't be long before I can go out and to school?"

"Not long." His voice was suddenly hard and grim. "It cannot be long now."

Willi whirled a final time, then plopped down on the floor of the dancing studio. It was a large bare room with a piano and a record player on one side, a parallel bar on the other. Willi sat cross-legged, like a small child, smiling engagingly up at Maxann York, a tiny daring figure in black tights and leotard.

"Whew!" said Willi. "When you give a dancing lesson, you really give a dancing lesson, don't you? I haven't had so much exercise since I was married to that damned polo-playing count. Take five, can't you?"

Maxann York pushed back her thick dark red hair. She said firmly, "You pay for an hour's lesson in the dance. I give you an hour's lesson in the dance. Get up, please."

Willi, instead, stretched out and grinned at her. "You're so little to have so much pep," she said languidly. "I'll bet you do setting-up exercises before breakfast."

"Certainly," said Maxann York. "The body, it is God-given. One should take care of it, exercise it properly."

Willi moaned. "Relax. I'm getting tireder every minute."

"If you will not dance for your hour's money," said Maxann, "I shall demonstrate for you. So."

She put on a record, took a position. The music began, a fast lilting tune. Her feet moved, and her body. Her red hair flashed, and her small dainty hands. Her tiny feet stamped in time to the music. She was here, she was there; her exquisite body moving exactly as she wished it, provocatively, slowly, then faster, faster.

"Whew!" said Willi. "Now I am exhausted. What was that? You dance like a gypsy. I saw some in Europe when I was married to the count."

Maxann threw her small head up proudly, showing her very white teeth. "That was a gypsy love dance. I am a gypsy," she said. "A gypsy princess. If my country had not been taken by the invaders ——" She stopped.

Willi said calmly, "I didn't think you were an American. What are you?"

Maxann was silent, her black eyes regarding Willi malevolently. Willi stretched indolently. She got to her feet with an exaggerated limp.

"American women," said Maxann scornfully. "Soft, all of them. They cannot dance. They cannot love. Three husbands, you have had. In my country, a woman finds her man and even the gods cannot part them. She will steal for him, lie for him, kill for him, wait for him. But she keeps him!"

"How nice for her," said Willi politely.

"Three husbands!"

Willi snapped, "Are you giving me a dancing lesson or not? Where's Eric?"

"He will be back soon. He ——" Maxann stopped. "You did not come for a dancing lesson. You came to snoop. To find Eric. To question me." She stamped her small foot. "Get out! Get out this instant!"

Willi said calmly, "Want to give me back the money for my lesson?"

Maxann glared at her.

Willi yawned again and ran a comb through her short, shining, corn-silk hair. Her blue eyes were round and guileless. She said, "Whatever you want to do."

"She sent you here! Your sister!"

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"Eric's wife?" said Willi, quite calmly. "No, she didn't, because she would never think of this sort of thing. Women like you and me don't really understand women like Jessamine. They have principles, even with men. Perhaps we don't even understand each other, but we can come a lot closer."

"Women!" said Maxann. "I hate women!"

"Well, yes," said Willi, winking a blue eye. "Now that you mention it, yes. But since I'm stuck with you and you're stuck with me, at the moment, and my Grandfather Abbot in me insists that you either give me my lesson or my money back——"

"Left foot," said Maxann, between her white teeth. "Left foot!"

"This one?" Willi's laugh was utterly carefree. "Oh, dear me! That one. I never can remember which is right and which is left. Jessamine says I would automatically be classified an idiot in first grade."

Maxann put out her small foot firmly. "This one. Watch your hips. Your hips!"

"Oh, I do. I had a massage yesterday."

Maxann turned the phonograph up to full volume.

Jessamine leaned against the phone booth until a man outside rapped sharply on the glass. She opened the door, hardly seeing him.

"You through, lady?" he asked.

"Through?"

"With the phone."

"The —— Oh. Yes. I'm sorry. I'm through with the phone."

"You all right, lady?"

"I—yes."

"You want I should help you?"

Jessamine straightened her hat resolutely. "No. No, thank you. Thank you very much."

She walked on somehow, straight ahead, not seeing or caring where she went.

Mr. LeMay, the sharp-tongued Mrs. Quade at the first lodge had called Eric. Eric LeMay, his agent, Abe Casper, had called him. It could have been a coincidence, except for the picture in Eric's suitcase. But Jessamine was married to Eric Barthelmieu. She loved him.

A mistake. There must be a mistake somewhere. His brother? Perhaps the man was his brother. Two brothers called Eric? A cousin, then. An impostor. Someone else, surely. Not her Eric.

She walked faster. She began to notice the part of town. It was still near the Crippled Children's Home, but not a street she was familiar with. Her car was —— Where was her car? Oh, yes. In front of the home. She turned back. She felt eyes on her. She swung quickly, but saw no one. She walked on faster. Women in shabby coats looked at her strangely—at her fur coat, her matching hat, her muff. Ragged unkempt children pulled back out of her way. Yet still she felt the eyes upon her, following her. She swung about again, quickly. This time she saw a man—a thick, heavy-set man—just as he ducked into a doorway.

He looks like the man who hit me the day I met Eric. Nonsense. He's just built like him, that's all. I never saw his face then. I didn't see it now. There are lots of thickset men in neighborhoods like this. In any neighborhood. Just because they both had leather jackets —— I'm being silly. Very silly.

But she was running now, running as she had run from the board meeting, but not from shyness or embarrassment. From fear. Gripping, stomach-tightening fear.

That man. Why should he be following me now? Perhaps he was hired to. Perhaps he was hired to, that first day? So Eric could meet me? Meet a rich girl, who would disappear as Daphne disappeared, leaving him half her money?

She flew past the home; her car was in front. She saw plump old Uncle Ansford coming down the steps. She flung herself upon him. "Uncle Ansford, I ——"

"Hurrump," said Uncle Ansford. "Now don't you worry, my dear. Everybody understood. I mean—hurrump—a bride and all that." He leaned toward her cautiously. "Never thought you had the Abbot gumption, Jessamine. Thought Willi got all of it. Glad to see it. High time somebody swore at 'em. They voted the swimming pool."

"Uncle Ansford, I ——"

"Now," said Uncle Ansford uncomfortably. "No tears, my dear. On a public sidewalk. Remember you're an Abbot."

Yes. An Abbot.

"Let me put you in your car."

Uncle Ansford did firmly. Mrs. Underwood came down the steps, put her glasses up, then quickly down, and walked the other way. With shaking fingers, Jessamine turned the key and started the car.

"I've never seen him smile."

MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •

Uncle Ansford leaned over to kiss her, turning his expansive rear toward Mrs. Underwood. Finally Jessamine pulled away.

No one was following me, she thought. *No one came. No one is behind me now. Imagination. Pure imagination. Because I saw a heavy-set man going into a shop. To think that Eric —— Eric.*

But Mrs. Quade's words came back to her now: "Ask him what became of Daphne?" Daphne, the golden-haired girl in the picture, at whom Eric was looking as he had never looked at Jessamine.

And Abe Casper's words, echoing Mrs. Quade's, "The police are looking for him." If the man in the picture was indeed Eric, and his name was LeMay—if the police were looking for him, and Daphne had disappeared ——

Jessamine drove around and around Lincoln Park, not seeing the snow, the zoo, the conservatory. She made the stops automatically or not at all. She heard, too, Aunt Caroline's voice, "Your father was very wise to leave you all the money. People are meant to live two by two."

I should have known, she thought dully. *So sudden. No courtship. No publicity. No pictures.* And then, as suddenly, she thought, *This is Eric. Eric. My husband. I love him and he loves me. All that he means to me, all that I mean to him—it couldn't have been acting, pretense. Not possibly. Not Eric. He's in trouble. Some sort of deep trouble. But he couldn't have done anything wrong, really wrong. What a fool I am. I may not be beautiful, and I may be rich, but Eric loves me and I love him, and that is all that matters. There's some simple logical explanation, and all I must do is trust him and go and find him and ask him. A fine wife I am. Love, honor—and look at me.*

Eric. That was it. She must find Eric. She put the doubts aside. The police? Ask the police about her own husband? Mrs. Quade? That sharp-tongued harpy? Papa Raoul? She hesitated. But she realized she did not even know where he lived. Anyhow, she would not have asked him. Eric. She must find Eric, and now.

This was no time for pride, even Abbot pride. One person would certainly know where Eric was. Maxann York. Jessamine would simply ask her. Tell her an emergency had arisen. As indeed it had.

She found the address on North State that Aine had given her. She stopped in front of the ancient brownstone building with tall old-fashioned windows and topped by a heavy stone cornice. She parked the yellow convertible carefully. She pulled on her gloves. She looked at her face in the mirror. She repaired the damage her tears had done. She reinforced the lipstick she had nearly bitten off. Still she sat there, reluctant to move.

She forced herself out of the car and up the steep steps. She read MAXANN YORK, STUDIO, SECOND FLOOR. She started up. Ahead of her in the gloomy hall, she saw Papa Raoul, also climbing. She started to call to him, then did not. His soft voice would have been a comfort to her, but his sharp blue eyes would not. Bad enough at this moment to face Maxann York or even her own sister, Willi, if she was still here.

Papa Raoul had stopped now, at the second floor, by an open door from which came furious sounds of phonograph music. His face changed suddenly as he stood there. Jessamine caught her breath. For the beauty of the old man's serenity was gone, replaced by rage and hatred. His features contorted with fury; his eyes were dark with it. He stood for a moment, mastering himself.

Even then, his voice was that of a stranger as he spoke, "My—my son is here?"

Maxann York appeared in the doorway, waving an exquisitely dainty hand. "He was here a few minutes ago. He must be around here somewhere. I think he was looking up the janitor to check on the heat."

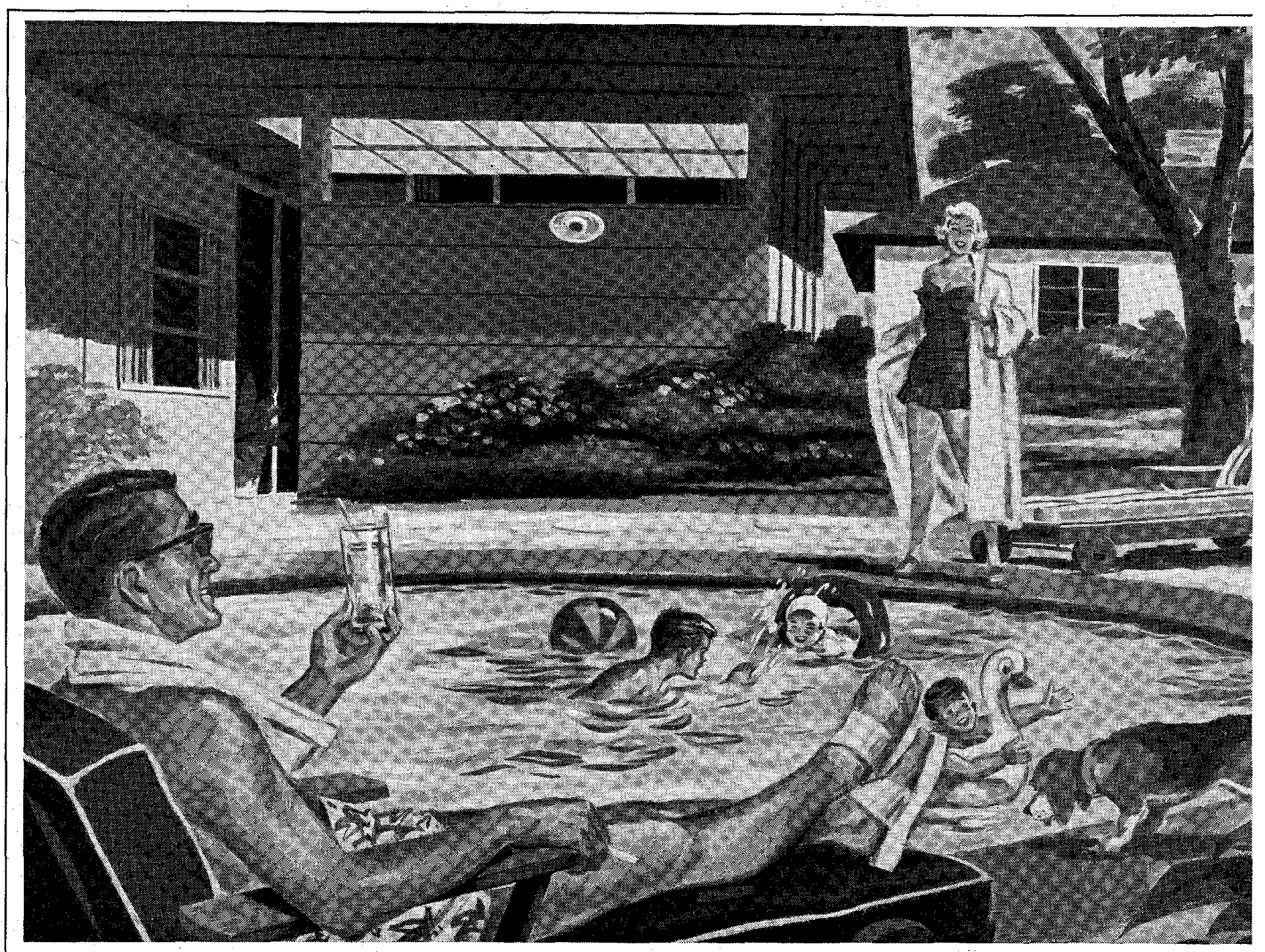
Papa Raoul's angry gaze swept her tiny body, so tightly encased in black leotard and tights. He muttered something Jessamine could not hear.

Maxann York laughed and twirled in a quick, graceful circle. "Dissolute women! But all dancers wear these clothes, Papa Raoul."

Papa Raoul turned without answering and descended the stairs slowly, fumbling for the steps, his shoulders in the black velveteen jacket bent as if by a great weight. Jessamine, in a doorway on the first floor, stretched out a hand to him, but he did not see her. He was crying. Somehow she felt that he needed to be alone. At the bottom of the stairs he fumbled for the door handle, finally found it, but had difficulty even then opening it.

Jessamine stood still, badly shaken by what she had seen. It was natural perhaps for an old man, born in a foreign country, to find the new freedoms of dress and women's professions a little shocking. But this had been far more than that. Jessamine had never seen such an expression of hatred. She supposed Papa Raoul was reminded of his own wife's leaving him. "Dissolute women," he had apparently said to Maxann. At that moment, except that he was so frail, Papa Raoul had been capable of violence. And Eric was his son.

It was several minutes before Jessamine could bring herself to go on up the stairs.



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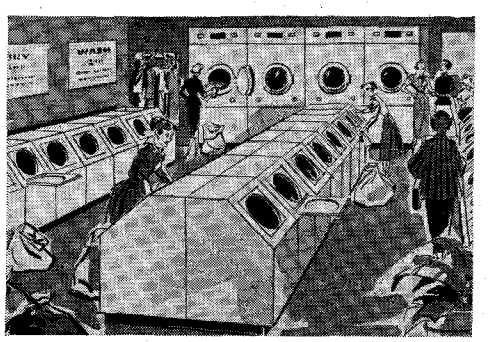

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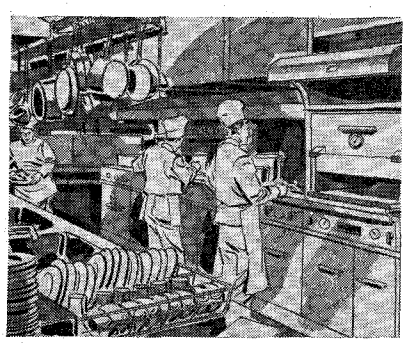

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Even then she had to force each step. Maxann York, as composed in her leotard as if she were in a formal evening gown, greeted her with politely raised eyebrows. "So? The other sister also wants to learn the dance? Perhaps I can interest you in our family rates?"

Willi, breathless and hot and disheveled, but still a lovely blond picture, stood panting on the other side of the room. She said without hesitation, "We Abbots always stick together, Miss York." And it seemed to Jessamine that her tone was as close to serious as Jessamine had ever heard Willi get.

Maxann York spat words at her over her shoulder, "Continue the practicing, please."

Willi leaned her corn-silk head against the parallel bar. Her blue eyes, as always, looked quite innocent. She said distinctly, "It is my hour, isn't it?"

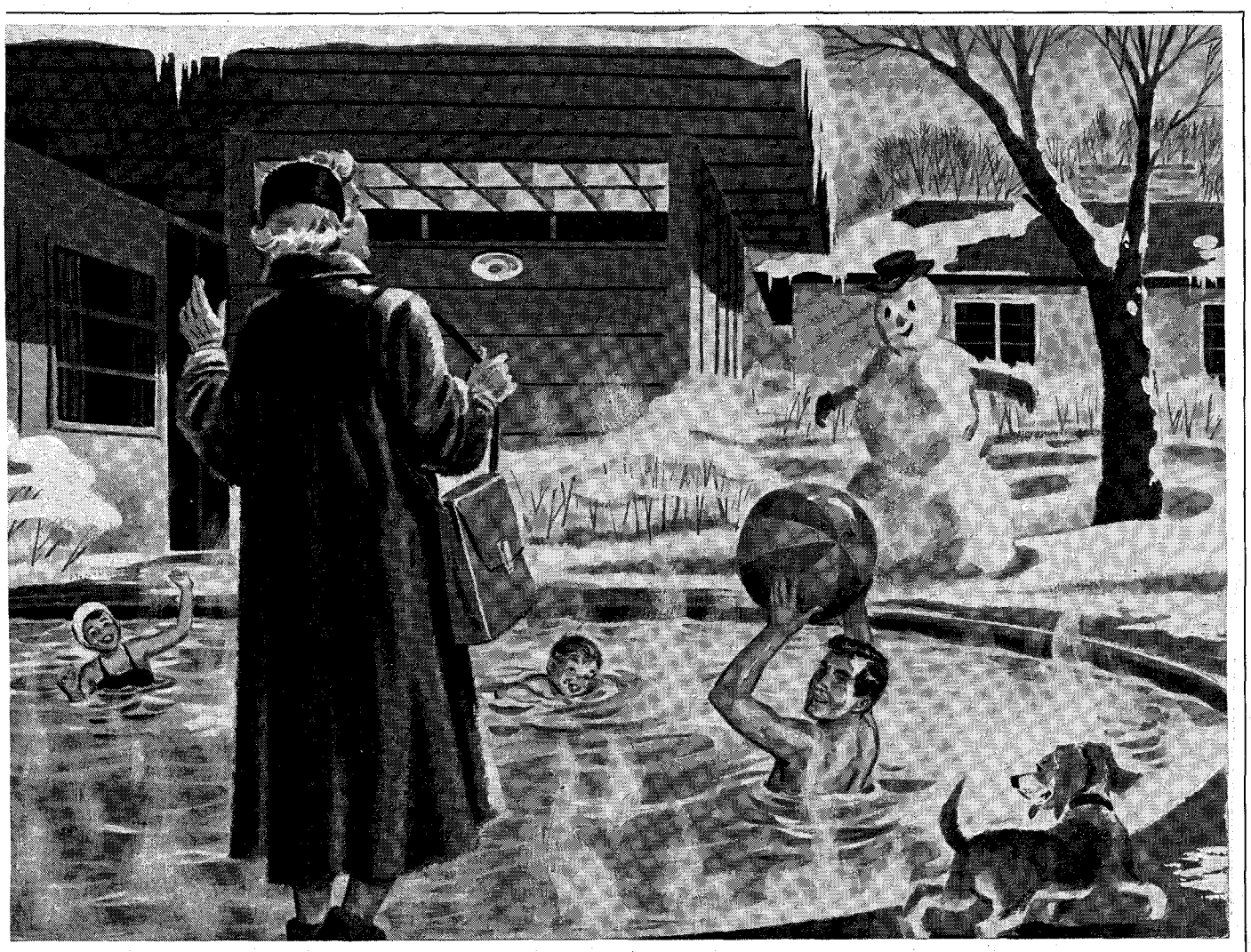
Jessamine's words came in a rush, "I didn't mean to interrupt. I mean—something has come up. Eric ——" She paused, floundering hopelessly under the steady, confident gaze of Maxann York's black eyes.

Willi came to her rescue. "Guess what, Jessamine! The red-haired Miss York here—it is Miss York, isn't it?—is a gypsy. A real live, imported-from-Europe gypsy. Princess, even, she says. And you should hear her ideas about love. American women do not know how. To love, I mean. A gypsy is forever true to the one man of her choice. She will steal for him, lie for him, I forget what all for him. One man. Imagine. But she never loses him. Isn't it dramatic? Dull, of course, but dramatic. Didn't you pass Eric on your way in? He was here a minute ago, but he went to check about the heat." Willi winked. "Or so he said. We didn't know you were coming to meet him, naturally. These brides! These bridegrooms! Ah, love! It's almost enough to make me want to try it again myself. Maybe Nicholas —— Have you ever tried love with an Englishman, Miss York? Oh, no; of course not; you're the constant type. Pledged at fifteen to a native prince, no doubt. How tiresome!"

Maxann York said, "If you do not practice, you will never become a dancer. You waddle like a duck. Point your toes. So. . . . Now, can I help you, Mrs.—Barthelmieu?"

Jessamine noted the hesitation before the name, as she was sure she was meant to. *Eric works here*, she thought incredulously. *In this shabby studio, for this woman. But he never said* ——

Willi's monologue, however, had given Jessamine time to recover her poise. She said now to Maxann York, "Thank you.



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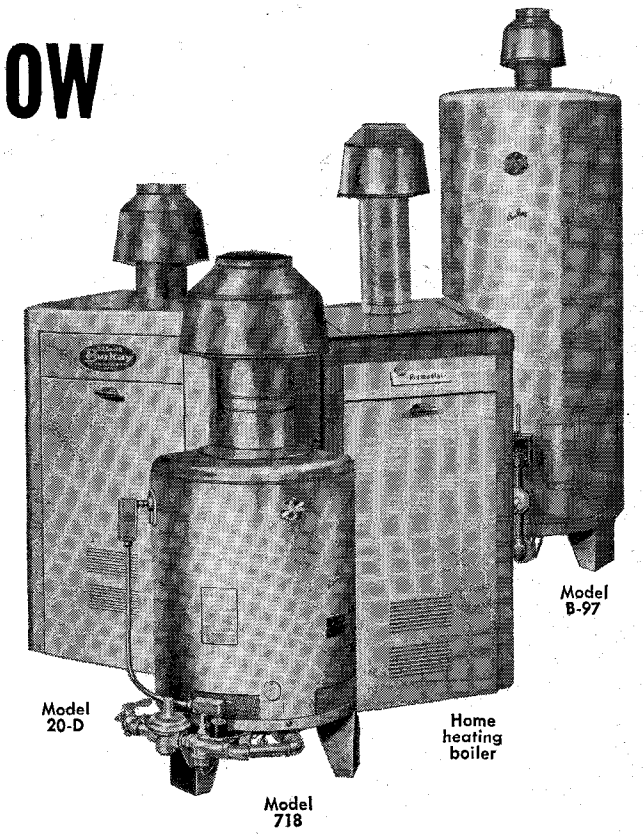

*HYDRASTEEL Process covered by U. S. Patent No. 2754222. Other patents pending.

Moon Dawn

By Roland English Hartley

Beyond the mountain
blackness
The moon's ascending light
Flows gently, with its
promise
Of a dawning in the night.

It is not long since,
westward,
The sun in flame of flight
Deserted the land to
darkness—
Yet now the east is bright.

And now the land is waiting
For midnight to be noon—
The nighttime noon all
whiteness
With the quiet of the moon.

I'll find Eric myself. Please do not disturb your lesson."

"The hour is nearly up," said Maxann York grimly. "Three more minutes."

"I—I'll find him, thank you," said Jessamine.

She told herself that she left with reasonable dignity, but she knew her step was hurried, and once she nearly tripped on the uncarpeted stair. Jessamine had been very awkward as a child, being especially too tall and too thin then—all bones, as Willi had always put it. Aunt Caroline must have told her ten thousand times to stand up straight. She had insisted on posture lessons, fencing lessons, other matters which had been pure torture for Jessamine. But now Jessamine stood straight—almost too straight—and walked with her head high, and stumbled awkwardly only when she was very upset, as now.

She found the door marked BASEMENT and, after knocking, descended the narrow unrailed steps. She said "Eric?" But there was no answer.

She moved cautiously on the dimly lit stairs. Eric was here somewhere; he must be. She said, "Is anyone here?" She waited, peering into the gloom. She made out the outlines of a furnace, big and black and old; several rusted water heaters; a row of fuse boxes. Then the tenants' storerooms, furniture and miscellaneous belongings stuffed behind wooden-lath partitions. But she saw no one.

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She heard a sound on the stairs behind her. She thrust her hand over her mouth to prevent a scream. As it was, there was a high, muffled sound which Jessamine could not identify with herself, though she knew she had made it. She whirled, nearly falling.

A blond middle-aged man whom she had never seen before stood blinking at her, the light from the hall behind him. A dumpy figure in coveralls, a less menacing person could not have been imagined.

He said, "I'm Olaf. You look for me? Something break?"

Jessamine knew her laugh sounded a little wild, as did her words. "I was looking for my husband. He came to see you about the heat."

The blond man stared curiously at her fur coat, her expensive shoes, her white face. "He went. Back upstairs, I think. I tell him the heat, she is the best they let me do. I ——"

"I'm sure it is," said Jessamine breathlessly. "Thank you. Thank you so much!"

She was past him, and the door had closed after her. She stood for a moment in the hall. She looked up the stairs. But she did not go back to Maxann York's. She must see Eric, yes, as soon as possible. But not here. Not with Willi's bland blue eyes and Maxann's snapping black ones watching them. Jessamine turned and walked toward the street.

She sat for a moment in her open car, her head down against the wheel. She must stop this silliness. She must. There was nothing to be frightened of. Nothing at all. Some imaginary steps behind her in the street, a janitor appearing on the stairs of his own basement!

And the disappearance of Daphne? And the police looking for Eric LeMay? I must put them out of my mind until I can ask Eric. There is some simple explanation. There must be. I love Eric and he loves me.

She straightened up, drawing deep breaths of the cold winter air. She reached toward her key. Suddenly she saw a child in the street—a thin, golden-haired child in a too-short red coat. The child stood entranced, watching some children on the other side of the street, entirely oblivious of the large green truck bearing down on her, too close for its driver to see her.

Jessamine flung the car door open and was in the street, running. Seeing her, the driver slammed on his brakes, swearing. Just in time, Jessamine scooped the thin blond child from the path of the wheels. She stood holding her, numbly hearing the child's words without thinking of their meaning.

The child said gravely, "You smell so nice. Like my geranium, almost. You won't tell them I was out, will you? I'm not supposed to go out."

And then behind her, Jessamine heard a thud and a crash, in one tremendous sound. She turned to see the yellow convertible crushed to an unrecognizable mass of metal by a huge block of falling stone.

Someone said, in an awed voice, "The edge of the cornice! The whole thing fell off the building!"

Someone else said, "If you had got out of that car two seconds later, lady, you wouldn't have got! You'd be jelly!"

And another voice, "The building inspector told them last week that thing was unsafe. Gave them ten days to get it taken off, I heard. Well, now they won't have to. Some accident!"

And the first voice again, "I just happened to be looking up. The whole corner sheered off at once, like it was cut and then shoved. Maybe it wasn't an accident."

Jessamine could still hear the voices, still barely feel the thin child in her arms. But she could not see them. Before her was only blackness. She bent to put the child down carefully. And then, for the first time in her life, Jessamine did something utterly unheard of for generations of Abbots. She fainted in the middle of the street. *Maybe it wasn't an accident.*

Jessamine came quietly down the stairs early the next morning. In the lower hall she hesitated, but Aine, coming out the kitchen door, swooped on her.

"Miss Jessamine! Up so early. And this being one day when I thought you'd break your lifelong custom and imitate Miss Willi—sleeping a little late, that is. But no. You're up bright and shining with the crack of dawn, as usual—and looking as fit as ever, in spite of having half a building fall practically on you not twelve hours ago!"

Jessamine was surprised that her own voice sounded as normal as it did. "You know I always wake up early, Aine. I—I couldn't go back to sleep and there were things I had to—see about."

"Breakfast first," said Aine firmly. "Now don't be telling me there are any board meetings this time of day."

"Aine, I really can't. I'm not hungry."

"Nonsense." Aine propelled her firmly by the shoulders toward the dining room. "And see what I have for you here. Mr. Eric!"

Jessamine stood facing Eric across the long dining room. She felt the color that flooded her face, the excitement that, even now, the sight of him always brought. But there was something else now as he moved toward her—something she had felt yesterday for the first time in her carefully protected life. Fear. This was Eric, her Eric, whom she loved, coming toward her, and she was afraid.

She held tightly to the back of one of the massive mahogany chairs. Aine said, "Sure, and it's weak you still are!" and seized her on one side as Eric came up to her on the other.

Eric put her in the chair before he spoke. He put her hands on the arms, which she grasped convulsively. He waited a moment. Then his lips brushed her cheek and his lean familar face was against hers for a second. The fear was gone then, and the doubt. She shut her eyes and clung to him and forgot everything else.

"Eric," she said. "Eric, I ——"

But Eric was standing now, his voice polite, remote. He said, "You are feeling better now, after the shot the doctor gave you to make you sleep? You are sure you do not want to see him again today?"

"No. I—there was a shock, I guess. My head aches awfully, but I'm all right."

Eric stood for a moment, his dark blue eyes studying her. But he said politely, "As you wish, of course."

Aine scurried in and out brightly, bringing Jessamine's usual oatmeal, which she could not touch, toast, scrambled eggs, orange juice. Jessamine forked at the eggs and sipped some of the orange juice, with difficulty. She said, "Eric, I ——"

"Yes?" said Eric politely.

A moment ago, when his face had been touching hers, she had nearly said what she was thinking, *Eric, I love you.* And now, facing this polite-voiced stranger across the long table, what could she say? *Eric, did you try to kill me yesterday? Olaf said afterwards the edge of the stone cornice looked as if it had been chiseled off and then shoved. To fall on me, Eric? Where were you then when you said you were seeing about the heat? Only you stood to gain by my death, Eric. Only you. If you want the money, if it was all you wanted, I would have given it to you. All of it. You didn't have to try to kill me for it.*

The pain was such that she put her head down in her hands, steadying herself, trying to quiet the roaring at her temples. Eric looked at her, then politely at his paper.

Finally he said, "Jessamine, if you could just bring yourself to talk to me about whatever is bothering you. Is it the swimming pool for the crippled children?"

She was startled to hear herself giggle, high and harsh and nearly hysterical. "No," she said. "No. It isn't the s-swimming pool."

"What then?"

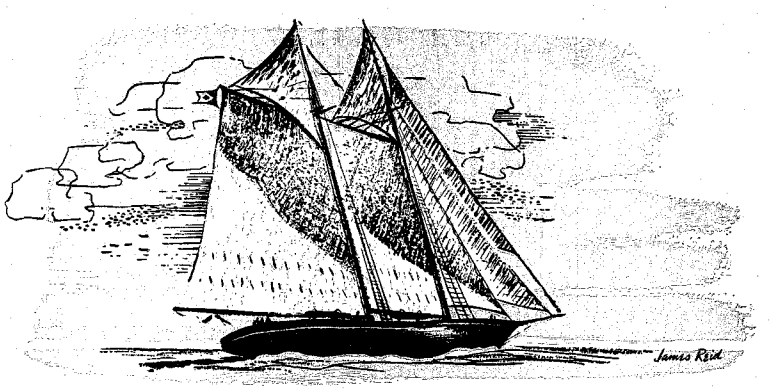
Jessamine was silent.

Eric cleared his throat. He glanced toward the door of the kitchen, where Aine was. He said quietly, "Jessamine, there are times when everyone—wants to be alone. I quite understand that. But you have only to say so. There is no need ever, as last night, to lock your door."

Color flooded Jessamine's face. But she forced herself to look up, to meet his eyes squarely. She said, "What became of Daphne, Eric?"

He was very white, leaning forward, his fist clenched against the table. She had never before, Jessamine realized, seen him really angry. But he was not out of control. There was a biting coldness in his voice, and in his blue eyes. "Where did you hear about Daphne?"

"From Mrs. Quade, on the first night of our (*Continued on Page 64*)



What's Going On Here?

The governing body of one of New York's most noted sporting associations faces acute embarrassment. It is confronted by a question of "amateur versus professional," and worse. As there appears to be no doubt about the status of the member involved, it votes to expel him. Its action stands as distinctive, and perhaps unique, in American sporting annals. Who was expelled, and what did he do?

Aston J. Waters

(*See page 66 for answer.*)

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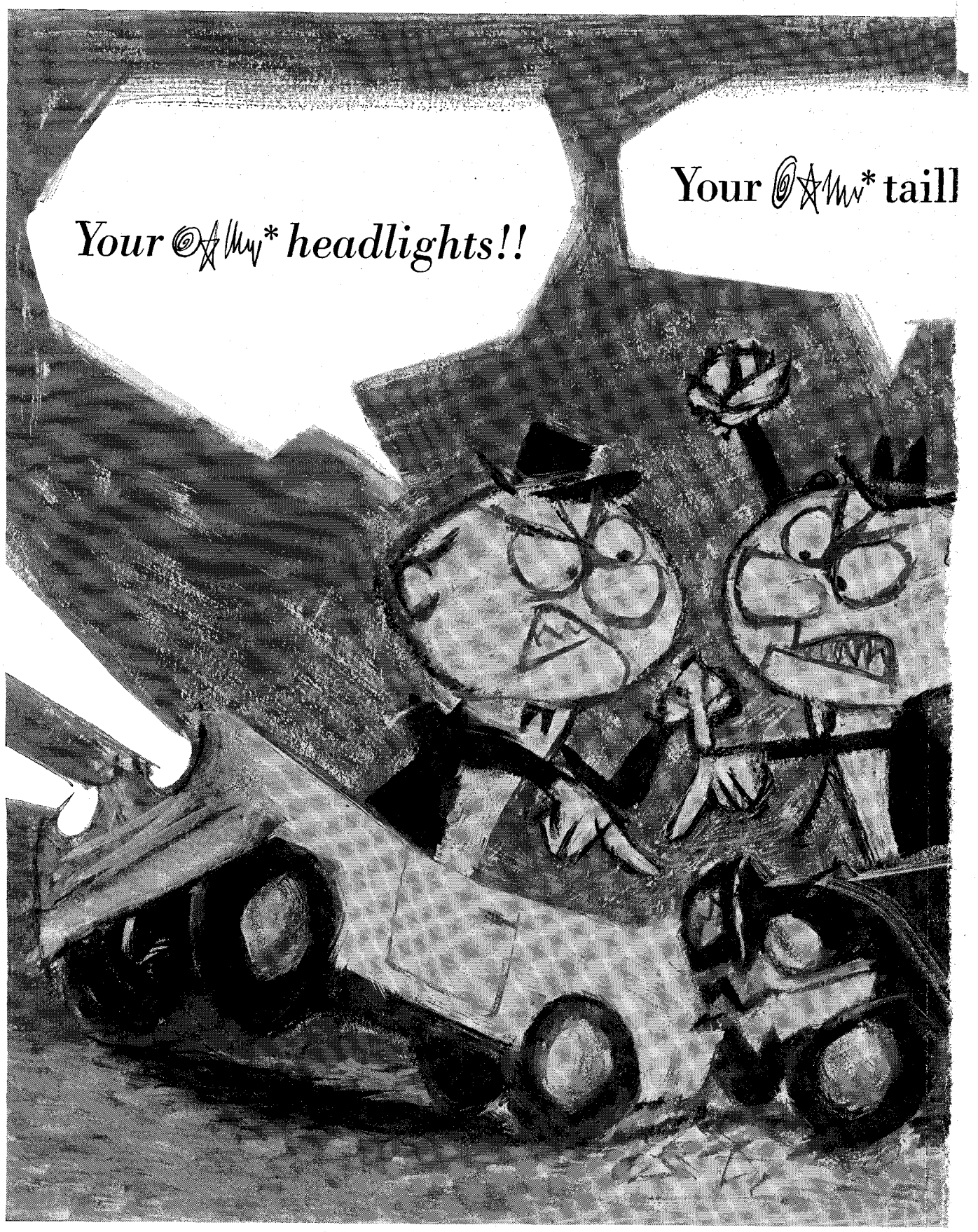

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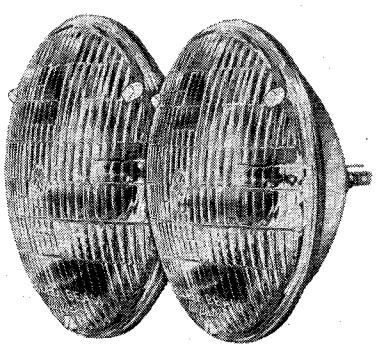

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Progress Is Ou

GENERA

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ntinued from Page 62) honeymoon.
om Abe Casper, your agent, yesterday."
'How did you know that?"
'You asked me to unpack your suit-
e. There was a picture in the lining."
le looked surprised. "And you felt im-
led to call immediately and check up
me? What did you find out?"
It wasn't like that at all. I was un-
py because we had quarreled. I wanted
all you, see you, talk to you, tell you
I didn't know how to reach you. I
n't the faintest idea."
No doubt."
essamine's own brown eyes were glow-
now, with the renowned Abbot tem-
. She said, "There is no reason for me
e defending myself in this. I have done
hing wrong. Where is Daphne?"
Eric looked at her for a long moment.
en he sighed. He spread his hands be-
e him on the table. He said, "You are
it, Jessamine. I will answer your ques-
n. I do not know where Daphne is."
'But she is—your wife?"
Eric shook his black hair. "No. I
n't realize it at first, but all she ever
nted from me was to be half of my
ncing act, the LeMays. I asked her to
rry me the first night I met her, and
said yes, but she put me off. There
e other men. Some people, like Mrs.
ade, probably thought we were en-
ed or had been married once, I sup-
e, though we always lived apart. For
hile I, too, thought we were engaged.
then we stopped mentioning it."
She used your name."
Professional people often use their
fessional names. We were a dance
n."
It was no more than that?"
No. Not really. At first I thought I so
ch wanted to marry her. She was so
beautiful, though she was nearly ten
rs older than I. I had never known
one so beautiful. I ——"
es, thought Jessamine, remembering
blond girl in the picture, her tall,
ceful loveliness, her perfection of
re and feature, Eric would always
the beautiful, like Daphne. And
phne had been a dancer, too—poetry
notion, as some poet had called the
ce.
essamine touched her own plain
wn hair in its neat practical braid
und her face. She felt again, as she had
ner life, the long and awkward angu-
ty of her too-thin body. "You loved
Eric?"

e said softly, "I did not know the
ning of the word then. She was a sort
deal to me, in the beginning. She was
first woman I had ever really looked
She was so beautiful and she smiled
ne and teased me and led me on. I
just out of the Navy, and after all the
od and slaughter and ugliness of
ea, there was Daphne. She flirted
me and held me at arm's length, but
n I got a job she asked to be my
ner and danced every night in my
s."
essamine turned her face away. She
t her voice steady. "Where is she
?"
Who?"
Daphne!"
ric shook his head. "I do not know.
went on a picnic—Papa Raoul,
kann, Kendall, Daphne and I. Daphne
I quarreled, as we often did, and she
I have never seen her since."
What do you mean, she left? Did she
e a car?"
No. But she could have got a ride on
state highway, just over the hill. She
ht even have got a bus. It was not the
time she had left our partnership.
had difficulty getting good bookings
ause whenever she was angry she left."

And yet this time Mrs. Quade said you came back in the night and packed up your things and disappeared. You took another name and another identity, and married me.

Jessamine said, "Did you report the matter to the police?"

"No. She was a free agent. We had no contract together."

"But when you knew the police were looking for her, checking her disappearance? You gave them what information you had?"

Eric's eyes met hers, and the great sadness was in them. "No."

Jessamine waited. Eric said nothing. Finally he rose and came down the table to put his hand under her chin. He said, "It is because of this point that I have not told you of this before, Jessamine. Believe me, I did not want our life together to begin on a lie. But from here I must ask you simply to trust me. To believe in me when I say I cannot tell you more. Nor the police."

He bent softly to kiss her cheek; then, more fiercely, to turn her face suddenly to his for a real kiss. He held her tight against him, and his voice was almost a sob.

"I hope you can believe me. Trust me. But you must do whatever you believe is right."

He was gone, then, without a backward look, his big body as graceful as ever, his dark hair flung back as impatiently.

"Eric!" said Jessamine. But he did not stop.

Aine came in. "Mr. Eric didn't get his second cup of coffee."

"Never mind, Aine."

"But he always ——"

"Never mind."

Aine stood looking at Jessamine. "It's that Miss Willi," she said. "I'll bet anything, it's that Miss Willi. I heard her yesterday telling that Englishman of hers on the phone that of course they would need money to get married, but there wasn't a prayer to get it while you were absorbed in love's young dream."

Jessamine pushed her plate back wearily. "It has nothing to do with Willi, Aine. She can get married, have half the money, do anything she likes. Tomorrow! I'm through with being efficient and a good manager and a champion of good causes!"

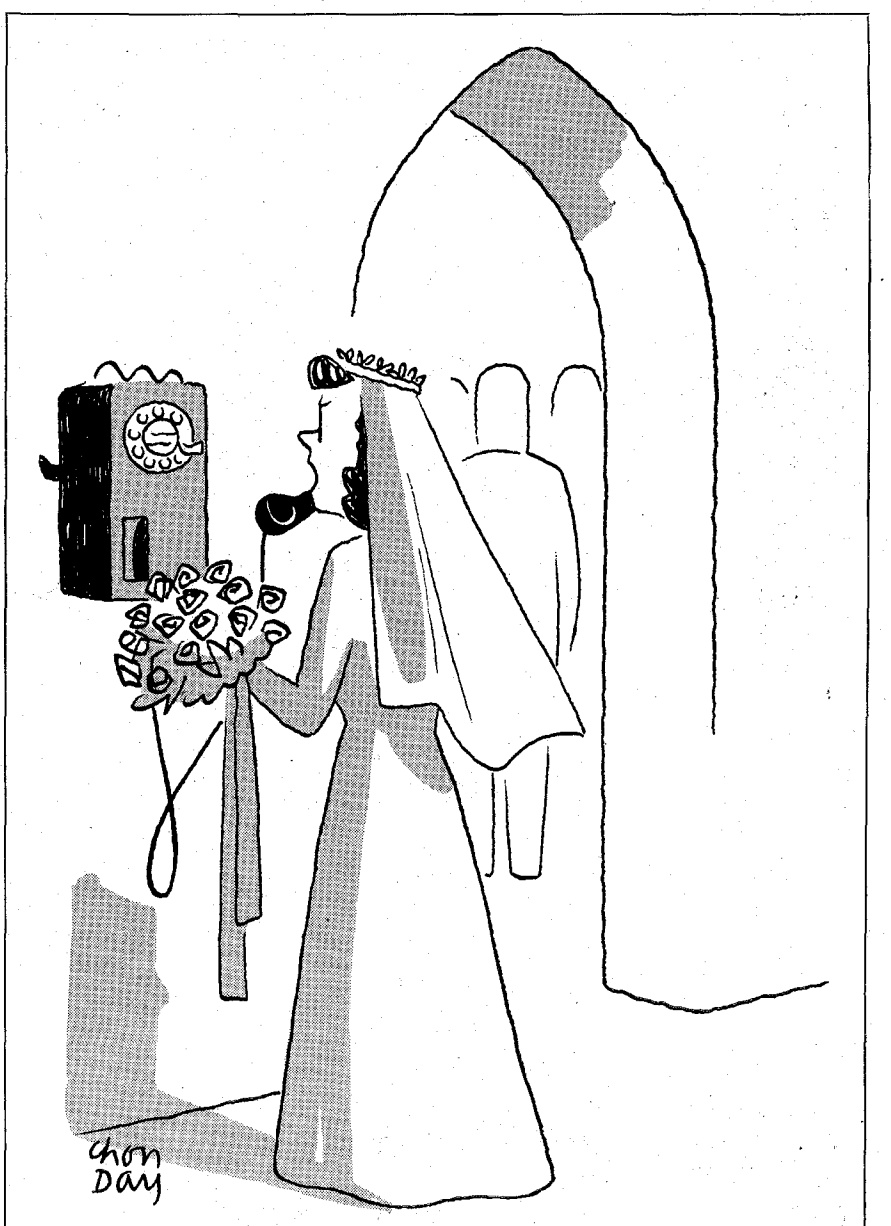
While a beautiful blonde looks at Eric and he at her, and he tries to kill me. To get my money for her, perhaps.

Aine's wail was very audible. "I knew it! The bride seeing the groom before the wedding, him stumbling on the doorstep, that old man bringing you narcissus!"

Jessamine hardly heard the words. She took her coat from the hall closet and turned toward the front door. Outside, the cold morning wind whipped through her hair, and her hands were almost instantly chilled blue, but she did not go back for hat or gloves. Fortunately, her change purse was in the coat pocket; she could take a taxi. But she did not. Instead, she walked on, directly into the wind, toward the ice- and snow-bound lake.

I must do whatever I think is right, Eric said. But what is that? Trust him, he said. Believe him. Believe what? That that stone cornice broke itself away from the building and fell on my car, when I was supposed to be in it?

(Continued on Page 66)



"You know very well, Helen who!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Miss Patti Page's jewels by Harry Winston, furs by Maximilian—her Dynamic 88 by Oldsmobile

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(*Continued from Page 64*) *Believe that there could be any reason, any conceivable reason, for a responsible citizen hiding from the police, taking another name and identity, refusing to answer police questions if he were innocent? That he really doesn't know where Daphne is? But this is Eric. Eric.*

She spoke his name aloud, and the pain of it was far more biting than the cold. She shut her eyes and felt Eric's arms around her, his lips soft against her throat, her hair.

"You all right, miss?"

Jessamine opened her eyes to the comforting sight of a blue uniform, solid and law-abiding and sane. She looked at the policeman for a moment, not seeing his face. Finally she said quietly, "Yes, officer. I'm all right now. And thank you."

She walked on, slowly and laggingly. But now she knew what she was going to do. What she must do. She was Jessamine Abbot. All her twenty-odd years she had been Jessamine Abbot. For just over two weeks she had been Mrs. Eric Barthelmieu, but even those two weeks, wonderful as they were, could not erase her entire background, the standards by which she had been brought up, the right and wrong she had been taught in church and home and school. She loved Eric, whatever he had done. She knew she would always love him. But even loving him, to go on living with him she must also respect and trust him. She could not live in fear and doubt. She must know what had happened to the stone cornice on the building yesterday. Most of all, to Daphne. If she was still alive—or if something had happened to her, as the police seemed to believe—then what? Jessamine turned her face into the cold wind and refused to look further. Murder or attempted murder was always wrong, always unlawful. For generations the Abbots had always stood firmly on the side of the law. Not countenancing murder, not waiting for another murder attempt, as yesterday. But this was Eric.

Forsaking all others ——

Jessamine walked for a long time along the windy lake front, hardly seeing the busy outer drive, the dirty piled-up city snow, the jagged, icy shore. Hardly feeling the bone-chilling cold. Finally she turned and went back toward the city.

Afterward she could not remember how she found the building or how it looked as she passed through it. She only remembered seeing MISSING PERSONS printed on a door, and standing facing a white-haired police sergeant, who was asking her name.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Smith," she said.

The sergeant looked at her more closely. Jessamine felt her color rising. She had never been able to lie easily or credibly, as Willi could.

It didn't make any difference. There were a lot of Mrs. Smiths. Keep calm. Not panic. Not run.

"I want to inquire about a missing person. A Mrs. Daphne LeMay."

The sergeant gave her an impersonal look which took her in from head to toe, without comment. "Will you sit down a minute, please?"

The sergeant pressed a button, held a low-voiced monosyllabic conversation with someone. He nodded several times. Then he rose and came over to take Jessamine firmly by the arm. "This way, please."

Jessamine was frightened now, by the firm hand of the law on her arm, by the vast impersonality of the place, by the boldness of her decision to be here at all. Presently she found herself in a cubicle of an office facing a very tall, ungainly blond man. He was awkward, all joints. But he had a soft-spoken, clear voice and brown eyes that, while they seemed to see through her, were still kind.

He nodded pleasantly to dismiss the sergeant, and held a chair for Jessamine. She sank into it gratefully, feeling a weakness in her knees. The ugly blond man walked over and sat down across from her. He had a soft step, for such a big man. Jessamine stared at the black ring on his right hand, forcing herself to focus her thoughts on it. On the good print on the office wall, the surprising variety of the books in the bookcase behind him. Music, the theater, travel.

"Lieutenant Hilary," said the man pleasantly. He lit his pipe, with deliberation, not looking at her. Giving her a chance to pull herself together, Jessamine realized.

"Mrs.—Smith?" Lieutenant Hilary said now, with only the slightest hesitation before the name. "You came to inquire into the disappearance of Daphne LeMay?"

Jessamine nodded.

Lieutenant Hilary leaned forward, very alert now, watching her. "Why?"

"I—a friend of mine in California told me to look her up. She wasn't at the address given me, and a neighbor, a Mrs. Quade, said the police ——"

Lieutenant Hilary's eyes did not flicker. "Oh, yes. Mrs. Quade. When did you see her?"

"Yesterday." Jessamine knew she was not doing a good job of this; for the first time in her life, she wished she had learned to camouflage better. "I thought my friend in California would want to know the details—why the police ——"

Lieutenant Hilary waited as her voice died away. There was neither belief nor disbelief in his face. He said shortly, "No doubt Mrs. Quade told you something?"

"Well, she said Daphne and—her husband went for a picnic and she was never seen afterward, and the police were looking for—her husband—to ask him questions."

Lieutenant Hilary drew on his pipe. He said quietly, "The police are looking for him for more than that now. Did you notice the lettering on my door?"

"N-no. It was open."

"Homicide," said Lieutenant Hilary briefly.

"Homicide!"

"Since yesterday. Mrs. Quade probably told you she thought she saw this man, this LeMay, in Wisconsin, a couple of weeks ago. He was with another woman, who said she was his wife. They left before Mrs. Quade could notify the police. She didn't try, anyhow, until she got back and thought about it awhile. But what with one thing and another, we went back yesterday and had another look at the place where Daphne told Mrs. Quade they were going to picnic. And we found Daphne LeMay all right. Very dead and buried. With a knife in her throat."

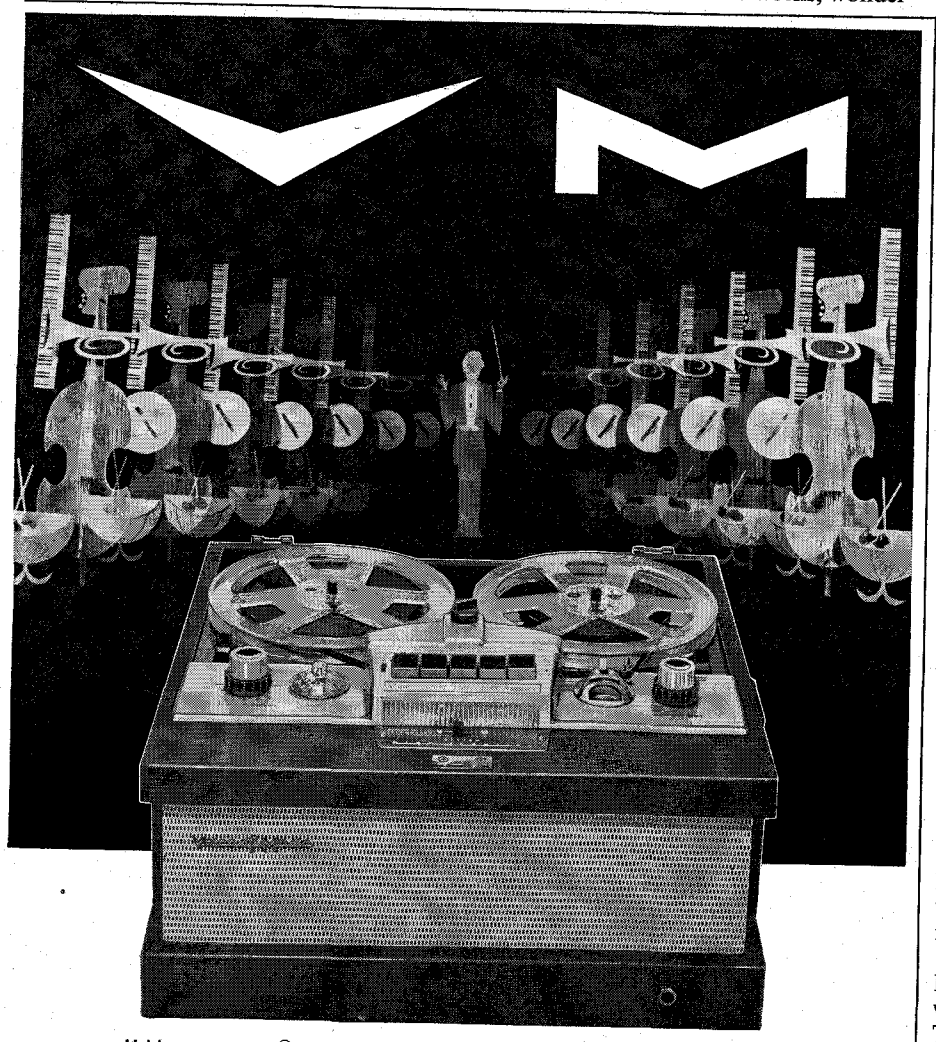
TO BE CONCLUDED

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 62)

The New York Yacht Club expelled Captain W. C. Corrie because he used his fast new 104-foot schooner yacht Wanderer in the slave trade. The Wanderer turned up on the Congo coast, flying the club pennant. Corrie and his "fellow sportsmen," actually members of a Southern syndicate, entertained officers of a British warship blockading the coast against slavers. When the warship went away, they loaded 750 slaves. These they landed in Georgia in 1858, followed by nearly 600 more in 1859—the last large cargoes of Negroes imported into the United States. The Federal Government arrested Corrie. The yacht club, much pained, bounced him not only because he had turned "pro" in yachting but "more especially from his being engaged in a traffic repugnant to humanity and to the moral sense of the members of this association."



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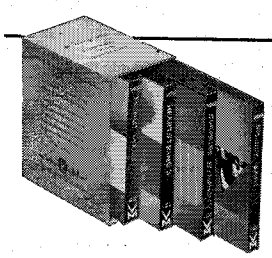

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Shock Treatment (Continued from Page 27)

sure?' the only words she said, and they must have broken her heart."

Doc Abernathy had always had beautiful manners, John Ransom thought. He turned away from the door and went upstairs to the bedroom where his wife lay. He drew back the sheet and looked at her. She was still, in death, a lovely girl. He kept on looking, waiting for something, for the grief to hit him, but all he felt was this curious emptiness. He stood there so long he was embarrassed. He laid the sheet back and went downstairs.

The next day he didn't have time to feel anything. He was busy with the funeral arrangements, telegrams, cables, a woman from the newspaper, telephone calls, getting his cases set over in court, friends stopping in with their condolences and, toward evening, the house was filled with flowers. He did not want to see people—they treated you as if you were made of glass, at times like this—so he refused an invitation to eat his lunch and dinner out, and ate alone. It occurred to him how much he, the bereaved, would have had to put up with to allow other people the expression of their feelings. He just wanted to be alone, and, hardly realizing it, he began to assume that his emptiness was grief. There were no pangs. You didn't cry or clench your fists. Grief was a void.

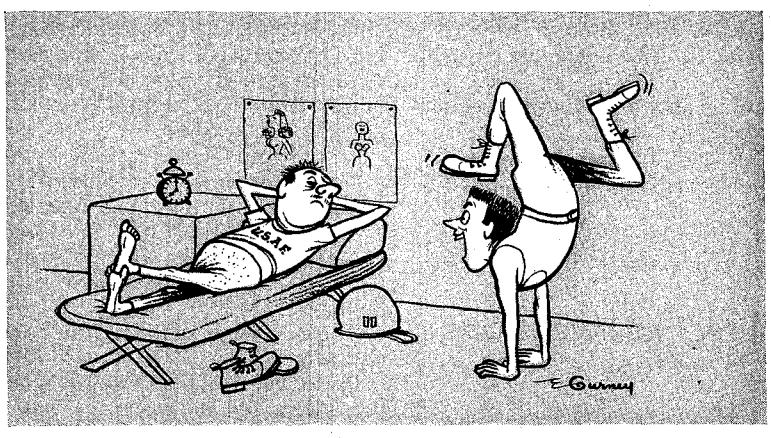
He didn't bury her in the family lot in the cemetery, because there wasn't any room. The lot began by the cemetery wall with the old slanting headstones of his great-great-grandparents and came forward under two willow trees to the severe recent obelisk of his grandparents. There were only three spaces left among the crowded graves—two for his parents and one for him. The new mausoleum was the proper place. For one thing, it was more expensive. John Ransom had made money—in fact, he had become a rich man entirely on his own, without any help from his parents, and a vault and a massive bronze coffin seemed, although he did not consciously think about it, to be a sign of what he could do for his wife.

There was no public interment, rather there was a service in the mausoleum chapel, and John stood blankly through it, wondering vaguely why everybody looked so sad. After all, he was the injured party, so to speak, but he had his pride and he refused to mope. He had, however, a black band on his arm and he stood by the door of the chapel after the service, shaking hands with a large crowd of people, people he would never have expected at his wife's funeral, numbly murmuring, "Thank you—thank you," as they passed out, and trying to remember to give the minister the envelope he had in his pocket with fifty dollars in it.

The only person he noticed and really spoke to was Victoria Cranmer. She was there all alone. When she took his hand—almost violently, it seemed—she said, "Oh, John, I'm so sorry. It's such a waste."

"Thanks, Vicky. Where's Dick?"

"He had to fly to Mexico City day before yesterday. I wired him. Didn't you get a telegram from him?"



The Perfect Squelch

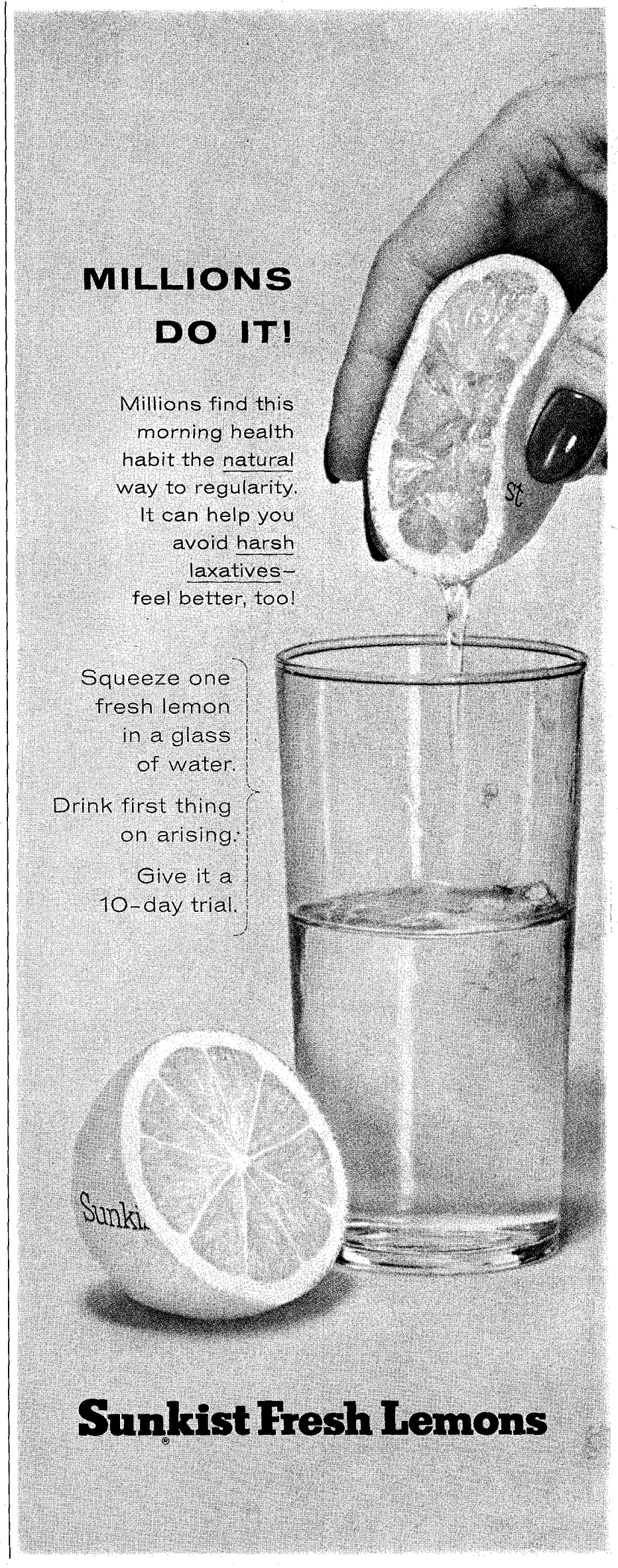
After a typical day at the Air Force survival school, which tried men's souls and made their muscles cry out, the older officers flopped thankfully on their bunks. Starting with calisthenics at dawn, they had packed each hour with painful action, including the obstacle course run at dusk. Now they asked only to rest.

Two very young and very buoyant lieutenants had other ideas. They persisted in bouncing around the barracks, taunting the older men about their lack of stamina. They called them "grampa" or "dad," wondered with mock solicitude about their rheumatism, and generally acted like a pair of tots with a day off from school.

The older men took the ribbing with silent patience, ignoring the most juvenile of the lieutenants' jokes and smiling aside the others. But finally, after an especially noisy outburst, one older captain released a long sigh.

"Children," he said quietly, "can be so cruel."

1st Lt. Henry L. Zeybel, USAF.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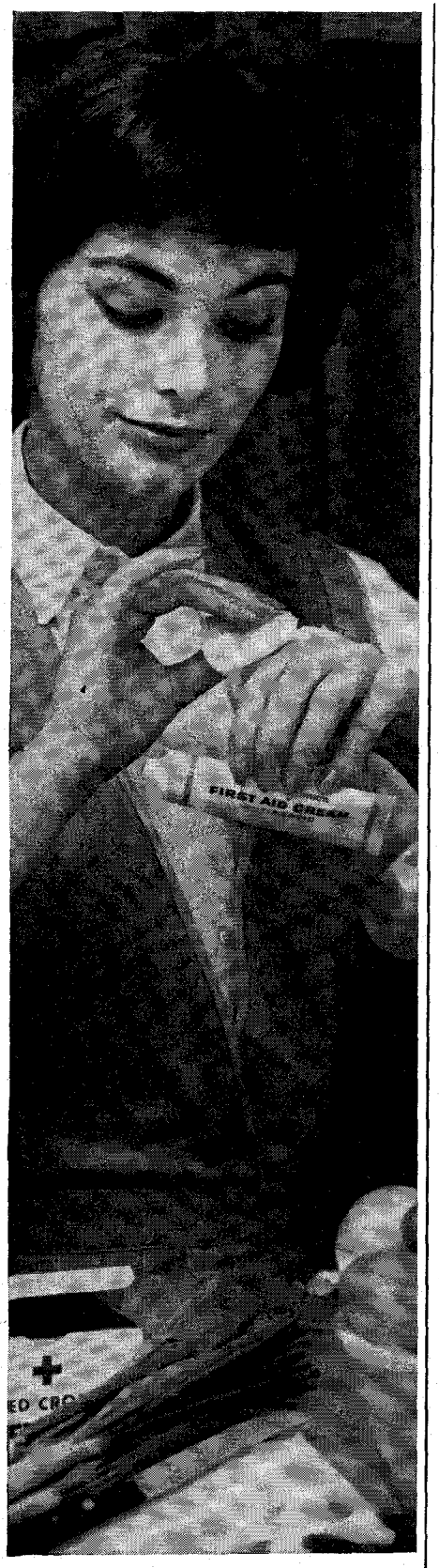

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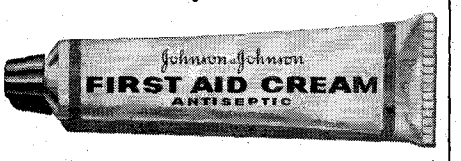


Johnson & Johnson

"I may have. There're so many." He hadn't looked through all the messages.

"You poor man. If there's anything I can do, call me, will you?"

"I will, Vicky. Thank you." He watched her move away before he turned to the next person.

When it was all over and he had taken Eleanor's brother to the airport, he drove himself home. He could tell the place was empty. He stood a few seconds on the tile of the front hall listening. What does a man do when he has buried his wife and comes into an empty house at four o'clock in the afternoon? He laid his hat on the table and went into the living room and sat down. *This is what it's going to be like every day. Except for the flowers*, he said to himself. The mantel and every table were filled with magnificent bouquets. There were even some vases standing on the floor. He rang for Clara to take them away; then he remembered that he had given Clara the day off.

"I'll have to write thank-you notes for all of them," he said aloud. "I can do that." He took the cards from the little envelopes on each bouquet, went into the library and sat down at his desk. The cards were from everybody in the world, people they barely knew, people they hadn't seen for years. He had to get the phone book to look up the addresses. He had finished only four or five when he stopped.

He got up and made himself a stiff highball about triple his usual size. It was as if he deserved it, somehow. He had taken only two sips, swinging his foot idly, when he got up again and went to the telephone. He sent a cable to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frederick Ransom, Hotel Riviera, Aix-en-Provence, France: "Coming alone. See you in two weeks." Then he didn't know what to do with himself. He went to the front window and stood with his glass in his hand, looking out over the shutters at the traffic fifty yards away beyond the low brick wall that enclosed his lawn.

After a moment, he turned abruptly and went to the phone again. He called Victoria Cranmer. "Hello, Vicky? John Ransom. Have dinner with me, will you?"

"Why, yes. I could. I promised the children —— But, yes, I will, John."

"Swell. You said Dick was in Mexico, and I'm all alone here. I'd like to get out of the house."

"Naturally. What time?"

"Oh, I'll pick you up in half an hour."

"Half an hour? Good heavens, John, it's only a few minutes past five!"

"I know, but I thought we could go out to Armando's and have a drink."

As he put the phone back in the cradle, he thought, *What the hell am I trying to do, work on her sympathy?* "'I'm all alone here,'" he said aloud and contemptuously. Yes, he guessed that's what he was doing, but whatever he was doing, it made him feel better.

He went out on the front porch and got the evening paper, still with his unfinished drink in his hand. He sat down in the living room with the drink on the floor beside him. He read and sipped, and, when he had finished the sports and financial pages, he got up and made himself another big drink. Then he read the editorials and Page One closely, with interest, full of anticipation.

After half an hour, he got up, picked the glass up off the floor, set it down again and went to wash his face and hands and comb his hair. *Be a few minutes late. Give her a little time.* He hadn't felt this way since he was in college, dressing for a dance, but he didn't tie it up with this. What he thought he was feeling was relief from a burden.

Victoria Cranmer said good-by to her children at the door, a well-mannered little boy and an older, well-mannered little girl. He watched her precede him to the car. She was wearing a simple suit. She was not so pretty as Eleanor, but she dressed better and she had a better figure or maybe she just walked better.

Armando's was a quiet expensive little place a few miles out in the country, with a chef from the old Lafayette in New York. They sat down on a banquette in the bar, the only people in the place. She hadn't talked much on the way out.

Now she turned to him and said, "How are you feeling, John?"

He was about to say, "I feel swell," but it seemed out of key. "I feel strange," he said.

"Don't get drunk, will you?"

"Me drunk?"

"I know you've been drinking and I don't especially blame you. It's just that I don't want to ride with you if you're drunk."

"I've had something of a shock, Vicky."

"I know you have, but drinking's not going to help it."

"Ah, don't sound like a wife."

"Why not? I am one."

This was not the way he wanted to talk. He liked Vicky. He had liked her long before she had married Dick Cranmer, as long ago as when they had gone to dancing school together. He took a deep breath and said, "I've decided to go to France."

"To see your parents?"

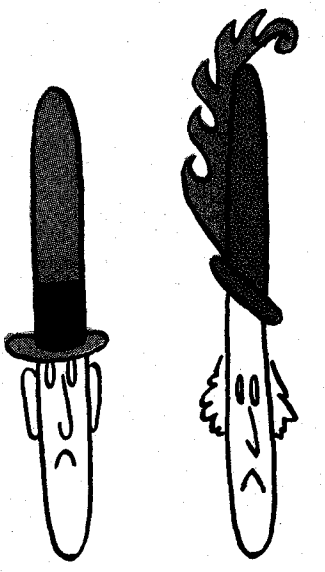
"I thought I'd stop in Paris first. They're in the south. I haven't been in Paris in eight years."

So they talked about Paris, and while they were talking, the waiter came up with the menu, and the wine waiter with the wine list. John Ransom ordered a trout, a chicken, and a magnum of champagne.

"Oh, John, not a magnum. Let's just have a bottle."

"All right. A bottle," he said to the waiter, and consulted with him about the year.

Hal Block's Inventions
FOR A BETTER TOMORROW



Thin Hats
(for narrow-minded people.)

Then he talked about dancing school, the people they had known, the boys who had been killed in the Solomons or gone into the banking business, the girls who had married and moved away. He had only one martini and she another, and the talk lasted them until the waiter opened the champagne at the table.

He lifted his glass and said, "Here's to you, Vicky," and he gave it something with his voice.

She took a sip and said, "Thanks."

"It's been a long time, Vicky," he said expansively.

"What has?"

"You and me having dinner together. I know when it was—the last time," he said with the eagerness of a man about to palm a card. "It was Christmas my sophomore year at school, that big dinner dance the Wilsons gave at the country club. When they had Benny Goodman's quartet."

"Don't mention it. That's nearly twenty years ago."

"I know. Don't I know? You wore a black satin dress far beyond your years. Or your sophistication."

"John, get this straight. I didn't come out here to have a date with you. I came out here because I felt sorry for you. I thought you needed company."

"I do and I've got it. The very best."

"Stop it, will you?"

"I'm sorry if the memories of our youth offend you," he said stiffly.

"Oh, don't be silly. They don't offend me. It's just that ——" She paused.

"Just what?"

"Why, it's the wrong time, somehow, to talk like this."

"You mean there would be a right time later?"

"No, I don't mean there would be a right time later," she said, with a serious annoyance that he was able to recognize, but not appreciate. She looked as if she were about to say more in the same tone, but she restrained herself. "What are you going to do now, John?"

"I told you. Go to France."

"I mean, when you come back."

"Get up in the morning, practice law all day, have a little drink, eat dinner and go to bed. Just live, Vicky. What else? Oh, and a round of golf Saturdays and Sundays."

"You're not going to sell your house or anything?"

He looked really shocked. "What do you mean, sell my house? I was born there. It's my home."

"Oh, I merely thought you might be at loose ends or something."

He was putting out a cigarette and he looked over his forearm at her. "A man has to bear the brunt of his life."

"You read that somewhere."

"I swear I just made it up. A man, if he is any kind of man, has to take whatever his life throws at him and not go to pieces."

"Why has he? Why the stiff upper lip? Why all the work to be tough? Why can't a man, even if he is a man, just let himself go and give way to his emotions, be human?"

"Be a woman, you mean?"

"Why? I'm still asking."

He shrugged his shoulders and said lightly, "Dunno. That's the way it is, is all."

They had been eating all the time, and the waiter asked about dessert.

"Just coffee," she said.

John Ransom was holding the champagne bottle up out of the bucket. "Empty, see? How about some more champagne, Vicky?"

"No."

"O.K. Just coffee."

The waiter moved away.

(*Continued on Page 70*)

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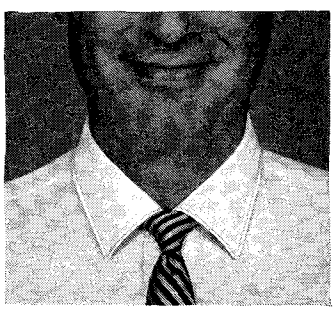

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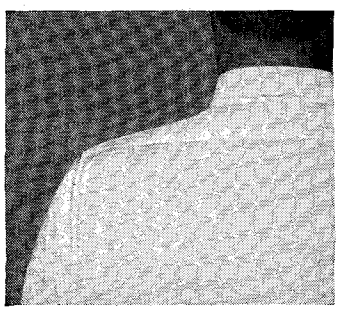

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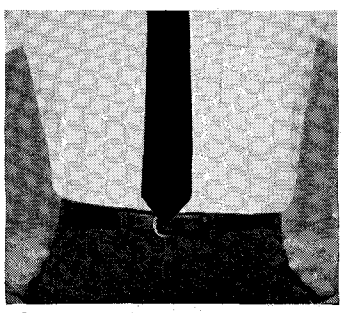

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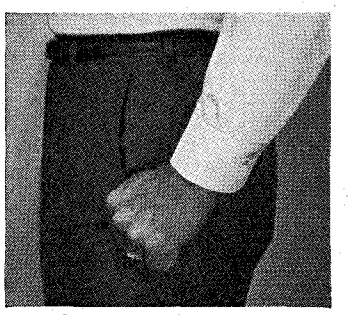

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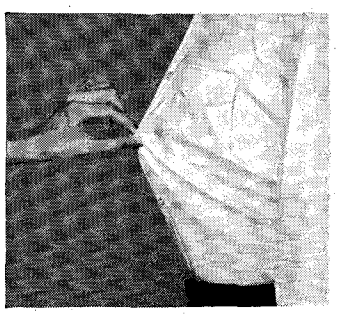

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(*Continued from Page 68*) "Well, then, how about coming back to the house with me?"

"What house?"

"My house. There's nobody there."

"Are you absolutely crazy?"

"Nope. Not that I know of."

"Well, I'm going to tell you something," she began angrily. Then, realizing that she had decided to let it all out, she grew calm, leaned back in her chair and fooled with a matchbook. "I'm going to tell you something, John, and it's not for your own good. It's just for my own satisfaction."

"Shoot," he said.

She looked at him for five seconds, and it seemed much longer. "I never liked you much."

"You were a great actress, then. You used to go out with me often enough."

"Oh, sure. At eighteen a girl has to have dates, or thinks she has to, and you were the John Ransom. I went, but I never liked you much."

"I was in love with you then, Vicky," he said, as if tenderly.

"That's tough," she said casually. "I thought you were cold, and, oh, stuck up, and, later, after the Air Medals and your marriage—well, the older the colder, I guess. And the higher you stuck up. Oh, nothing crude, you understand; merely that every remark you made was rooted in the conviction that you were better than other people, not morally, not intellectually, more that you saw the world down your nose."

"It's too bad that Dick dragged you to our house so often then, feeling the way you do."

"Oh, Dick doesn't like you either."

She could see that she was beginning to get to him. He said, "I know I serve good food and set out a lot of liquor, but I didn't think you two would stoop so ——"

"Dick doesn't like you, Ollie Culp doesn't like you, Kenyon Butterfield doesn't, Tom Land doesn't. I wonder who does?" she said thoughtfully. "I never heard anybody say positively."

"All right," he said impatiently. "So I'm not well liked."

She lighted a cigarette, then leaned forward, smiling. "You don't get it, do you? You haven't even got the first glimmer of understanding."

He snorted contemptuously, as if there were nothing she could say that he wouldn't understand at once.

"Who do you play golf with, these Saturdays and Sundays?"

"Ian MacNab. What's that got to do with this?"

"You play with the pro."

"Why not? I'm the only scratch player at the club."

"Have you tried getting anybody else to play with you lately? Ian's got to play with you. That's what he's paid for."

"Fooey, he's the only one who can give me any kind of game, that's all."

"I might have known a thick skin would go with this, but I didn't quite expect rhinoceros hide."

"Have you finished your coffee?" he said. "We may as well go."

"Sit still, Johnny boy. You're going to take this if I have to pretend I'm drunk and make a scene in front of the waiters."

"Dick would like to hear about that."

"Dick would split laughing when I told him. We trust each other. I'll try again." Her voice changed from hard to pleading, "John, we didn't come to your house to eat your food or drink your whisky, and we didn't, any of us, come to see you. We came to see Eleanor."

He jerked his head up, staring. "Eleanor?"

"Your wife. You remember her, don't you? Or maybe you don't. You don't act like it. So let me tell you about her."

"See here, Vicky. I don't think there's anything to be gained by ——" he began, starting to rise.

"A man has to bear the brunt of his life," she said coldly. "Well, sit down and bear it. Don't bleed out yellow right in front of me."

"Very well. Go on."

"You doubt if I can say anything to disturb you, don't you? I know and I'm beginning to believe you're right, and if I say that Eleanor was the finest woman I ever knew, you'll just applaud."

"Certainly."

"And all you see in that is a compliment to your own good taste in picking

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

April

By John Robert Quinn

The feel of April was in her
bones; the gnarled
And sooty morning lolled on
the fire escape,
Like an ancient cat basking
in long-furred sun.
How long had it been since
she, as a child, had run
Across green meadows,
climbed a happy hill
In search of the first redbud?
Those sixty years
Were not enough to blunt
the memory
When spring returned, thrusting its countless spears
Through the flesh like blades
of barley or of corn.
She raised the window,
while a lone, forlorn
And scraggly sparrow
measured out a few
Morsels of song. And that
would have to do.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

her for a wife. There's only one thing, John—you didn't believe she was a fine woman. She was just the little girl you married out of the White River Junction High School while you were a senior at Dartmouth, and you treated her like dirt."

"Oh, the hell I did. I was a good husband. I'm not a drunk. I don't gamble. I never chased other women."

"And you gave her charge accounts and never squawked about the bills. A real prince, you were."

"And I never squawked, as you say, when I found out she wasn't going to have any children. I never said one word. And children would have meant something to me."

"That's your ace, isn't it? That's supposed to shut me up and prove you're a wonderful guy. You say children would have meant something to you. I wonder what you would have meant to them? Not much, I'll bet, because half of every one of them would have been Ellie. You see, I don't think you're a wonderful guy, John. Ellie was honest, decent, kind and witty. God, how we laughed with her and what did you do? You stood with your elbow on the mantel, simpering with that superior smile, looking at all of us as if Ellie were a child acting up, and we, you and all the rest of us, were on the inside, laughing at her the way you were. You were the outsider, John. Every time. We were with Ellie all the way, and because she threw herself into her life hard enough to make her slip show, it was all you could do to keep from sneering at her openly."

John Ransom sighed heavily and put his hands over his face as if he were bored. Then he put them down and said, "I think you'll admit that I knew my wife better than you did."

"But you didn't. Blood and money make a pretty thick rind, and you didn't know her at all. I'll prove it to you."

"You can try."

"You remember those reducing treatments she took a couple of years ago?"

"Waste of money. She didn't lose a pound."

"Of course, she didn't. She never went near Madame Vera's joint. She ——"

"You're going to break me up by telling me she had an affair with somebody."

She smiled condescendingly. "No, John. I wouldn't have blamed her, not in a thousand years, but she didn't. She was good, kind, decent, witty and faithful—add that. You know that place over on the east side of town—no, you wouldn't—it's a clinic for disturbed children. Ellie went over there every morning for over a year and worked with sick Negro kids."

He looked up at her. It was too fantastic not to be true.

"And she begged me not to tell you, because she said if you found it out, you wouldn't let her."

"No. I certainly would not have. They can hire people to do that sort of thing."

"Oh, no, they can't. You can't hire what Ellie gave them. You said you hadn't looked through all your messages of condolence. Go ahead, look through them. I'll bet you find a lot of names you never heard of—they'll be the parents of those kids. So you see. You know all about her, pooh!" She picked up her gloves and bag. "And now, John, I've had my little say. It was totally useless, but it was kind of fun and, in a way, it was a tribute—a funeral tribute, I guess you could call it, to Ellie. You can either take me home or I'll call a cab."

She seemed to have silenced him. Without looking at her, he said, "I'll take you."

Neither spoke until they had nearly reached her house. Then she said, "I could tell you a lot more things about her, admirable things. But she wouldn't want me to, and I don't suppose there's any point in teaching anyone how to grieve, even you."

At the door, she said, "Thanks for the dinner, John. Good-by."

He looked at her, but he did not answer.

He went home. He was cold sober and he made himself another big drink. He went to the house phone and called Clara's room. It was after nine; she should have come in.

When she answered, he said, "Clara, come down to the library, will you, please?"

"I'll be right down, Mr. Ransom."

She came in, and she seemed to look worried. It occurred to him that maybe she thought he was going to fire her, now that his wife was dead. "How would you like a drink, Clara?"

"Thank you, Mr. Ransom," she said and looked more worried than before.

He made her a mild whisky and soda. She took it and remained standing.

"Sit down," he said, pointing to an armchair.

She sat down.

"I'm not feeling any too well, Clara. I think you can understand that, but I'd like to ask you a couple of questions. They may seem strange, but answer them as well as you can, will you?"

"Yes, Mr. Ransom."

He took a swallow of his drink and looked out the dark window. "What kind of woman was Mrs. Ransom?" he said, and turned to watch her.

Clara was not handsome, but the look that came over her face made her almost lovely. "Oh, Mr. Ransom, she was the sweetest soul! I been crying the whole day through. I can't believe I'm never going to see her any more. I just can't." And the tears, he noticed, ran down her face, shining in the light. It was impossible to fake that.

"She was a nice woman to work for, then? You never had any trouble with her?"

"Trouble?" she said incredulously. "From the day I set my foot in that door, sixteen years ago, Mr. Ransom, she was my friend. Don't have many white friends, Mr. Ransom."

"Yes, I know she had no prejudice. As a matter of fact, she did something for your people, didn't she?"

Clara's face closed up tight. "Something for my people?"

"Yes. Didn't she work at some children's clinic for a while?"

"Clinic?" she said vaguely, and then gratefully almost, as if she had thought of a plausible answer, she said, "I didn't know what Mrs. Ransom did when she left the house."

He could see that Ellie had told her never to tell. He stood up. "Well, thank you, Clara. You'll stay on here and we'll work things out the best way we can, won't we?"

"Why, I wanted to talk to you about that, Mr. Ransom. My mother—she's right at eighty years old—and she's been sick now for over a month, and I don't guess I'm going to be able to do any more outside work. I gotta stay home and take care of her. My own mother, Mr. Ransom."

He looked at her a moment. Then he said, "You'll stay on another couple of weeks, won't you? I'm going to close the house then and go abroad."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Ransom. I'll be glad to stay that long, just a couple more weeks."

"That's settled then. Good night, Clara."

"Good night, Mr. Ransom."

He sat down again with his drink and looked out the window into the darkness, but there seemed to be no explanation there. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock, and he went to the telephone and dialed a number.

"Hello, Ollie?" he said. "John Ransom. . . . Oh, pretty well, pretty well. Say, Ollie, how about some golf Saturday? . . . Oh, you are? Well, of course. . . . Some other time, then? Swell." He hung up and dialed again. "Kenyon? John Ransom. Sorry to bother you this time of night. . . . Well, it has been a tough day and I'm rather at loose ends. I was thinking about some golf Saturday. Would you be free? . . . Oh, I see. Well, I'll call you again, Ken." But he knew he would never call either one of them again.

Abruptly the truth that all these people had been trying to tell him struck him so violently, so piercingly that he was afraid. He didn't love anyone; he never had loved anyone, and, at thirty-nine, he didn't even know how to begin. Quite sincerely, a circumstance impossible to fake, his eyes filled with tears and they ran down his cheeks, and he discovered he was still holding the phone in his hand and an operator was on the line, saying in her high, toy voice, "What is it, please? What is it, please?" THE END

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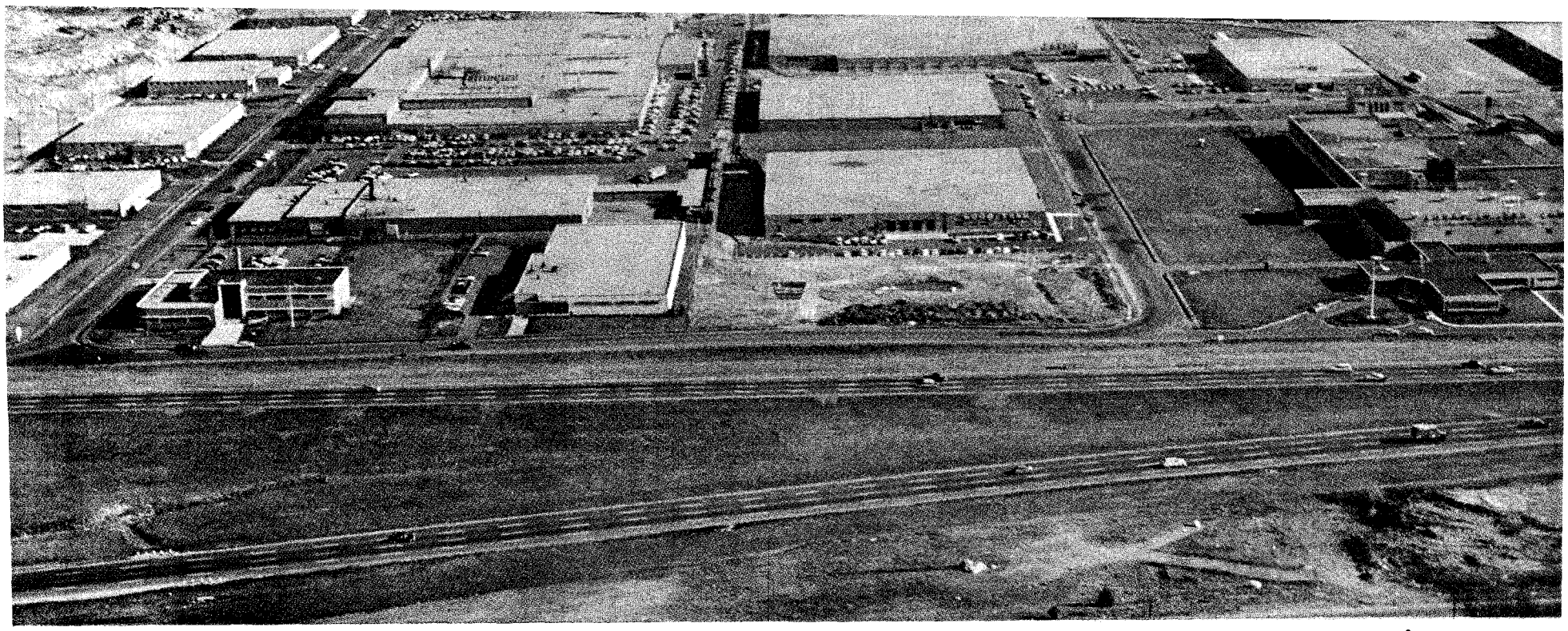

Once a gravel pit bringing $3,320 per year in taxes, this land now yields $325,000

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Route 128, a new planned-access expressway which arcs around Boston, was built to relieve traffic congestion. But it produced dramatic side results. It inspired industrial development, improved job opportunities, and unleashed new income for a suburban town. And it helped industry to disperse.

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• • •

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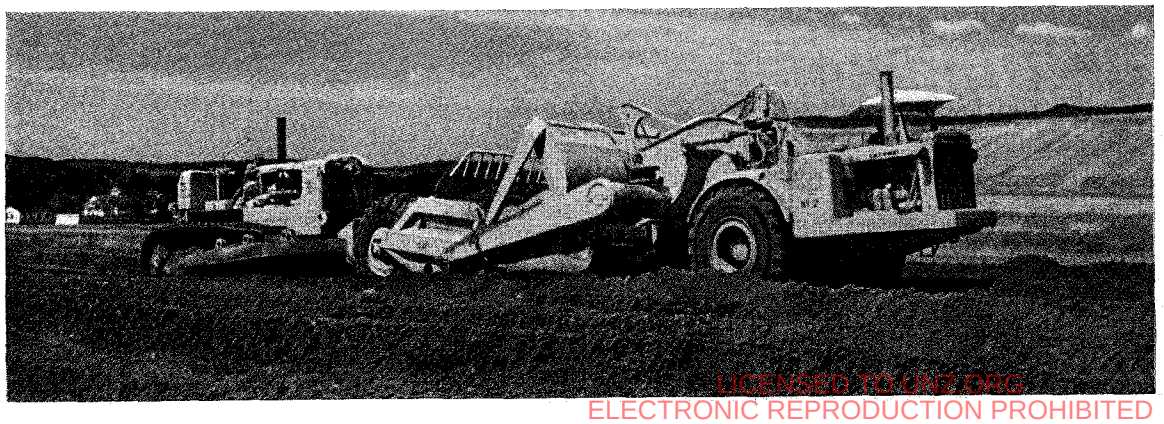

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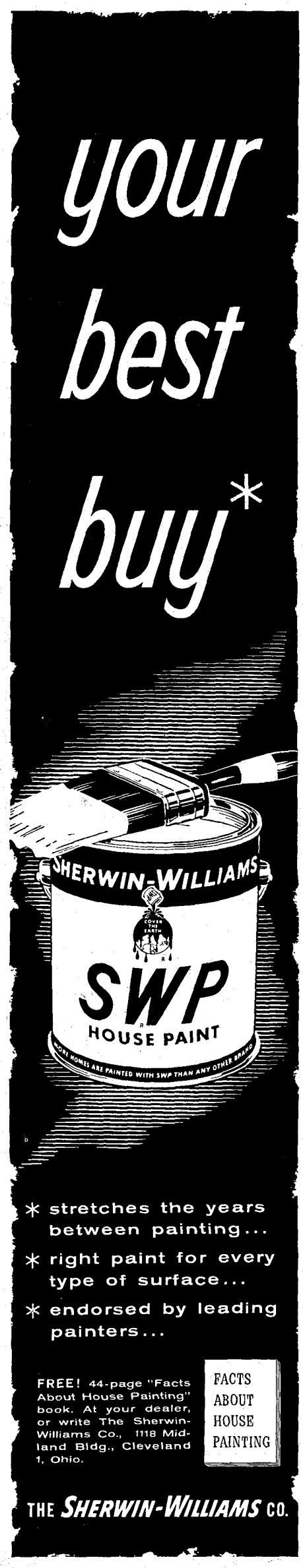
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Those Amazing Island Medics

(Continued from Page 25)

burning with fever. With their equally devoted native nurses, they made constant house calls throughout Koror's tiny villages. They drove jeeps where there were roads and walked where there were only trails. By small boats and outrigger canoes they sent what supplies they could to outlying islands. They supervised the administration of such native remedies as *kukau* leaf, guava leaf and crushed banana stem, to bring down temperatures and ease sore muscles, and they also gave injections of antibiotics, sulfa drugs, sterile dextrose solutions and chlorpromazine. They ran blood tests, took X-ray photographs, gave oxygen by nasal tube to patients with asthmatic or cardiac complications, and used tracheobronchial suction to clear clogged windpipes.

But this was not all. At the same time, without fuss or furor, they also delivered babies, performed Caesarean sections, and even did emergency surgery for appendicitis, perforated stomach ulcer, broken bones and smashed skulls.

The results of the epic medical battle in this Western Pacific paradise were close to perfect. The surgical operations were performed with no deaths and with routine recovery in every case. No mothers or babies were lost in childbirth. Only one death was directly attributed to influenza—that of a two-month-old infant who was suffering from bronchial pneumonia when admitted to the hospital.

When Doctor Conover was rushed back from Honolulu, he found that the hospital was still overflowing, but the peak of the epidemic had passed.

Lomisan Ngirailild greeted him with the report, "We've been a little busy."

"There was nothing Lomisan and the other practitioners had overlooked or failed to do," Doctor Conover said later. "Their patients got care that was just as good as anything in the United States." In his formal report, he added, "It was the combined efforts of these recently trained medical practitioners and nurses that brought swiftly under control a serious epidemic. . . . Those who have been instrumental in the training of these capable and dedicated Pacific Islanders have reason to be proud."

In Koror and the other islands of this vast portion of the ocean known formally as the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands and mostly under jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior, there are now about two dozen native medical practitioners plus a score of native dental practitioners, forty native graduate nurses and more than 200 other technicians or health aides, either at work or undergoing advanced training. Measured by current American or European yardsticks, their education was ridiculously incomplete. They were not taught, for example, to operate inside the heart, graft blood vessels or detect the more bizarre forms of cancer. Yet their work has been so good that it has won the praise of practically every medical expert privileged to observe it, has made warm friends for America, improved the morale of the Trust Territory islanders, earned the high tribute of United Nations observers, opened the eyes of numerous medical educators, and even received the grudging admiration of the Russians.

"The medical services," Soviet delegates to the U.N. Trusteeship Council stated recently, "were not inferior."

These services are now being rendered to some 67,000 Micronesians inhabiting the Trust Territory. This is an assemblage of 2141 islands and coral atolls administered by the United States as a trusteeship for the United Nations. The whole territory includes a land area of 687 square miles—about half again as big as the city of Los Angeles—scattered over more than 3,000,000 square miles of ocean. A practitioner called for a consultation or special surgery from one island to another may have to travel a distance greater than that from San Diego to Miami.

The Navy became the first administrator of the area in World War II, when the Japanese were swept from the Marianas, the Marshalls and the Eastern and Western Carolines. These were the storied South Sea islands of dusky, grass-skirted maidens, lush tropical verdure, palm trees swaying gracefully in the trade winds, coral reefs and unbelievably blue lagoons. On island after island, however, the glamour was gone. The lagoons were choked with the rusting wreckage of invasion barges. The palm trees had been blasted into splinters by bombs and shellfire. The lush tropical vegetation—the hated boondocks of the G.I.'s—had been incinerated by flamethrowers. The dusky maidens, along with the dusky men, were still around, but they were hungry, frightened and afflicted with such ancient ills as yaws, tuberculosis, intestinal parasites, dysentery and leprosy.

In the summer of 1944, the surgeon general of the Navy, Rear Admiral Ross McIntire, foresaw the need for eventual long-term medical care in the Pacific.

"The Navy will never have sufficient personnel to do the job," he said. "We'll never be able to induce enough civilian doctors to move out there. We'll have to take other steps."

One of his key aides, Comdr. Richard Fletcher, a one-time director of public health for the state of Washington, declared that the only solution would be the training of the Micronesians themselves. The natives, however, had been given less than six years of elementary schooling by the Japanese, and they spoke almost no English. They could not be admitted to any medical school in America. They could not get into a college. Most of them couldn't even meet the entrance requirements of an American high school.

"We've got to start our own school, right out in the islands, and give the natives a streamlined medical training ourselves," said Commander Fletcher.

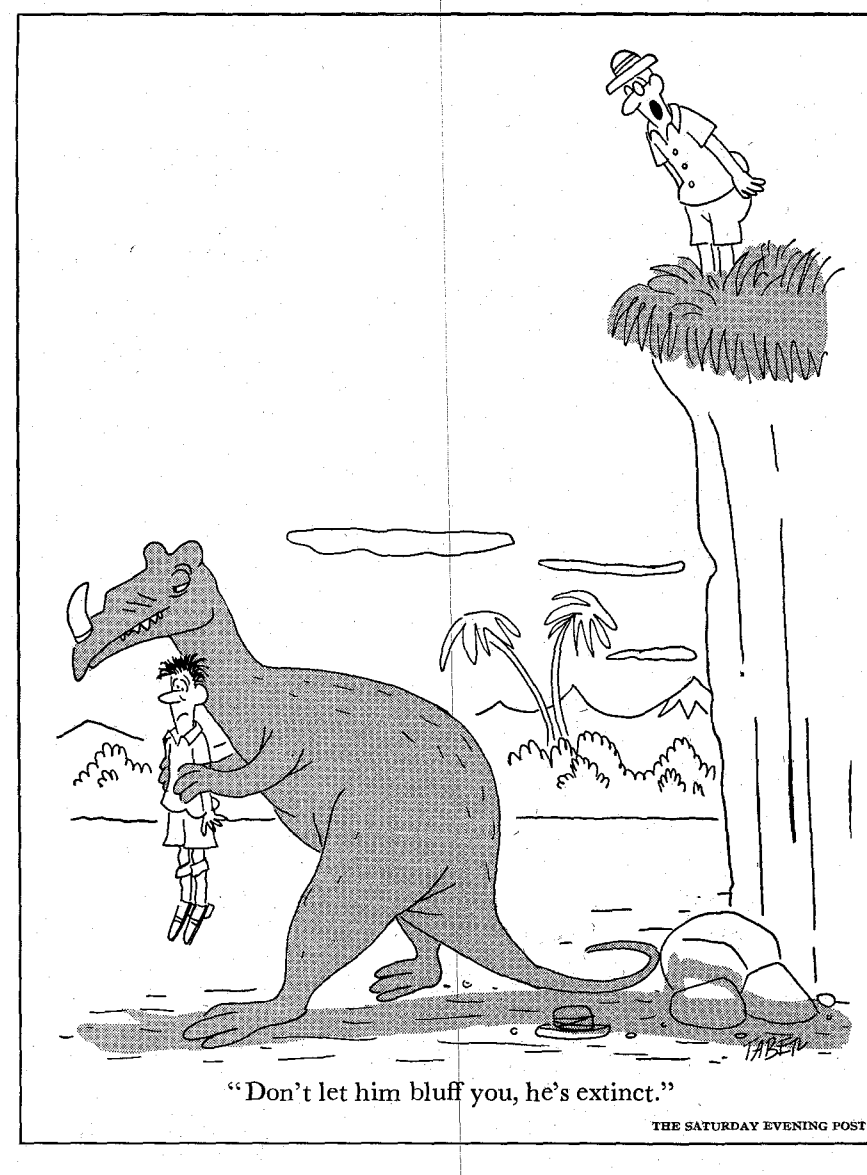
Objections to the plan were presented with great vigor. In a number of quarters, it was denounced as unwise, impractical, too costly, too cheap, probably unnecessary in the first place, and unquestionably a frightful affront to the good name of medical education.

"But this has nothing to do with our own medical standards at home," Commander Fletcher told one critic. "We're not going to turn out full-fledged M.D.'s. We're simply going to teach these people enough in four years to handle a few of the most common procedures in medicine and surgery."

"Oh, no! Not surgery too! You can't be serious; you're not going to let those natives handle a knife!"

Admiral McIntire and his associates refused to be swerved by these and similar protests. Many of them had seen with their own eyes that the Micronesians might be different or exasperating, but they were not stupid. Furthermore, the Navy had its own records to show that young men, most of them Americans with only a high-school education plus a year's intensive training, had been able to serve brilliantly as hospital corpsmen on naval vessels and as "island docs" on remote shore stations.

Finally, the Navy doctors had the record of an old British school at Suva,



"Don't let him bluff you, he's extinct."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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on the island of Fiji, which had long been training native practitioners for service in the South Pacific.

"We admired the goals of the school at Fiji," said Admiral McIntire, "but since many of our problems were different, we knew we'd have to give more intensive training." (More recently, the Fiji school has been modernized and is now training all the medical practitioners for the Trust Territory.)

Late in 1945, the Navy started to build its School for Native Practitioners at Guam, near the Navy Hospital, together with a school for native nurses. Doctor Fletcher, by then promoted to the rank of captain, was made the first director. He had a staff of five Navy doctors, twenty-five enlisted men and five Navy nurses. As quickly as possible, he flew on a personal recruiting tour through the Trust Territory. He talked to native chiefs, schoolteachers, missionaries, Navy island commanders and Navy doctors, and asked them to propose potential students. He interviewed candidates and checked on their education.

In January, 1946, the school was formally commissioned and the students began to arrive. The first group came mainly from Guam and American Samoa. Later came the students from the Marshalls, the Marianas and the Carolines, and these were wondrously arrayed. Some of the men appeared with pants and no shirts. Some came with shirts, but no pants. One was dressed in the fragments of what appeared to be a Japanese general's uniform. Some wore only brilliant red lava-lavas, or loincloths, and sported the dark purple tattoo marks of their tribes. One towering, grinning youth had a flaming red hibiscus blossom artistically tucked behind one ear, and insisted on wearing such a floral decoration to class each morning.

A few of these first students could speak a little English. One was a Gilbert Island youth who had taken an outrigger canoe and fled out to sea from the Japanese-held island of Tarawa, just in time to be picked up by an American destroyer in the Tarawa invasion fleet. Another was the son of a Marshall Island village chief who had been taught some English by missionaries. Most, however, could speak only Japanese plus their own island dialect, and had difficulty in learning English in a hurry, even with the patient help of Navy nurses, language teachers and co-operative sailors.

There were additional problems rarely faced in standard medical schools. The young medical students, for instance, were financed by the Navy, but they had almost no spending money. They accepted this situation gracefully, but early in the term they went on strike and demanded shoes and long pants, so they might look like doctors. In the nursing school, young Guamanian girls from strict Spanish-Catholic families were placed in the same dormitory with warm-hearted maidens from remote islands; one or two of the latter followed what can best be described as a substantially less rigid moral code. The parents of the proper Guamanian girls were horrified, pulled their daughters out of school, and could be appeased only by the adoption and enforcement of strict rules and regulations for the whole nursing school.

"Actually," one Navy nurse said later, "the whole affair was the result of a little misunderstanding. We'd been explaining that 'tender loving care' was the mark of every good nurse. But I guess we didn't make it clear that the 'tender loving care' was to be rendered exclusively to the patients, not to the medical students."

Meanwhile, education was pushed as fast as the students could absorb it. They were taught English, history and arithmetic. They were taught simple anatomy, chemistry, physiology, pharmacology and bacteriology. When they were ready for bedside teaching, they moved over to the big Navy hospital for classes in medicine, obstetrics, pediatrics, anesthesiology, radiology and surgery.

"In surgery," says a Navy doctor, "we taught them mostly the procedures for appendicitis and the like. They were not to attempt more serious operations, except in an absolute emergency. If it was elective surgery, if there wasn't any emergency, they were supposed to send the patients up to us."

In their high-powered, four-year course, it was estimated that the students were given the equivalent of 60 per cent, or about two and a half years, of the standard four-year medical-school program. The training was aimed at enabling them to cope with roughly 80 per cent of all medical problems.

"Remember that you will be under the supervision of Navy doctors in the field," they were told. "Do not attempt any treatment that you have not been taught. Send word for help, and we will send a plane to get your patient."

In 1950 and 1951, when the first two classes graduated, the young practitioners were returned to their islands and installed in small hospitals which the Navy had built for them. It soon became apparent that they had learned their lessons well. It also became apparent that they could rise to emergencies. For example, on the island of Tinian, a workman was thrown from a truck and suffered a fractured skull, multiple head injuries and a dislocated shoulder.

"I have done for my patient what I could," the native practitioner reported by radio, "but I think he needs more attention. Please to send airplane."

The Navy dispatched a Neptune bomber from Guam. It landed at Tinian, picked up the patient and flew back to Guam, where a waiting ambulance rushed him to the Navy Hospital. There a team of doctors gathered to examine the victim.

"I don't know what we expected," one of the doctors said afterward. "Maybe a cockeyed mess of bandages, adhesive tape and baling wire. But we found the patient was in excellent condition, with his shoulder set and his head wounds immaculately dressed. There was nothing for us to do but check him with X rays and then put him to bed. He made a complete and uneventful recovery. The native medic had done a perfect job."

Young José Chong, scarcely six months out of medical-practitioner's school, faced a different emergency one night when he was called to the bedside of a pretty young expectant mother in an island hospital. In the eighth month of her first pregnancy, she had suddenly been stricken with abdominal pain and severe hemorrhage. The practitioner first gave her a blood transfusion, using a pint of his own blood. Then he stood by the side of her bed and grasped her hands in his.

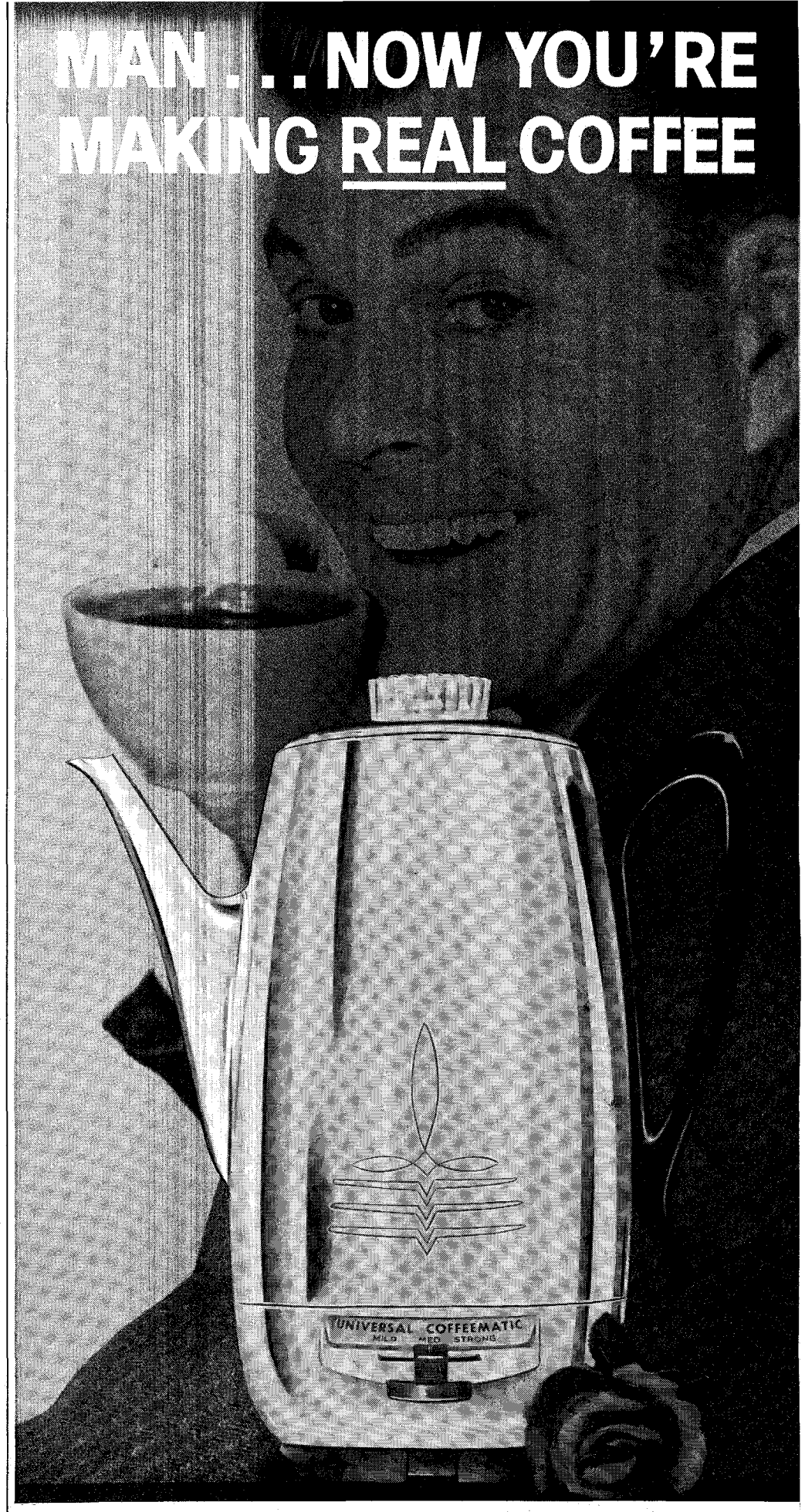
"It will be necessary to operate," he told her. "You must have a Caesarean operation. I have not done this operation myself, but I have watched it done four times by the Americans. I think I can do it. Will you trust me?"

"Yes, go ahead," said the woman.

Chong then performed his first Caesarean operation and delivered a healthy, five-pound baby boy.

"I was very gratified," said the practitioner. "As a matter of fact, my patient tells me afterward she is very gratified also. This patient is my wife."

Working under the gradually decreasing supervision of American physicians,



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the medical practitioners have done almost every kind of surgery, and some they have done without any supervision at all. They have performed operations not only for obstetrical complications and appendicitis but also for hernia, strangulation of the bowel, cancer of the uterus, ovarian cysts, ruptured Fallopian tubes, gall-bladder disease, cleft palate and harelip. They have repaired skull fractures, broken limbs and even the tricky Colles's fracture of the wrist. They have done partial gastrectomies—removal of a portion of the stomach—for cancer or perforated stomach ulcer. They have operated on the eye and removed blinding cataracts.

"By and large," claims one surgeon who has viewed this work, "their results and their surgical mortality are not substantially different from those at an institution like Massachusetts General Hospital."

The practitioners have successfully treated heart disease, arthritis and asthma. They have slashed maternal mortality rates until these compare favorably with figures in the United States. They have done almost as well with infant mortality rates. They have practically banished typhoid fever and vitamin deficiencies.

"We still have infestations of intestinal worms," reports one of them. "And we still have too many cases of tetanus. Some women insist on having their babies at home, without any help from even our nurses, and the untrained grandmothers of the village cut the umbilical cord with dirty scissors."

The native practitioners have made a better mark in their fight against yaws, the terrible spirochete infection with its raspberry-colored sores and ulcers. Once it afflicted tens of thousands of victims in these islands. During the past four years, thanks to the practitioners and their diligent use of penicillin, only one new case has been detected.

Tuberculosis, for a century the great killer of island peoples, has been fought until the death rate is now about as low as that in America. Since last year the practitioners have been using BCG vaccine in an island-by-island campaign, and hope to eradicate the white plague forever.

Leprosy, which was afflicting an estimated 200 victims as recently as fifteen years ago, has been nearly throttled by the combination of potent antileprosy drugs, effective detection dragnets and remarkable medic-patient relationships.

While the practitioners clearly know how to handle their medical equipment, they apparently also handle all native traditions and superstitions with the greatest delicacy. This holds true for romantic islands like Yap, with its fabulous stone money and its equally fabulous maidens dressed only in grass skirts. It holds for the distant groups like Tobi Island and Kapingamarangi, which the practitioners visit only a few times a year with one of the trading expeditions. It also holds for the relatively sophisticated centers like Majuro, Truk and Koror.

On Koror, for instance, the practitioners approve many of the old rites of puberty and childbirth. They have established what seems to be a mutually satisfactory arrangement with the few remaining old tribal medicine men, who continue to exorcise the devils of disease with herbs, incantations and magical signs.

"They worked it out so these tribal medicine men do most of the physiotherapy—the massaging and application of hot packs—and much of the psychiatry," claims an American health expert.

Credit for the medical program in the islands can be appropriately shared by the Navy doctors, who started it, and the Trust Territory Administration of the Department of the Interior, which has operated the major portion of the area since 1951. In that year, all responsibility for the Marshalls and the Carolines was assigned to the Trust Territory Administration, with the Navy retaining administrative control of only Saipan and the northern islands of the Marianas group. Headquarters for the new agency was established first in Honolulu and then moved to Guam, geographically one of the Mariana Islands, but an American possession since 1898.

For the last three years the chief doctor under the administration has been Dr. Harrie Eugene Macdonald, a wispy Maine brain surgeon with bright blue eyes, a bristling mustache and barely enough lung tissue to keep him alive. Born in Bangor in 1901, he describes himself as a hard-bitten New Englander who spent nearly fifty years trying to get away from snow.

"As far back as I can remember," he says, "I've been aiming for the tropics. Probably comes from reading too much Robert Louis Stevenson."

He went to the University of Maine—Rudy Vallee was one of his classmates—and then headed south. He got as far as the Medical College of Virginia. At graduation he was offered an internship at a hospital in Panama, but was forced to decline this because of family problems. Instead, he went to Massachusetts General Hospital to study brain surgery. In 1933 he returned to Maine and started practice in the city of Portland. For most of the next two decades he combined a lively and successful career as a neurosurgeon with a personal battle against tuberculosis.

In 1951, while he was recovering from chest surgery, he spotted a classified advertisement in a medical journal. It began, "Wanted: Doctors to sit under palm trees in the South Seas." He sent in his application.

Months later, a secretary from the Department of the Interior telephoned him from Washington, D.C.

"How long will it take you to go out to the Pacific?" she asked.

"Seventeen minutes," he snapped.

"I didn't mean exactly that."

"Oh, you're in a hurry," continued the surgeon. "Then I can be ready in ten."

When his appointment finally came through, he left his wife and children temporarily in Maine and rushed to Honolulu. Finding he was about to practice tropical medicine, he dashed to the local medical libraries and spent two weeks reading every available textbook on tropical diseases. Next he rushed to Guam and then on to the islands, and immediately started work. With true Yankee zeal, he embarked on a double-time schedule.

"Let's go on that vaccination program," he ordered. "Let's go with that sterilizer. Let's go on fixing that roof."

The natives were both astounded and delighted. Within a few days, they were saying, "Let's-Go needs more sutures," or "Let's-Go wants a nurse in surgery," or "Anybody here seen Let's-Go?"

Later, as he learned to retard his tempo, he became known from one end of the Pacific to the other simply as Doctor Mac. Few men have become so widely beloved.

When he first came to the Trust Territory Administration, he was one of more than a dozen American civilians hired to replace Navy doctors in supervising the work of the native medical practitioners. Since 1954, when he became medical director, he has released nearly all the Americans—"I've been hell on the career boys," he says—and replaced them with Micronesians.

One of the few remaining Americans is a sixty-eight-year-old Illinois dentist, Dr. Aaron Jaffe, a World War II lieutenant colonel who agreed to come to the Trust Territory in 1946, although he was not altogether sure in which ocean it was located. He has become famed throughout the Western Pacific. He began by going on his first ride in an outrigger canoe and sitting on the outrigger instead of the canoe, whereupon he was dumped into the ocean. On his first field trip, he was driven from one island by giant rats and took refuge in a canoe safely anchored in the lagoon. He was nearly terrorized by his first interpreter, a fifteen-year-old Bikini (*Continued on Page 76*)

"Boy, is he in a jam!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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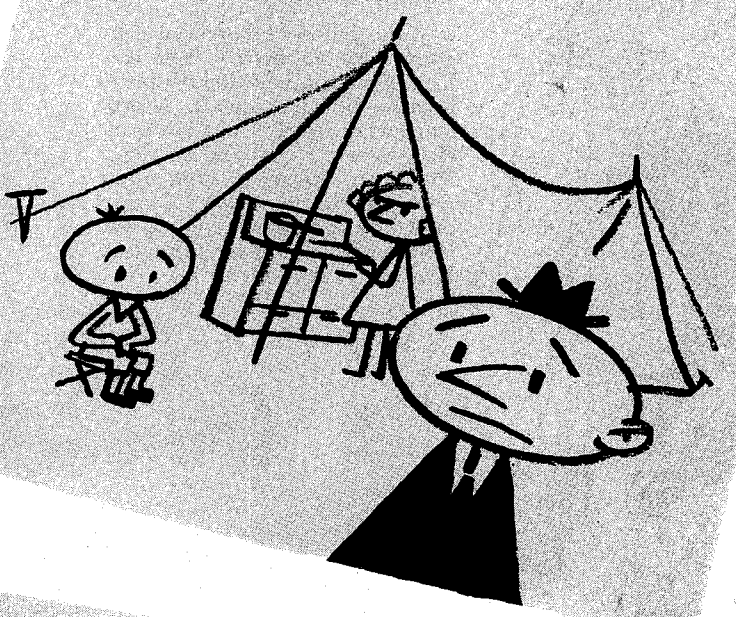
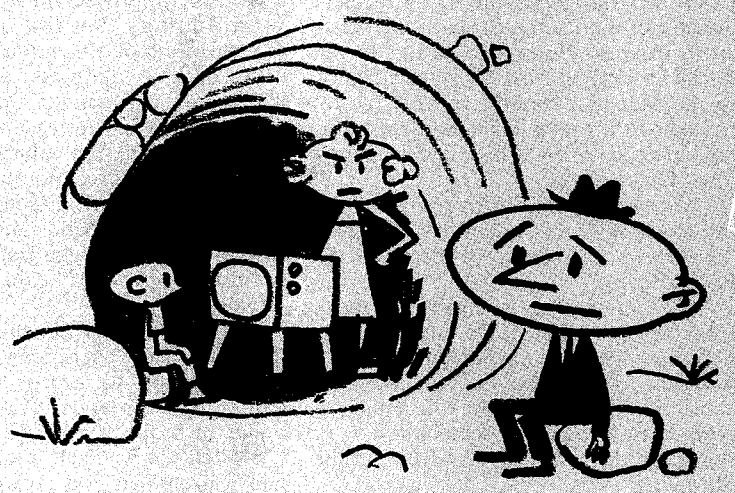
If your home is destroyed, will you have to...

1. Rent a tent?



2. Become a cave dweller?



3. Set up housekeeping in the park?

4. Move in with HER folks (or *his*)?

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(*Continued from Page 74*)

girl with a hairdo resembling a volcano in eruption.

"I do not think you can accurately describe me as particularly courageous," he says.

At the same time, however, he began to make friends by the thousands. He gave huge Christmas parties for the island children. He distributed bubble gum in fantastic quantities. He taught the islanders to brush their teeth with everything from coconut fibers to whatever toothbrushes he could buy, beg, borrow or steal. He also showed his native aides how to clean teeth, fill cavities, make extractions, prepare excellent artificial dentures, and prevent dental decay with the aid of sodium-fluoride applications.

Today his campaign is beginning to pay off in the form of healthier teeth in the island children and fewer missing teeth in the adults.

Only four civilian physicians remain in the Trust Territory. One of these is Dr. William Conover, a thirty-five-year-old Los Angeles surgeon, who is now medical director of the Palau district in the Western Carolines. He first came out to the Pacific in 1947 as a Navy doctor assigned to the Marshall Islands. In 1949, he returned to the States for additional training, and then opened his office in downtown Los Angeles.

"After six months of the smog and the traffic on Wilshire Boulevard," he says, "I knew I had to come back to the Pacific again."

The Yap district is under Dr. John Elliott, a young Texan. Dr. Glenn Roark, a former medical missionary in South America, directs the medical work at Truk. Dr. Eugene Melnikof, Russian-born, but now an American citizen, is in charge on the little island of Rota, in the Marianas.

"In two other enormous areas we've pulled out all the American doctors," says Doctor Mac. "We've got good Micronesian medical practitioners there, and we're letting them run their own show."

At Ponape, in the Eastern Carolines, the medical director is Ciro Barbosa, now the "old man" of the native medics. Described as an excellent technician with good judgment, he has won not only the respect of the thousands of native peoples in his district but also that of the Americans stationed there. Last year, for example, he was asked to care for two American women, both facing difficult and possibly dangerous childbirth. A few weeks before their babies were due, they were visited by the island administrator.

"We don't want you to take any risks," he told them. "You'd better go to Guam and have your babies in the hospital there."

"Nothing doing," said one of the women. "We've already talked it over. We want to stay here and have Doctor Ciro take care of us. He's the best there is."

Under Ciro Barbosa's care, both women safely delivered their children.

At Majuro, headquarters for the Marshall Islands district, the medical director is Arobati Hicking, born in the Gilbert Islands and educated by the Japanese before World War II. Later he was trained further by the Americans and then given a special year of postgraduate training at Hilo Memorial Hospital in Hawaii. In wartime medical circles, Arobati had won fame when he found he could give coconut milk by intravenous injection, and secretly used this nutritious material to save the lives of his starving patients.

With Arobati in the Marshalls are Isaac Lanwi, Navy-trained and now the eye specialist for the whole Trust Territory, and John Iaman, one of the top surgeons in the area. One of Iaman's most eloquent supporters is a high American official who was suddenly stricken with violent abdominal pains.

"You have a very bad appendix," the practitioner told him. "In your case, we cannot take even the slightest chance. A Navy plane is already on the way to take you to the Guam hospital. The chief of surgery there will do the operation himself."

"For heaven's sake, why go to Guam?" asked the American. "You're here. You're the surgeon I want. Call off that plane and let's get to the operating room."

The official recovered smoothly, and declared delightedly, "They couldn't have done better at the Mayo Clinic."

Significantly, the excellent surgical and medical care rendered by the practitioners is supported by excellent case records, good hospital equipment, modern drugs and supplies of some of the best medical journals. The issues of the journals are obviously well read.

Some medical experts have indicated a need for improved nursing care in the Trust Territory, but few have criticized the devotion of the nurses themselves. Many of these young women are married, with small children of their own. Repeatedly, they have left their own families to provide care for others. They have gone alone for three months at a time to run remote island dispensaries. Many have left their husbands and children for as long as a year to take graduate training at institutions like Leahi Hospital in Honolulu.

Perhaps the most difficult problem for the supervising American doctors has been learning to accept the pace, or tempo, of the islands. "You can't make things rush out here," says one of them. "You tell the medical practitioners what you want. Then you go away and stay away. They'll take care of it in their own way, and in their own time."

This does not mean that the island medics can't move fast when speed is indicated. For example, one of the most memorable emergencies in this area occurred when a practitioner named Masao Kumangai was called to see a demented woman whose throat had been slashed from ear to ear. A few minutes later he put in a radiotelephone call to an American surgeon on another island.

"I have a difficult problem here," he began. "This poor lady wished to commit suicide." He described the wound.

"That's terrible," said the surgeon. "Can you stop the bleeding?"

"The bleeding is stopped. I tied off all bleeding vessels."

"Is she breathing?"

"Yes," said Masao, "she breathes."

"Well, you'd better put in a tracheal tube so she'll have a good airway. Do you know how to put one in?"

"I do not think I know how," replied Masao. "But I have already done it. The tube is in."

"You've done all this so fast? Swell! But what's your difficult problem?"

"Oh," said the practitioner, "I do not know how to write all this in the hospital records."

In the opinion of one distinguished American medical leader, such a case helps reveal the real significance of the Micronesian medical practitioners.

"Those native medics have been criticized on the grounds of what they can't do," it was asserted recently by Dr. Paul Hawley, outspoken director of the American College of Surgeons. "This is a smug, ridiculous and dangerous attitude. The important thing is what they can do. No honest American doctor can consider their accomplishments without getting a healthy feeling of humility. It's a feeling that could benefit all of us."

THE END

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From Washout to Wonder Boy

(Continued from Page 36)

aggravating hole in their infield. For years they had considered third base a problem—one of their last really satisfactory performers at the position was their current manager, Mike Higgins, who had two of his best seasons for the Red Sox in 1937 and 1938.

"We're not only happy with Malzone, we're practically hysterical about him," Higgins said one day last summer. "I couldn't carry his glove. Neither could anyone else I can remember. He's the best third baseman I've ever seen."

One day last June, Frank dived headfirst into the front row of boxes at Boston's Fenway Park to catch a foul fly off the bat of Bubba Phillips, of the Chicago White Sox. It was a sensational, once-in-a-blue-moon play that brought the crowd to its feet.

After the game, Malzone characteristically shrugged off handshakes and backslaps. "It was up in the air and had to come down somewhere," he said. "All I tried to do was be there when it arrived."

When he tied an American League record for third basemen by getting ten assists in a game at Washington, his reaction was, "They were all easy chances. I'd have looked pretty silly if I'd messed any of them up."

Malzone's father, an immigrant Italian who neither reads nor writes anything but his name, also takes everything that Frank does as a matter of course. The father was in a box seat behind the Red Sox dugout in Yankee Stadium on a day last summer when his son made a succession of brilliant plays. Malzone got everything that was hit anywhere near him except a clean double by Hank Bauer, which zipped over third base like a pistol shot.

Frank's father was waiting for him at the players' gate afterward. "Hey, Frankie, whatsa matter?" was the old man's greeting. "One go by."

One of the few times Frank Malzone has been known to get carried away by anything he did on the ball field was when he made his first start for the Red Sox after being called up from Louisville late in the 1955 season. He played both games of a double-header against Baltimore. The Red Sox dropped the pair, but it was hardly the fault of Malzone—he connected for six straight singles.

That night he phoned his dark-haired, fun-loving wife, the former Amy Gennerino, in Oneonta, New York. Frank was so excited he could hardly talk.

"What are you trying to tell me?" she finally asked.

"Six—six—six," he sputtered. "I got six hits today!"

"And I got left six million dollars by a long-lost uncle," she retorted.

Amy says now, "It took him five expensive minutes to convince me he wasn't kidding. And even though we couldn't afford to talk that long, I didn't begrudge him a minute."

However, Frank's rejoicing proved premature. It wasn't until last year, when he was twenty-seven, that Malzone established himself with the Red Sox for keeps. His development had been delayed in various ways since he started out in the club's farm system as an eighteen-year-old high-school graduate in 1948. At Scranton in 1950 he smashed his ankle so badly that doctors thought for a while that he'd never play ball again. He came back in 1951, then spent the 1952 and 1953 seasons in the Army. After his return from the service he was still making so little money that he was the only member of the Louisville ball club who couldn't afford a car. But none of his earlier setbacks compared with the jolt he got the winter following the 1955 season.

Frank and Amy were spending the off season with their little daughter, Suzanne, and infant son, Jimmy, at the home of Amy's parents in Oneonta. On December 29, 1955, Suzanne suddenly died. Frank was inconsolable. Day after day he sat in one corner of the living room and stared wordlessly into space. Nobody could get him to talk or smile or go out of the house. He wouldn't even go hunting with his brother-in-law and close friend, Johnny Gennerino.

After two melancholy months, Amy finally persuaded Frank to go to New York City with her and baby Jimmy to visit his own parents, who still live in the same four-room house in the Bronx where Frank was born. There it was the same story. His parents, his brother Tony, and his two sisters, Mary and Margaret, all tried to jolt Frank back to reality, and all failed.

"Frankie, Frankie," his mother pleaded, after watching her youngest child eat his heart out for two weeks, "you've got to snap out of it."

"Ma," he said unhappily, "there are some things you can't snap out of—some things you can't forget."

Still in a blue daze, Frank drove Amy and the baby to Sarasota, Florida, to report to the Red Sox for spring training. He said hardly a word all the way down.

"I talked about everything I could think of—everything except the one thing that was on his mind," Amy relates. "I couldn't mention that. Neither of us ever had, not once since Suzanne left us. I wanted to get him to think about baseball and his future in it. I kept impressing on him that the Red Sox needed a third baseman, and knew what he could do. I didn't want him to forget his wonderful season at Louisville the year before, when he was named the Most Valuable Player in the American Association. I reminded him of those six hits in a row the first time he started at Fenway Park. I talked and talked and talked all the way to Florida. But all Frankie did was nod his head or mumble a word here and there."

In Sarasota, Higgins was fully aware of the burden Malzone was carrying and gave him every opportunity. The Red Sox manager handed the grief-stricken youth the third-base job on a silver platter, then had to take it away from him.

"I didn't have any choice," Higgins said later. "The poor kid couldn't concentrate. He was listless and lifeless, and all he could do was go through the motions. I stayed with him all spring, and even started him on opening day. I had him in and out of the line-up for a couple of months, hoping each time that he'd pull out of it. But he didn't, and we finally had to send him back to the minors. We thought the change might straighten him out."

Malzone was batting .165 and fielding poorly when he was optioned on June fourteenth to the San Francisco Seals, then the top Red Sox farm club.

"He must have gone out by way of Cape Horn," says John Murphy, the Red Sox farm director, who was in San Francisco at the time. "It was nearly two weeks before he arrived."

Frank didn't want to go at all. Even Amy nearly got discouraged. She went to Oneonta for a day or so before meeting Frank at his parents' house in New York. Then the dejected couple and their small son began the long trek across the country.

In San Francisco, Malzone went from bad to worse. "He waved at ground balls that went by, didn't throw to the right bases and never seemed to know what he was doing," Murphy recalls. "One day he let two pop flies drop behind him."

San Francisco officials and writers didn't know what to make of Malzone. After Frank had messed up two easy plays in a row, one observer said to Murphy, "What kind of a league is the American Association that this guy was the most valuable player in it?"

Ten days after Malzone began playing for the Seals, the manager, Eddie Joost, wrote in his daily report to Boston: "Malzone has not looked good at all. His fielding is terrible and his hitting just as bad."

Amy was frantic. Normally an ardent baseball fan, she stayed away from the ball park because she couldn't bear to watch Frank. At home she couldn't even talk baseball with him. He was too depressed to talk about anything.

On July sixth Amy stopped in to see her parish priest. She told him the whole story, and asked what she should do.

"Have you talked with him about your daughter since she died?" he asked.

"Neither of us has ever mentioned her name," Amy said.

"Well, you must mention it," he said. "You must talk it all out. It will help you both."

That night Amy brought up the subject of Suzanne when Frank came home from a twilight-night double-header. "It was like opening a door that had been closed for months," she says. "Everything that Frankie had been holding in came spilling out. We talked most of the night—not just about Suzanne, but about Jimmy and baseball and the future. And the next day, when Frankie smiled after kissing the baby and me good-by, I knew everything was going to be all right."

Everything was. Malzone fielded flawlessly and got two hits that day. Then came a three-day break for the Pacific Coast League All-Star game, during which period Joe Gordon replaced Joost as the Seals' manager, but the rejuvenation went right on.

Gordon's reports to Boston tell the story simply but graphically. On July tenth, Gordon wrote: "Malzone coming around. He hit three balls good and should help us. He's a nice boy." Two days later: "Malzone hitting and fielding good." On July twenty-first: "Nobody else hitting but Malzone and Windhorn." On August twenty-fifth: "Malzone looking better all the time." On September third: "Malzone still hitting great." And finally, on September ninth: "Malzone homered with bases full first inning. If this boy lays off bad-breaking ball because he's overanxious, he can hit anyone. Is definitely worth another shot, and I think he can make it."

Malzone ended up with a .296 batting average on the West Coast. When he reported back to Sarasota in the spring of 1957, he not only made the Red Sox with almost ridiculous ease but quickly became an American League standout. Just before the All-Star game in midseason, the American League manager, Casey Stengel, said, "Malzone's the hottest thing in our league, yet I can't start him. But I'll put him in as soon as I can."

The Yankee skipper couldn't start Malzone at third base because the fans had voted for George Kell, then winding up his career with Baltimore. The rules—which have been changed this year to let the players and managers do the voting—made it mandatory that all starters except the pitchers be chosen by the fans and, barring injury, play at least three innings.

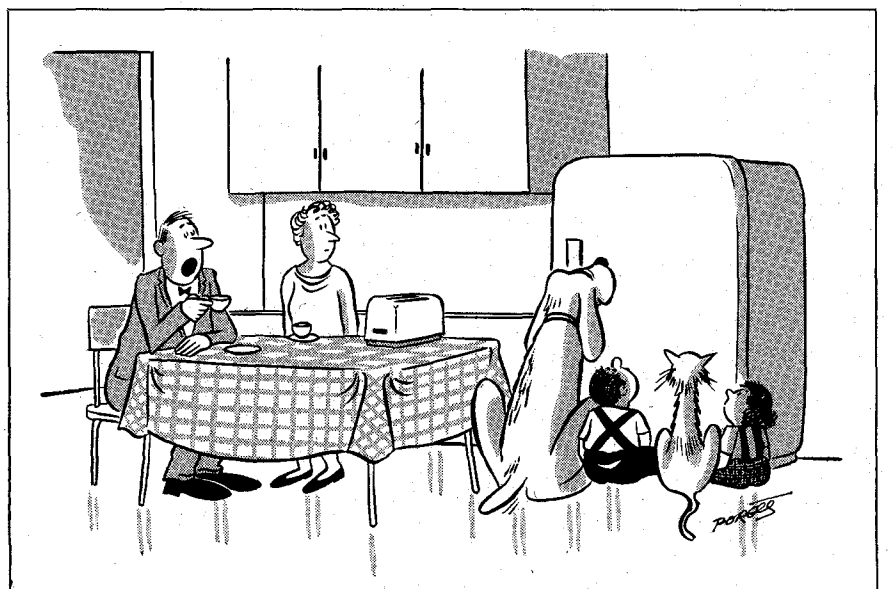
The aging Kell himself said, "I'm starting, but Malzone's the best third baseman in our league. I'll get out any time Casey's ready to put him in."

Stengel was ready the moment Kell's three innings were up. Malzone played the rest of the way and handled a couple of chances in the field. At bat he was hitless in two trips.

When the 1957 season was over, Malzone had a .292 batting average. His 103 runs batted in put him in a three-way tie for third place in R.B.I.'s with a teammate, Jackie Jensen, and Minnie Minoso of the Chicago White Sox. They were topped only by Roy Sievers of the Washington Senators, and Cleveland's Vic Wertz.

Malzone may be the only big-league ballplayer who got his original baseball training from his big sister. Born on February 28, 1930, Frank grew up just two blocks from Long Island Sound in the Clason Point section of the Bronx. As a kid, he trailed along with Mary, his tomboy sister, and his brother Tony, who is two years older than he. Mary formed a neighborhood baseball team. The only girl on it, she was the captain and catcher. Tony was the second baseman. Frank was the water boy the first year—he was six years old—but graduated at seven to right field.

"Nobody ever hit the ball to right field," recalls Tony, who now runs a factory in New Rochelle, "so we figured Frankie wouldn't get into any trouble."



"I think they need feeding."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The children played at Harding Park, on the corner of Sound View Avenue and Gildersleeve, two blocks from the tiny Malzone home on Bolton Avenue. Today there is little to remind an observer that this site spawned the best third baseman in the American League. There are patches of weeds and tall grass here and there, an ancient tennis court, a slide, a seesaw and a few swings.

Every time Frank came to bat, Mary would cup her hands and yell, "Let the first pitch go by, Frankie! See what the guy's got!"

Every time he would ignore her, lunging at the first pitch no matter where it was. He still likes to hit the first pitch.

One day last summer, after he had gone one-for-four in Yankee Stadium, Mary said to Frank, "Why don't you let the first pitch go by? Let a couple go by. Maybe it's a knuckle ball, and you don't like knuckle balls."

Frank grinned, then remarked, "I'll never learn, will I?"

In his boyhood, when Mary became too old to play ball with them, Frank and his brother joined a sand-lot team called the Clason Point Cards, which eventually merged with the Leland Cubs. They used to play other neighborhood teams for side bets. Each team put two dollars into a pool, which the winners split. Frank was the best ballplayer on the Cubs, but he refused to be the captain, so Tony was elected.

"That was much better," Frank said. "Tony likes to argue."

Frank went to Samuel Gompers High, a vocational school which had no baseball team until his sophomore year. He led the team to a city championship in its class in 1947. He had a natural desire to be a big-league ballplayer, but not much hope. A New York Giants scout had once told him to come around after he had filled out a little. At the time, Malzone weighed 150 pounds and stood five feet, eight inches; today he is two inches taller and thirty pounds heavier.

Frank was just about resigned to a career as an electrician, a trade he learned in high school, when a man named Cy Phillips told him he might be able to get him a professional baseball job. Phillips, who owned a sporting-goods store in the Bronx, was a friend of George Toporcer, then the Red Sox farm director. Right after Malzone graduated from high school in January of 1948, Phillips and Charley Niebergall, the chief Red Sox scout in the New York area, went to Frank's home and offered him a contract at $150 a month to play in the Red Sox farm system.

The Red Sox since have shelled out hundreds of thousands of dollars in bonus contracts to promising kids—none of them as successful yet as Malzone—but they weren't going in much for bonus players then. However, $150 a month looked like a lot of money to everyone in the Malzone family except Tony, who was against signing at that figure. But he was outvoted, and Frank's father, who worked as a laborer in the city water department, traced his name on the contract for his son, who would not be eighteen for another month.

Until Phillips phoned Frank for tickets to a ball game last summer, Malzone never saw or heard from him again. Toporcer and Niebergall both left the Red Sox the year after Frank was signed, and no one else in the Boston organization knew Phillips.

Woman's favorite beast of burden is a man who is loaded with money.

IMOGENE FEY

Recently Phillips was located in the dry-cleaning establishment he now operates on Long Island. "I never discovered another ballplayer, either for the Red Sox or anyone else," he said. "I'll stand on my record—one boy signed, one big-leaguer."

The boy didn't look like a big-leaguer in 1948. He was fast and had a great arm, but was green and wild. During the season, Toporcer told Phillips that the Red Sox would keep him for their farm system, but didn't consider him a prospect for the parent club. Malzone spent the year at Milford, in the Class D Eastern Shore League. He didn't tear the league apart, but he batted .304, and showed enough promise to rate a promotion to Oneonta, in the Class C Canadian-American League.

It was there that he met Amy Gennerino, a teachers-college student. Amy, whose father worked for the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, had been a baseball fan since the days when she used to baby-sit for the Dick Fowlers, her next-door neighbors. Fowler was then a pitcher for the Philadelphia Athletics.

Amy and her girl friends also knew a majority of the Oneonta ballplayers, who mostly were youngsters in their late teens. The whole crowd met regularly at an ice-cream parlor on Main Street. The night Frank and Amy met, he walked her to her home on Grand Street, followed by half a dozen couples singing "Once in Love With Amy."

"They sang it all the way down Main Street," Amy recalls. "I didn't mind, but Frank was embarrassed to death. The kids didn't shut up until we got near the corner of Main and Grand, where Eddie Popowski, the manager, had an apartment. Then they sneaked off, because it was after hours for the boys and they didn't want him to know they were still up."

For several weeks, Amy considered Frank no more than "just a good strawberry sundae every night." She liked him, but never thought of him seriously until Popowski met her at the ball park one day and said, "If you're not going to marry him, stop going with him. A wife can make or break a ballplayer." Before she could recover from surprise and mild indignation, he walked away.

She took Popowski's words to heart, although for a couple of years Frank's future was too uncertain for marriage. While playing for Scranton, in the Eastern League, in 1950, he shattered his ankle sliding into second base in the second game of the season. His leg was in a cast for three months, and it was touch and go if he would ever play again. But no permanent damage resulted, and he was back with Scranton the following year.

Frank and Amy were married on August 25, 1951, after a hectic afternoon caused by a bus delay. En route from Binghamton to Albany, the Scranton team went right through Oneonta. Frank got permission from Jack Burns, his manager, to get off there for the wedding.

"I think he would have swapped the two days off I gave him for the two hours we were delayed," said Burns, who is now a Red Sox coach. "The bus broke down right outside of Binghamton, and Frank nearly went crazy waiting for the guy to fix it. I never saw him so jittery, on or off the field. But we got him to Oneonta in time for the ceremony. When we arrived at the bus stop on Main Street, Amy was waiting alone, cool and calm as you please. She invited us all to stay, but we had to play a ball game in Albany that night."

The impact of the Malzone-Gennerino wedding was felt in Boston six years later. Amy and Frank entertained relatives at their home in suburban Needham practically every night last baseball season. Amy has three brothers and two sisters, all but one of whom are married. Frank's sister, Margaret, is a widow with two children. Mary is single, but Tony is married and has three children. And both Amy's and Frank's parents are alive, healthy and able to travel.

Early in the season, Frank won a dinner for two at the Hotel Somerset in Boston—his prize for being named the team's "silent man" in that previously mentioned movie publicity stunt. When he hadn't come to claim it by mid-September, the manager phoned Joe McKenney, the Red Sox publicity director, and asked him to remind Malzone that the free meals were still waiting for him.

"When are you and Amy going to have that dinner for two at the Somerset?" McKenney asked Malzone.

"When there are just two of us to eat it," Frank said. "So far, that hasn't happened all season." The dinners are still there.

Malzone, the last person in the world to want to get involved in rhubarbs, found himself the center of a season-long argument in 1957 over whether or not he was a rookie. Boston writers, who insisted that he was, sought the aid of Will Harridge, president of the American League. Harridge, no more anxious to get mixed up in the discussion than Malzone, left it up to the Baseball Writers Association, which names a Rookie of the Year in each major league every season.

Just before the end of the season, the four-man board of directors of the association voted, three to one, against considering Malzone a rookie, because he had been with the Red Sox for fifty-nine days in 1956, playing in twenty-seven games and batting 103 times. The only dissenting vote came from Mike Gillooly, of the Boston American.

With Malzone out of the running, Tony Kubek, of the Yankees, easily won the award. Malzone was later named the Sophomore of the Year, a title he didn't know existed. He also finished seventh in the balloting for Most Valuable Player honors.

Even more to the point, Boston general manager Joe Cronin gave him a fat salary boost for 1958. When the customary winter trading activity was at its height, Cronin announced himself ready to consider deals for all but two of his Red Sox. One of the untouchables was, of course, the club's perennial superstar, explosive Ted Williams. The other was Boston's rising new star, the silent but solid Frank Malzone.

Why Russia Has Poland Trouble (Continued from Page 31)

To miss this simple truth is to miss everything. It boils up in every discussion, has provoked one recent explosion and threatens another. Often it hits the visitor in the face like a spanking breeze off the Vistula. Recently, trying to mend some prestige fences, the Soviet Ministry of Culture sent to Warsaw one of the best plays in the Moscow repertory, a modern problem drama by the poet Mayakovsky. Up went the opening curtain, revealing the fine living room of a well-heeled Moscow citizen—leather-bound books, a warm fireplace, a TV set and a resplendent new electric refrigerator. Peals of mocking laughter swept the Warsaw first-night audience. When the perplexed Russian director came out front to discover what had gone wrong this time, the haughty Poles were only too keen to tell him:

"Today, we may be too poor to afford that icebox, but we are civilized enough to know it belongs in the kitchen, not the parlor."

Almost all Polish jokes about the Ivans have this lace-curtain fringe, variants on the basic theme that the Russian pig is unwanted in the Polish parlor.

As an American reporter, only in Turkey have I ever before met such violent revulsion against the Russians as a people, a popular vocabulary in which the words "Soviet," "Russian" and "Communist" are a single anathema. The Poles, the Irish of the Slavs, are much more volatile and loquacious than the Turks, and Turkey at least lies outside the Soviet sphere of influence. But geography keeps Poland within that sphere, semi-demi free. This is the terrible danger. Poland is a satellite wobbling on its own axis, propelled by an intense desire to seek a national orbit of its own, to explode itself into freedom.

In the Polish rebellion of October, 1956, what Radio Warsaw called "Our Springtime in October," the wrath of the people demanded, and got, the removal of the pseudo-Pole Marshal Rokossovsky as Commander in Chief of the Polish Army. Students and workers in Warsaw almost toppled Dzerzhinski too. They scaled the pedestal and smeared his hands with paint, blood red. The despised statue, like the whole Communist regime in Poland, teetered, but it did not fall. Why it did not fall is already part of the modern legend of Warsaw.

The time was early November, 1956. The whole world had tuned in on the turbulent October in Warsaw, the stirring and heart-lifting spectacle of a captive people clanking loose many of their shackles. Suddenly, world attention and Soviet malice were directed south, to the more dramatic and bloodier revolt of the Hungarians.

In those days, Warsaw and Budapest were quivering on almost the same frequency—it was sympathetic vibration. The rebellious spirit of Posnan and Warsaw had inspired the Magyars to try to go farther, faster. During the whole Hungarian upheaval the telegraph and telephone lines from Budapest to Warsaw remained in full operation. Polish reporters—three of whom fought with the Hungarians—filed the fullest running stories. Poland was first to hear the bad news from Budapest, when it finally turned bad.

As Soviet tanks moved on that bitter November fourth to crush the Hungarian freedom fighters, all Warsaw seethed with frustrated fraternal fury. By midnight a menacing crowd had assembled downtown, determined to do something, anything, to let off steam. They started to warm up by chanting patriotic songs

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Advertisement

The Picture of Health for April

by MAXINE DAVIS

Teeth are remarkable implements. Their enamel surfaces are the hardest in the human body, yet the membranes that hold them in place are very delicate. This chewing apparatus does tough work under drastically changing conditions, as when ice cream is followed by hot coffee. It has to chop up soft bread, tough meat, even bones. It must resist germs that swarm into the mouth by the billions, diseases that attack the body in general and often affect the gums and the tissues that support the teeth.

Many factors affect the teeth adversely, and only fairly recently has even the most conscientious tooth-brushing helped keep them after middle age.

That's why I taught our children to use CALOX Tooth Powder as soon as they learned to brush their own teeth. There's no substitute for a really good tooth *powder*, for securing the very best results in cleaning—and preserving—and polishing the teeth. CALOX gets into the minute spaces between the teeth; that's so important in their care. It also polishes the teeth, essential to the enamel, and helps keep the gums healthy. CALOX tastes pleasant, too, and makes the mouth feel fresh and good.

Easter breakfast is a tradition with us. The whole family—uncles, aunts, cousins—came to us. Our teen-agers as usual, invited some of their friends. With Easter so early, preparations became hurried and harried. And Jane and Ann both suffer from acne that used to spoil everything for them.

Not now. I keep an extra supply of UTOL on hand whenever a special event is imminent. Our adolescents know that UTOL will keep their looks—and spirits. UTOL is an antiseptic antibiotic ointment. It doesn't cure acne but it relieves the itching and minor irritations, and helps heal, as it guards the skin against re-infection. When the girls have pimples on their faces they apply UTOL each night; daytimes, under their foundation cream. It hides the "spots," so they can forget them!

Great-Uncle Joe loves to help. Why not? He's only 70 years young! So he does those last-minute errands, though he knows that carrying bundles and getting caught in April showers gives him rheumatism. Then I get busy with my SURIN. I put moist hot towels on his aching joints until the skin is warm and water-saturated. Then I apply SURIN gently. He's so thankful that I feel grateful my own self. Although there's no cure for rheumatism or arthritis, we can rely on SURIN to act promptly and bring temporary relief of minor pains.

Our Heir Apparent has made the college baseball team. So I make a point of lecturing him again about athlete's foot during Easter vacation.

"You remember how you had to sit on the sidelines and suffer your last game in high school," I remind him. Yes—OCTOFEN Liquid got rid of it, but Western lost the championship. A fellow owes it to the team to *prevent* such risks. So you dry your feet thoroughly after every shower and dust them well with OCTOFEN Powder. Be sure you get it between each toe. Put on *clean* socks and sprinkle OCTOFEN Powder into them before you put them on! Scientific findings indicate that no other fungicide has ever been more successful than OCTOFEN to stop the attack or to prevent it.

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laced with virulent anti-Soviet slogans: "Russian SS!" "Ivan Go Home!" "Katyn, Katyn, Katyn"—in memory of the 10,000 Polish officers murdered in Poland's Katyn Forest, in 1940, by the Soviet secret police. Soon the idea of toppling Dzerzhinski was broached. As one group moved on the statue, another set off to get crowbars and battering rams to storm the Soviet Embassy.

About midway between these two magnets of popular wrath stands a small Roman Catholic church. Word of the crowd's daring but hare-brained purpose was relayed to the archepiscopal palace of Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, himself just out of prison. A cool churchman in a nation of born hotheads, the awakened cardinal hopped quickly out of bed, slipped into his red-piped cassock, was driven hastily to the church, and began saying one of the most unorthodox low masses in ecclesiastical history. (The time was now 3 A.M.) This symbolic and mollifying act, by a cardinal with a native knowledge of Polish psychology, managed to deflect and calm the madding crowd. By such a thin thread did fearful decisions hang in the balance, and the thread is still thin today. Luckily, the cardinal is still as cool.

Recently I stood with a group of Warsaw students in front of the statue of Dzerzhinski. It impressed me as an awkward object for anyone to topple. But engineer students of Warsaw Polytech hastened to assure me to the contrary. After a measured study of stress and strain, they have decided "the weak spot is in the ankles." These Warsaw students—there are 27,000 in the capital city—use their slip sticks and logarithm tables for more than academic homework. It is inspiring, but more than a bit frightening, to realize with what crazy courage these young Polish Davids gaze straight into the eyes of the Soviet Goliath.

While the rest of the world marvels at the triumph of Soviet technicians in launching the Sputniks, and Khrushchev boasts of shooting the moon, it is time perhaps to take a good inner look at this nagging satellite problem right on the ground. Poland is not on the moon. And today more than engineers ponder the question: "How strong are Dzerzhinski's ankles?"

Which is another way of asking: "How long can Gomulka last?" For eighteen swiveling months now, this plucky little Communist has been defying all the laws of political gravity, still aloft as the boss of a bankrupt Communist Party and state apparatus, buoyed up by the known anti-Communist sentiments of 95 per cent of the Polish people. Washington is coy about underwriting him, Moscow hesitates to shoot him down.

When a plodder becomes a tightrope walker, the suspense can be nerve-racking. Wladyslaw Gomulka was born to be lonely. Today he still walks alone, the tightrope over a chasm, and the end of the act may well be sudden and tragic. When he looks around today in Warsaw at his own nine-man Politburo, he sees the faces of six men who betrayed him once before—when Stalin ordered his purge in 1948—the craven faces of men waiting for the cock to crow a second time. He speaks for the Poles on one issue only, sovereignty, a curious compact blessed by a Roman Catholic cardinal. Gomulka, coming out of jail, met the Polish people on the march toward national freedom. Both made a deal in the middle of the road. Poland today is a halfway house, but the middle of the road is a perilous place to build a house.

Poland today is half slave, half free, a twilight paradise for those who enjoy paradox, but a dismal day-to-day

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purgatory for the Polish people themselves. On the economic front, which many regard as critical, things are not much better—or worse—than in 1956; which is to say, they are desperate.

Poland is still a police state, but with the cops at the moment engaged in arresting their former chiefs and bringing them to trial, in a legal manner, for "crimes against the people," which were exactly that. Atheist Communism is still the official state doctrine, but the state has thrown open school doors for voluntary instruction in the Catholic religion. Let the church, as Gomulka put it dourly, "go its doctrinaire Roman way." The press is still hobbled, but the censor spends most of his time blue-penciling anti-Russian and pro-American nuggets that wily Polish journalists and cartoonists work all day to slip into their copy.

Elections are still rigged, but Western reporters covering last year's *Sejm* (Parliament) election called it the most honest phony election ever held in Communist Eastern Europe. Marxist-Leninism is still the official economic religion of the state. Yet the Ministry of Agriculture is busily engaged in dismantling collective farms—fewer than 1700 of some 12,000 remain—and this year the Polish peasant has more freedom to plant what crops he chooses than many peasants in Western Europe. Freedom of speech, which for several giddy months was universal, is still substantial. Nobody today can mount a soapbox in Constitution Square and denounce Gomulka, Khrushchev or even John Foster Dulles. This must be done in a café or cabaret, and before fewer than 100 listeners.

What, then, is Gomulkism? Certainly it is something new under the sun. When this stubborn Pole was wafted back into power in October, 1956, his cheeks still pale with the pallor of Stalinist prisons, many in the Western world welcomed Gomulka as a second Tito. But this analogy is in many ways false. Poland is enveloped in Soviet military power, like the ham in a sandwich.

First and foremost, there is geography. The rebel Tito twitted Stalin from the relatively safe side of the Iron Curtain, from outside the post-1945 stamping grounds of the Red Army. Gomulka's Poland lies right across the supply lines of the powerful Red Army in East Germany. Politically, Tito at home is the most orthodox and leftist of Marxist-Leninists, running a tight, personal satrapy perhaps more monolithic today than Big Brother, the Soviet Union. Finally, there is the utter contrast in character. Tito is a blend of the Balkan bandit with the peacock strut of a Mussolini and the wassailing ways of a Hermann Goering. Gomulka is a frank, plodding, almost ascetic man. Nor is Gomulka's Poland today a tyranny. Citizens and writers complain openly about restraints on freedom, itself a real freedom.

In terms of world Communism today—that secular religion—Tito is only a schismatic, taking advantage of his own geography, whereas in the colorless but courageous Gomulka we may be seeing the emergence of an authentic Communist heretic. Viewed in this light, many of the paradoxes of Poland today, many of Gomulka's seeming strange actions, are not so much strange as agonizing. What is often forgotten is that this man Gomulka is not a Pole who just happened to be a Communist. He is a lifelong Communist who happens to be a Pole, and sat ten years in four Polish jails for his beliefs. What makes Gomulka interesting, indeed what makes him possible at this stage of history, is precisely his Communism.

What is unique in Gomulka's career is that he is the only prominent Communist in the Soviet sphere who had the anathema of heresy hurled at him by Stalin himself (1948), survived by the skin of his teeth, and returned to a position of power. Hence the high drama of his violent dialogue with Khrushchev and Company. Gomulka, Gomulka, for that was a name that belonged in the same East European dead-letter box with the Czech Slansky, the Hungarian Rajk, the Bulgarian Kostov—those long-gone East European martyrs.

Yet there he stood. Wladyslaw Gomulka is the wily cat of the Communist movement, who has used up only seven of his nine lives. He is also the true example of Nikita Khrushchev's parable: "A man takes on the dignity of the job to which he is elected." In October, 1956, heretic Gomulka had just been elected by the terrified Polish Politburo to tell the visiting Moscow cabinet the facts of life about Soviet imperialism. Gomulka took off both gloves and threw them down as gauntlets.

The full text of Gomulka's philippic has never been published, but enough is known in Warsaw today to make it one of the most damning indictments of Soviet rapacity ever uttered. Khrushchev himself, earlier that same year, had denounced Stalinism, but with dialectical precision he was most careful to portray Stalin not as a product of the Soviet system, but as a perverter of it. Nor was there any mention of Stalin's crimes beyond the borders of the U.S.S.R. On this crucial point, Gomulka turned Khrushchev's flank. He argued that as far as the Polish nation was concerned, Stalinism was not a perversion of the system, it was the system itself and for several hours he read from his long, cost-accounted list of crass Soviet violations of Polish sovereignty:

The U.S.S.R. had cheated Poland out of her 15 per cent share in German reparations, promised at Potsdam, but carted off to Russia.

Soviet factory and industrial removals from Polish Silesia, claimed as German assets, were flagrant industrial piracy.

Forced exports were a third form of plunder. Millions of tons of coal, Poland's most precious national wealth, had been paid for by Moscow at $3.00 a ton when the world price had risen to $20.00.

Soviet trade officials had invented rubber rubles, a two-way stretch allowing Russia to buy cheap and sell dear in Poland.

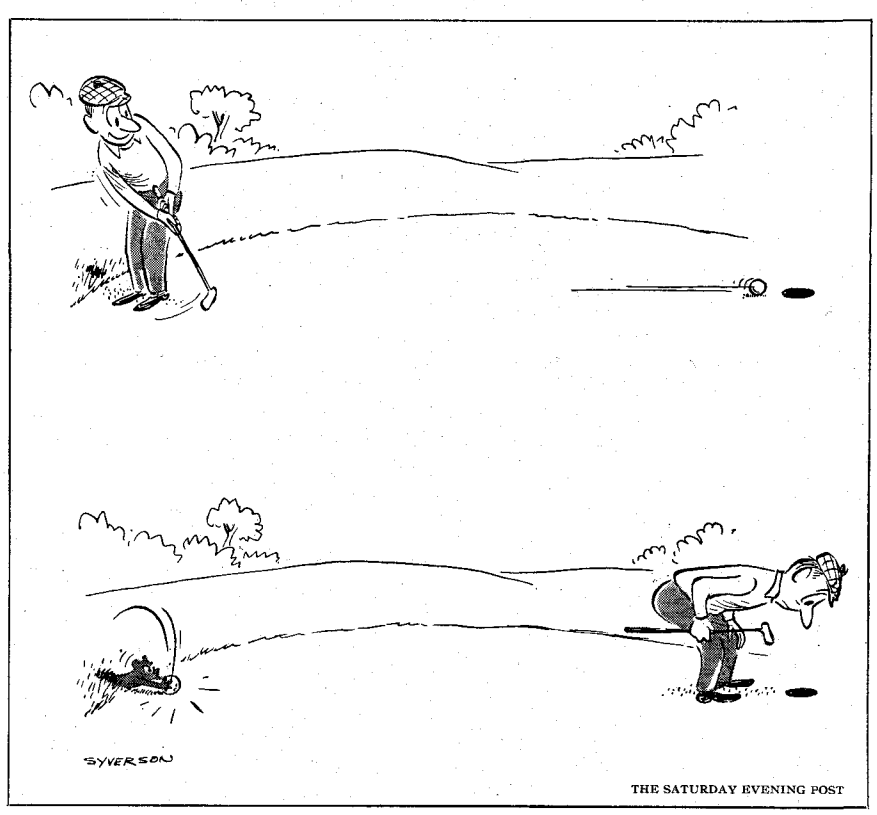
The Polish Six Year Plan, written in Moscow, distorted Polish heavy industry to serve the Soviet war economy. Polish plants had to produce steel plate for North Korean tanks, hence no cranes were available for the rebuilding of Warsaw.

Stalinism had brought utter madness to the Polish countryside. Soviet designs were forced on Polish tractor plants, as if Polish small holdings could be farmed like steppes. Poland's once-rich fields became bread factories to feed the mouths of the resident Red Army, while Poles in towns and cities had to import grain from Canada.

And finally, crimes against humanity. Russia's "little Berias" had taken over the Polish police, kidnaped, jailed and murdered tens of thousands of Polish citizens in purges ordered by the paranoid Stalin. The prominent victims of this terrorism included Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, the Deputy Commander in Chief of the Polish Armed Forces Marian Spychalski, and Gomulka himself—then Deputy Premier, now First Secretary of the party. Gomulka ended the confrontation scene on a note of eloquent modesty: "Our Polish cup has been filled to the brim, and over."

Gomulka stood up to Khrushchev with his back to the wall, and for a while it looked as if there was no wall there. But at least there were 28,000,000 Poles there, like Gomulka himself filled from head to toe with a ferocious patriotism. It was Khrushchev who was forced to flinch. After this act of supreme courage is it likely that Gomulka, who won such a showdown victory over Moscow in 1956—"Accept the Polish road to socialism or accept chaos"—would willingly betray his own victory? It is not likely. Having crossed the Rubicon, what then made Gomulka hesitate to continue the march?

Realism and fear, fear of the iron Soviet shadow. As one pro-Gomulka member of the Polish Politburo put it, "We have no Himalayas." Gomulka himself, in a grim appeal for steady nerves, warned his people, "One false step and Poland will be crossed off the map of Europe." Everyone knew he was not talking of an invasion by the Swiss. Since October, 1956, Soviet policy toward



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Poland has been shrewd and even sinister, but it has not been mysterious. The short-term policy has been to tolerate this heretic to prevent out-and-out anti-Communist upheaval. The long-term policy is to export Gomulka just enough rope so he can hang himself.

In this dreadful game of chess, being played over the prostrate body of the Polish nation, our Western response has been feeble and confusing. Common sense could have told us one thing about Gomulka. A hero does not bug out in the very next battle. If Gomulka has been bending his neck and sometimes his knee in the direction of Moscow, someone is twisting his arm. That someone is Khrushchev. Meanwhile our Western statesmen see a man wrestling with a bear, a bear we know is our mortal enemy, so from time to time they send the man peanuts. Poland has been given less aid than Fascist Spain, medieval Jordan or even Nasser's Egypt.

Today it may already be too late to save the Gomulka experiment. It is dismal to record the ebbing of the high tide of real freedom this country reached in October, 1956. Most symbolic, since a free press could have been the megaphone for broaching other reforms, has been the remuzzling of the press. And most ironic, because it was the very journal that sparked his own ascent to power, was Gomulka's decision to ban Po Prostu (Plain Speaking) for plain speaking. To avoid giving offense to the Soviets, Gomulka has taken to censoring his own speeches, and now releases trimmed versions through the official news agency, properly called PAP.

The drama of Po Prostu was perky while it lasted. In the bad old Stalinist days, Po Prostu had been just another turgid party-line weekly, circulation 20,000. It was edited by a group of young Communist students and intellectuals, an elite trained and subsidized by the regime. Slowly—and this was the true beginning of the October revolution—the editors became patriotic and angry young men, "the enraged ones." Circulation shot up to 150,000 as they turned their searchlights into the dark corners of the Polish national house. When Gomulka came to power, these young hot-shots looked like his boys, and as exciting as if the editors of the Harvard Crimson had taken over Pravda.

But with more courage than discretion the muckraking editors kept the searchlight burning. After a short honeymoon with the new regime, they went after Gomulka's failure to purge known Stalinists, his soft-talk on the Soviet Union, the mummery in the Polish Parliament, crooks and plunderers in the national industries, universal black marketing, the national spree of drunkenness, wild inflation, the paralysis of production. Their last crack, in the issue that never hit the streets, was a true Parthian shot: "For Stalinist chaos, Gomulka has substituted pure Polish chaos."

The sad sequel shows perhaps the true mood of today's Poland, where the angry young men—called "Revisionists"—are left to gasp like mackerel on the strand, their brave ideas mouthfuls of air. When Po Prostu was closed down in October, 1957, the protests did not approach the intensity and fervor of the "bread-and-freedom" revolt that swept the major cities of Poland in 1956. It was only a straw blaze. This time the disgruntled auto workers at the Zeran plant did not march into downtown Warsaw. They are keeping their hidden arms for another day. Sydney Gruson, New York Times correspondent in Warsaw, wrapped up the whole story in one sharp lead: "The same week that Po Prostu was banned, the price of butter shot up 25 per cent and all Poland grumbled. But only a handful of students protested the banning of the crusading journal." Freedom without bread or freedom without butter on the bread is not enough.

The Polish national mood today is neither wrath nor hope, but almost universal frustration. This is not so much hostility to Gomulka as glum realization that he and Poland are caught in a bind. In Warsaw student cellar cabarets, which a year ago were alive with brilliant political skits, the atmosphere today is weary and cynical. Most students have turned to American jazz and bop—"See you later, deviator"—imported French existentialism, and some droll skits of their own, including a gal philosophy student who does a mock strip tease while reciting pages from Spinoza's Ethics. Late in the evening, a student dressed as a clown comes on stage pulling a seeming endless rope. Asked if the rope has any end, he replies, "No, it's been cut off." A student next to me translates: "He means it's been cut off—like our Gomulka revolution."

But the story is not so simple as that. To any outsider coming here with experience of other Communist regimes—the Soviet Union, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia—the very air is different. The Poles may be leashed, but they have freedom to bark. Moreover, four major reforms remain to this day intact—the liberation of the Roman Catholic Church, the defanging of the secret police, the return of the land to the men who till it, the Polish Army under Polish command. These are not trifles.

Consider Polish Communism's retreat in the battle with the Church for the minds of Poland's youth. True, a priest is not yet free to preach that Communism is the opium of the people, but he can preach the 8th Commandment—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor"—an effective way of saying the same thing. On Corpus Christi, Polish colonels now march the troops to Mass, banners high proclaiming the Virgin Mary "Queen of Poland." And, in the hearts of this most Catholic of peoples, she is.

Polish peasants—still 60 per cent of the population—are working today like demons to dismantle the collectives, plow under the state farms and build again their own fences around their re-won land. This was one of Gomulka's most daring gambles. He restored capitalism to the countryside, hoping to save socialism in the cities.

The third sweeping reform was the curbing of the secret-police spooks. No one in Poland today fears that knock on the door. By throwing away this instrument of persuasion, Gomulka, the Communist, abandoned what many people regard as the true fulcrum of Communist power. Since the economic history of man began, there have been but two known ways to get a rather donkeylike mankind to do a full day's work—the carrot or the stick, free or slave labor.

Gomulka, to loud popular hosannas, tossed away the stick, but he just did not have many carrots to go round. This is really what brought the Polish landslide toward liberty to a crunching halt. With strikes no longer a crime against the state, the public transport workers of Lodz soon voted to strike. They wanted to raise their wretched $9.00 for a sixty-hour week to the national level of $11.00. But this, in turn, would have touched off a general round of wage increases not matched by production increases, hence an even wilder inflation. Gomulka

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resorted to desperate remedies. He broke the strike, then turned round and slapped a 15 per cent national tax on vodka consumption, creating a special fund to aid the Lodz workers. The workers' response was sardonically voiced by one of them: "Now when I throw a roaring drunk off my tram, he beats his breast and says he was just drinking for my social security."

In the west it is often asked whether Gomulka is moving to the left or to the right. From close up in Poland, it merely looks as if he is moving warily in a vicious circle. To his right are the old Stalinists, now called "Conservatives," not exactly House of Commons types. To his left are the "Revisionists," a blanket term for intellectuals ranging from left-Communists still arguing over the beard of the prophet Marx, to fallen-away Communists eager to move a long way toward social democracy. Most Revisionists want their former idol Gomulka to compound his heresy—put the state above the party, put the Parliament above both state and party, take this idea from Mao, that from Tito, ignore Moscow. Maybe, proposed Communist deputy Julian Hochfeld in all candor, it might be wise to wipe out the present Communist Party and form two new ones, so there could be livelier elections and debates.

After some months' hesitation, Gomulka decided he must continue to govern through the instrument of the party. This may have been an instinctive reflex out of his own past, but it was mightily re-enforced by his knowledge that Moscow would never tolerate a dismantling of the Polish Workers' Party (Communist). Yet as an instrument of power this party was just about bankrupt, and the people knew it. Watching Communists trying to operate without the bloodhounds of the secret police is like watching the New York Yankees trying to play baseball without bats.

At the top, including the majority of the Politburo and most of the ministers, are several old Stalinist nostalgics—called the Natolin group—whom Gomulka did not quite dare sack. What restrains them from mounting a *putsch* against the Gomulka New Deal is their memory of October, 1956, and the Polish people's memory. They would hang from lamp-posts.

At the bottom of the party, the rank and file, the situation is utterly laughable. Before 1945 the true card-carrying membership of the Polish Communist Party was about 20,000. In the next twelve years it swelled to 1,200,000. Gomulka has started a weeding-out process to locate the true believers. That should get the number down well below 20,000.

In the middle, as in all totalitarian parties, are the *apparatchiks*, the alleged backbone of the party. In Poland this type is best represented by the bully-boys who become "district secretaries," regional managers and sometimes mayors. These are the worst scalawags of all, today acting like hermit crabs in search of new shells. Born with two left hands, ever since they lost their power to flog the citizenry they have taken to milking them.

Even a random reading of the Polish press, social items that slip past the censor, reveals the mayor of Krakow up on a charge of running a hot-car racket; the chief architect of Posnan selling public housing to his pals at Miami rates; the director of the meat-processing plant in Elblag and the Party Secretary of Gdansk running black-market resort-restaurants; the MOTOIMPORTI branch of the Ministry of Foreign Trade raffling off all imported motorcycles; the mayor of Olsztyn (Allenstein) cornering the dairy market and opening up a string of milk bars; the deputy mayor of Szczecin (Stettin) arrested as the chief of a holdup gang. The wife of a minister in Warsaw controls a bevy of what in wicked capitalist countries are known as call girls. Restoring capitalism in Poland someday should not be too difficult. The Communist Party faithful are already leading the parade.

This Gargantuan graft is but part of the Gomulka inheritance. Worse by far is the distortion of the fragile Polish economy. The Soviets, in their twelve years of economic tyranny in Poland, bled their anemic ally like vampires from the Dracula country. Cleverly, Russian experts linked almost every Polish factory, as supplier or supplied, with the master plan for Soviet industry. Ships the Poles have been building on the Baltic are designed for Russian engines and Russian waters; the textile industry of Lodz today gets its cotton out of Egypt via Russia; the Zeran auto plant was modeled on the Soviet Pobeda factory, and must get its parts from the east; the URSUS tractor plant produces giant tractors with Russian tank engines; the giant and cost-crazy steel complex at Nowa Huta—New Steel Town, near Krakow—gets 70 per cent of its iron ore not from Sweden, which would be better and cheaper, but from Krivoi Rog in the Soviet Union. The imperialism, in short, was built in. Every time Moscow wants to bring pressure on Warsaw the iron-ore shipments to Nowa Huta just do not arrive.

Two can play at this game. We Americans can help stymie the blackmail. Here indeed is a clue to the kind of American aid that would be most effective, most welcome to the Polish people, and which does not involve vast sums. We have as much obvious interest in shoring up the Gomulka experiment as Moscow has in undermining it. When they attempt to wring political concessions from Poland by holding up iron ore, or cotton, or grain, we can ship these items, quickly and cheaply. In this kind of economic warfare, we and our now prosperous Western European allies have most of the blue chips; we should be better at it than the Soviets. This is probably the only effective way to save the Gomulka regime—the alternative is an explosion that every sane observer here dreads.

History seldom offers ideal choices. To argue that Poland is still Communist or that Gomulka is not a white-vest democrat may be to miss the main chance. As far as today's Poland is concerned, it is a bit like standing on our lofty western bank, and telling a drowning man how much we deplore his gulping so much water. It would be a blot on the American record if that struggling Pole did drown.

THE END

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Hornblower's Hurricane (Continued from Page 23)

was brought in to him after his arrival in his office, instead of awaiting him there, because he had complained then that it was always too cold, but neither Spendlove nor Gerard saw fit to remind him of this.

"I'll sign those warrants," said Hornblower. "Not that I think that cooper's worth his salt. His barrels open up into birdcages."

Spendlove scattered sand from the caster over the wet ink of Hornblower's signatures and put the warrants aside. Hornblower took another sip of coffee.

"Here's your refusal of the Crichtons' invitation, my lord. In the third person, so your signature isn't necessary."

If that had been said to him a little while before, Hornblower would have demanded why, in that case, he was being bothered with it, forgetful of his own standing order that nothing was to go out in his name without his seeing it. But even two sips of coffee had done their work.

"Very well," he said, glancing over it and taking up his cup again.

Spendlove watched the level of the liquid sink in the cup, and judged the moment to be more propitious now. He laid a letter on the desk.

"From Sir Thomas, my lord."

Hornblower uttered a small groan as he picked it up; Captain Sir Thomas Fell, of H.M.S. Clorinda, was a fussy individual, and a communication from him usually meant trouble—unnecessary trouble, and therefore to be grudged. Not in this case, though. Hornblower read the official document and then craned over his shoulder at Spendlove.

"What's all this about?" he demanded.

"It's rather a curious case, I hear, my lord," answered Spendlove.

It was a "circumstantial letter," a formal request from Captain Fell for a court-martial to be held on Bandsman Hudnutt, of the Royal Marines, for "willful and persistent disobedience to orders." Such a charge, if substantiated, meant death or else such a flogging that death would be preferable. Spendlove was perfectly well aware that his admiral detested hangings and floggings.

"The charges are preferred by the drum major," commented Hornblower to himself.

He knew the drum major, Cobb, perfectly well, or at least as well as the peculiar circumstances permitted. As admiral and commander in chief, Hornblower had his own band, which was under the command of Cobb, holding warrant rank. Previous to all official occasions where music had to be provided, Cobb reported to Hornblower for orders and instructions, and Hornblower would go through the farce of agreeing with the suggestions put forward. He had never publicly admitted that he could not tell one note from another; he could actually distinguish one tune from another by the jigginess or otherwise of the time. He was a little uneasy, in case all this was more common knowledge than he hoped.

"What d'you mean by 'a curious case,' Spendlove?" he asked.

"I believe an artistic conscience is involved, my lord," replied Spendlove cautiously. Hornblower was pouring, and tasting, his second cup of coffee; that might have a bearing on the breaking of Bandsman Hudnutt's neck, thought Spendlove. At the same time, Hornblower was feeling the inevitable irritation resulting from having to listen to gossip. An admiral in his splendid isolation never—or only rarely—knew as much about what was going on as his most junior subordinate.

"An artistic conscience?" he repeated. "I'll see the drum major this morning. Send for him now."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

He had received the one necessary clue, and need not demean himself by prying further unless the interview with Cobb should prove unfruitful.

"Now let's have that draught report until he comes."

Drum Major Cobb did not arrive for some time, and his resplendent uniform, when he did arrive, hinted that he had taken care about his appearance; tunic and pantaloons were freshly ironed, his buttons glittered, his sash was exactly draped, his sword hilt shone like silver. He was an enormous man with an enormous mustache, and he made an enormous entrance into the room, striding over the resounding floor as if he were twice as heavy as he actually was, clashing his boot heels together as he halted before the desk and swept his hand upward in the salute fashionable at the moment among the Royal Marines.

"Good morning, Mr. Cobb," said Hornblower mildly; the "Mr.," like the sword, was an indication that Cobb was a gentleman by virtue of his warrant, even though he had risen from the ranks.

"Good morning, my lord." There was as much flourish in the phrase as there had been in the salute.

"I want to hear about these charges against this bandsman, Hudnutt."

"Well, my lord ——" A sideways glance from Cobb gave Hornblower a hint.

"Get out of here," said Hornblower to his staff. "Leave Mr. Cobb alone with me."

When the door was shut, Hornblower was all good manners. "Please sit down, Mr. Cobb. Then you can tell me at your ease what really happened."

"Thank you, my lord."

"Well, now?"

"That young 'Udnutt, my lord, 'e's a fool if ever there was one. I'm sorry this 'as 'appened, my lord, but 'e deserves all 'e's going to get."

"Yes? He's a fool, you say?"

"'E's a downright fool, my lord. I'm not saying 'e isn't a good musician, 'cause 'e is. There ain't no one 'oo can play the cornet the way 'e does. That's the truth, my lord. 'E's a boy wonder at it. The cornet's a newfangled instrument, my lord. We ain't 'ad it in our bands for more'n a year. Blow it like a trumpet, you do, you 'ave to 'ave a lip for it, although it 'as keys as well, my lord. An' 'e's a marvel at it; or 'e was, my lord."

That change to the past tense indicated that, in Cobb's positive opinion, Hudnutt, through death or disablement, would never play the cornet again.

"He's young?"

"Nineteen, my lord."

"And what did he do?"

"It was mutiny, my lord, flat mutiny, although I've only charged him with disobedience to orders."

Mutiny meant death by the Articles of War; disobedience to orders meant "death or such less penalty ——"

"How did it happen?"

"Well, my lord, it was like this: We was rehearsing the new march that come out in the last packet. Dondello, it's called, my lord. Just the cornet an' the drums. An' it sounded different, an' I 'ad 'Udnutt play it again. I could 'ear what 'e was doin', my lord. There's a lot of B flat accidentals in that march, an' 'e wasn't flatting them. I asked 'im what 'e meant by it, an' 'e said it sounded too sweet. That's what 'e said, my lord. An' it's written on the music. '*Dolce*,' it says, and *dolce* means 'sweet,' my lord."

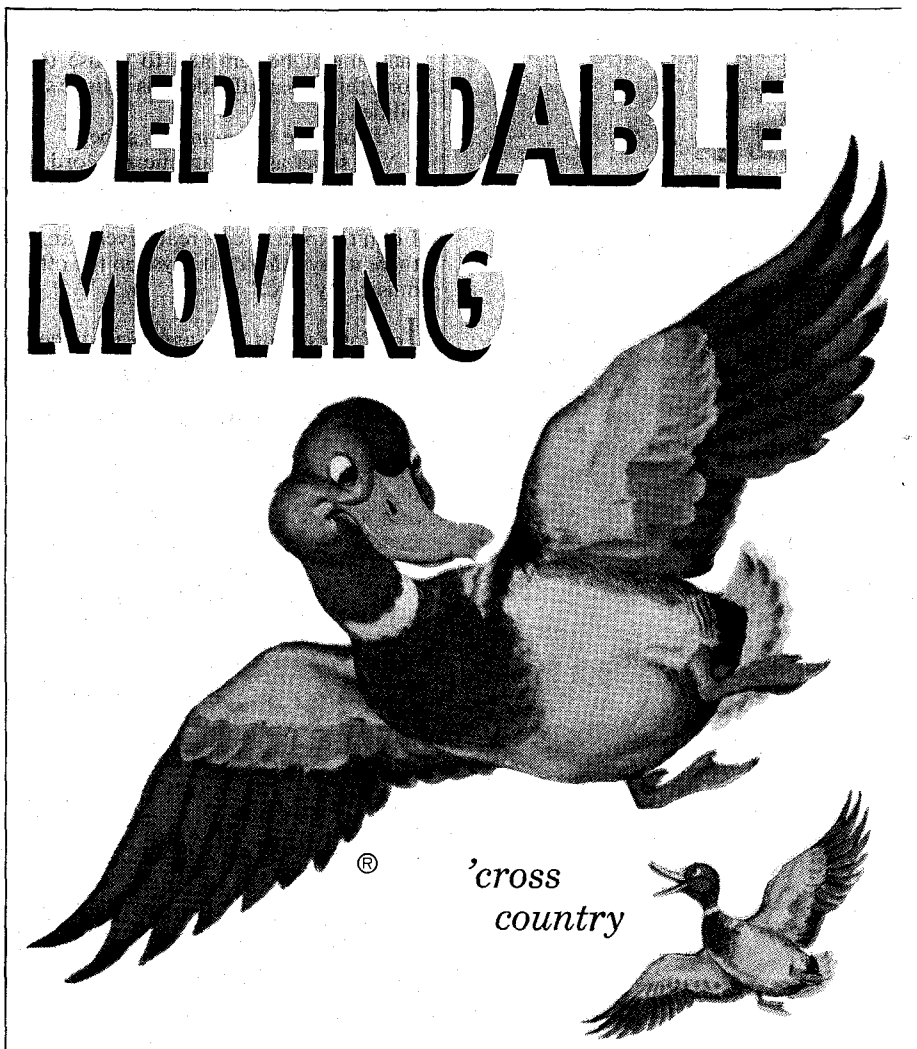
"I know," lied Hornblower.

"So I says, 'You play that again and you flat those B's.' An' 'e says, 'I can't.' An' I says, 'You mean you won't?' An' then I says, 'I'll give you one more chance'—although by rights I shouldn't 'ave, my lord—an' I says, 'This is an order, remember,' an' I gives 'em the beat an' they starts off, and there was the B naturals. So I says, 'You 'eard me give you an order?' an' 'e says, 'Yes.' So there wasn't nothing I could do after that, my lord. I calls the guard an' I 'ad 'im marched to the guard'ouse. An' then I 'ad to prefer charges, my lord."

"This happened with the band present?"

"Yes, my lord. The 'ole band, sixteen of 'em."

Willful disobedience to an order before sixteen witnesses. It hardly mattered if there were six or sixteen or sixty; the point was that everyone in Hornblower's command knew by now that discipline had been defied, an order deliberately disobeyed. The man must die or he must be flogged into a crippled wreck, lest other



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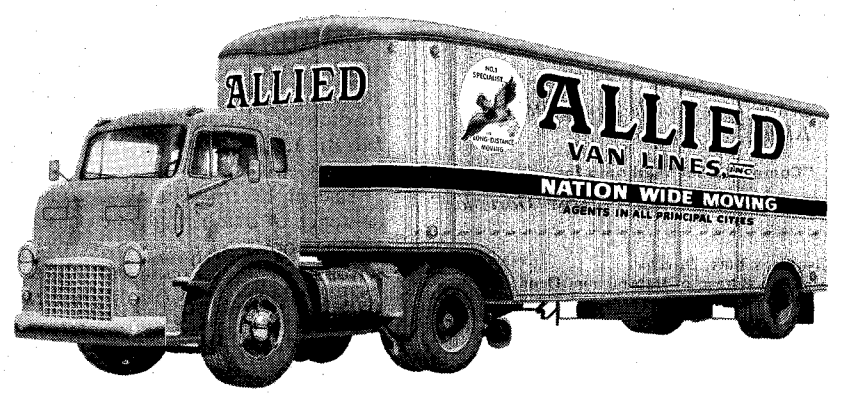

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men defy orders. Hornblower knew he had his command well in hand, but he knew, too, of the turbulence that lay below the surface. And yet, if the order that had been disobeyed had been something different, if there had been a refusal to lay out along a yard, say, however perilous the conditions, Hornblower would not have given all this thought to the matter, despite his detestation of physical cruelty. That sort of order must be instantly obeyed. "Artistic conscience," Spendlove had said. Hornblower had no idea of any difference between B and B flat, but he could dimly understand that it might be important to some people. A man might be tempted to refuse to do something that offended his artistic sensibilities.

"I suppose the man was sober."

"As sober as you an' me, my lord. An' although 'e can read music, I don't know if 'e can read print, my lord, an' if 'e can, I don't expect 'e can read Eyetalian, but there it says '*dolce*,' it says, on the official music, my lord."

In Cobb's eyes this aggravated the offense, if aggravation were possible. Not only had his order been disobeyed but Hudnutt had not respected the written instructions sent by whoever was responsible in London for sending out music to marine bands. Cobb was a marine first and a musician second; Hudnutt might be a musician first and a marine second. But—Hornblower pulled himself up sharply—that made Hudnutt's condemnation all the more necessary. A marine had to be a marine first, foremost and all the time. If marines started to choose whether they could be marines or not, the Royal Regiment would cease to be a military body, and it was his duty to maintain it as a military body.

Hornblower studied Cobb's expression intently. The man was speaking the truth, at least as far as the truth was apparent to him. He was not willfully distorting facts because of personal prejudice or as a result of some old feud. If his action, and his report on it, had been influenced by jealousy or natural cruelty, he was unaware of it. A court-martial would be impressed by his reliability as a witness. And he remained unperturbed under Hornblower's steady stare.

"Thank you, Mr. Cobb," said Hornblower at last. "I am glad to have had such a clear statement of the facts. That will be all for the present."

"Thank you, my lord," answered Cobb, shooting his great bulk up out of the chair with an astonishing mixture of agility and military rigidity. His heels clashed as his hand swept up in the salute; he turned about with parade precision, and marched out of the room with resounding steps as precise as if timed by his own metronome.

Gerard and Spendlove came back into the room to find Hornblower staring at nothing, but Hornblower shook off his preoccupation instantly. It would never do for his subordinates to guess that he was moved by human feelings over a mere administrative matter.

"Draft an answer to Sir Thomas for my signature, if you please, Mr. Spendlove. It can be a mere acknowledgment, but then add that there is no possibility of immediate action, because I cannot assemble the necessary number of captains at present, with so many ships detached."

Except in emergency, a court where sentence of death might be passed could not be convened unless there were seven captains and commanders at least available as judges. That gave him time to consider what action he should take.

"This man's in the dockyard prison, I suppose," went on Hornblower. "Remind me to take a look at him on my way through the dockyard today."

"Aye, aye, my lord," said Gerard, careful to betray no surprise at an admiral allotting time to visit a mutinous marine.

Yet it was not far out of Hornblower's way. When the time came he strolled slowly down through the beautiful garden of Admiralty House, and Evans, the disabled sailor who was head gardener, came in a jerky hurry to open the wicket gate in the fifteen-foot palisade that protected the dockyard from thieves, in this portion of its course dividing the Admiralty garden from the dockyard. Evans took off his hat and stood bobbing by the gate, his pigtail bobbing at his back and his swarthy face split by a beaming smile.

"Thank you, Evans," said Hornblower, passing through.

The prison stood isolated at the edge of the dockyard, a small cubical building of mahogany logs, set diagonally in a curious fashion, possibly—probably—more than one layer. It was roofed with palm thatch a yard or more thick, which might at least help to keep it cool under the glaring sun. Gerard had run on ahead from the gate—with Hornblower grinning at the thought of the healthful sweat the exercise would produce—to find the officer in charge and obtain the key to the prison, and Hornblower stood by while the padlock was unfastened and he could look into the darkness within. Hudnutt had risen to his feet at the sound of the key, and when he stepped forward into the light he was revealed as a painfully young man, his cheeks hardly showing a trace of his one day's beard. He was naked except for a waistcloth, and the officer in charge clucked with annoyance.

"Get some clothes on and be decent," he growled, but Hornblower checked him.

"No matter. I've very little time. I want this man to tell me why he is under charges. You others keep out of earshot."

Hudnutt had been taken by surprise by this sudden visit, but he was a bewildered person in any case, obviously. He blinked big blue eyes in the sunlight and wriggled his gangling form with embarrassment.

"What happened? Tell me," said Hornblower.

"Well, sir ——"

Hornblower had to coax the story out of him, but bit by bit it confirmed all that Cobb had said.

"I couldn't play that music, sir; not for nothing."

The blue eyes looked over Hornblower's head at infinity; perhaps at some vision invisible to the rest of the world.

"You were a fool to disobey an order."

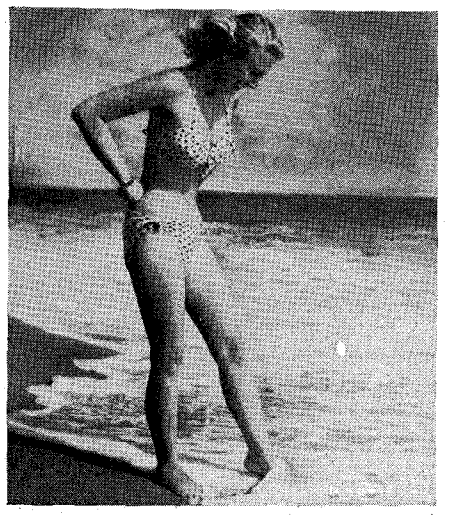
"Yes, sir. Mebbe so, sir."

The broad Yorkshire which Hudnutt spoke sounded odd in this tropical setting.

"How did you come to enlist?"

"For the music, sir."

It called for more questions to extract the story. A boy in a Yorkshire village, not infrequently hungry. A cavalry regiment billeted there, in the last years of the war. The music of its band was like a miracle to this child, who had heard no music save that of wandering pipers in the ten years of his life. It made him conscious of—it did not create, for it already existed—a frightful, overwhelming need. All the children of the village hung round the band—Hudnutt smiled disarmingly as he said this—but none so persistently as he. The trumpeters noticed him soon enough, laughed at his infantile comments about music, but laughed with sympathy as time went on; they let him try to blow their instruments, showed him how to



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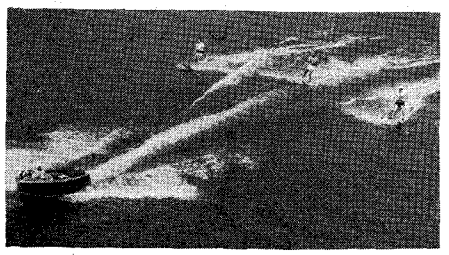

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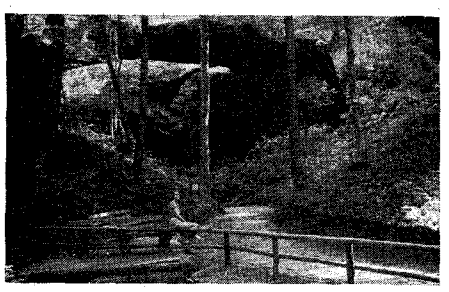

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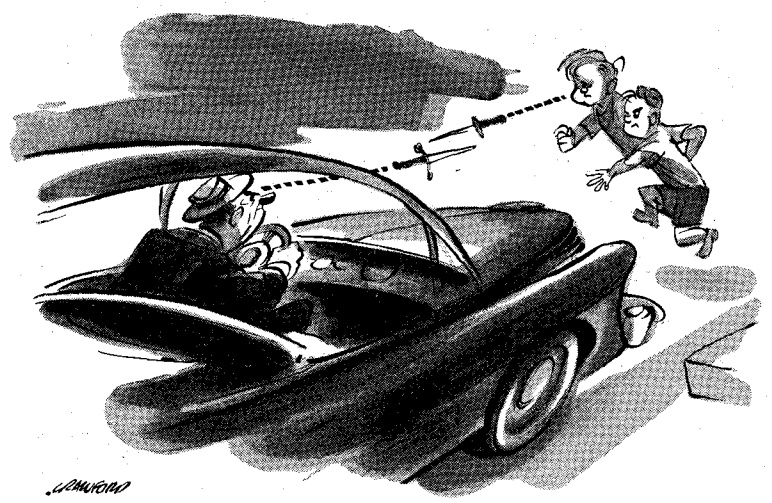

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The driver and the children saw each other when they were a block apart. The driver thought they would halt. The children decided they could beat him across the street. They didn't make it. Their parents later sued the driver for their injuries.

"You," their lawyer asserted, "saw those children in ample time to stop. So you have no excuse in the world for hitting them."

"They saw me in plenty of time to stay out of my way," the driver retorted. "Instead, they ran right in front of my car at the last second."

If you were the judge would you make the driver pay?

• •

The driver paid. The court ruled that motorists should expect children to obey childish impulses, like running in front of automobiles. Therefore, the court said, motorists should use extra care around children.

Based upon a 1956 North Carolina decision.

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cultivate a lip, and were impressed by the eventual result. The regiment returned after Waterloo, and for two more years the boy went on learning, even though those were the hungry years following the peace, when he should have been bird scaring and stone picking from dawn to dark.

And then the regiment was transferred and the hungry years went on, and the boy laborer began to handle the plow still yearning for music, while a trumpet cost more than a year's full wages for a man. Then an interlude of pure bliss—the disarming smile again—when he joined a wandering theatrical troupe, as odd-job boy and musician; that was how he came to be able to read music, although he could not read the printed word. His belly was empty as often as before; a stable yard meant a luxurious bed to him; those months were months of flea-bitten nights and footsore days, and they ended in his being left behind, sick.

That happened in Portsmouth, and then it was inevitable that, hungry and weak, he should be picked up by a marine recruiting sergeant marching through the streets with a band. His enlistment coincided with the introduction of the cornet-à-pistons into military music, and the next thing that happened to him was that he was shipped off to the West Indies to take his place in the commander in chief's band under the direction of Drum Major Cobb.

"I see," said Hornblower; and indeed he could dimly see.

Six months with a traveling theatrical troupe would be poor preparation for the discipline of the Royal Marines; that was obvious, but he could guess at the rest—at this sensitiveness about music which was the real cause of the trouble. He eyed the boy again, seeking for ideas regarding how to deal with this situation.

"My lord! My lord!" This was Gerard hastening up to him. "The packet's signaled, my lord. You can see the flag at the lookout-station masthead!"

The packet? Barbara would be on board. It was three years since he had seen her last, and for three weeks now he had been awaiting her from minute to minute.

"Call away my barge. I'm coming," he said.

A wave of excitement swept away his concern regarding the Hudnutt affair. He was about to hurry after Gerard, and then hesitated. What could he say in two seconds to a man awaiting trial for his life? What could he say when he himself was bubbling with happiness, to this man caged like an animal, like an ox helplessly awaiting the butcher?

"Good-by, Hudnutt." That was all he could say, leaving him standing dumbly there; he could hear the clash of keys and padlock as he hastened after Gerard.

Eight oars bit into the blue water, but no speed that they could give the dancing barge could be fast enough to satisfy him. There was the brig, her sails trimmed to catch the first hesitant puffs of the sea breeze. There was a white dot at her side, a white figure—Barbara waving her handkerchief. The barge surged alongside and Hornblower swung himself up into the main chains, and there was Barbara in his arms; there were her lips against his, and then her gray eyes smiling at him, and then her lips against his again, and the afternoon sun blazing down on them both. Then they could stand at arm's length and look at each other, and Barbara could raise her hands and twitch his neckcloth straight, so that he could be sure they were really together, for Barbara's first gesture was always to straighten his neckcloth.

"You look well, my dear," she said.

"So do you!"

Her cheeks were golden with sunburn after a month at sea; Barbara never strove after the fashionable creaminess that distinguished the lady of leisure from the milkmaid or the goose girl. And they laughed in each other's faces out of sheer happiness before they kissed again and then eventually drew apart.

"Dear, this is Captain Knyvett, who has looked after me so kindly on the voyage."

"Welcome aboard, my lord." Knyvett was short and stocky and grizzled. "But I fancy you'll not be with us long today."

"We'll both be your passengers when you sail again," said Barbara.

"If my relief has come," said Hornblower, adding to Barbara, "Triton hasn't arrived yet."

"'T will be two full weeks before we're ready to sail again, my lord," said Knyvett. "I trust we shall have the pleasure of your company and her ladyship's."

"I sincerely hope so," said Hornblower. "Meanwhile we'll leave you for now. I hope you'll dine at Admiralty House as soon as you have leisure. . . . Can you get down into the barge, my dear?"

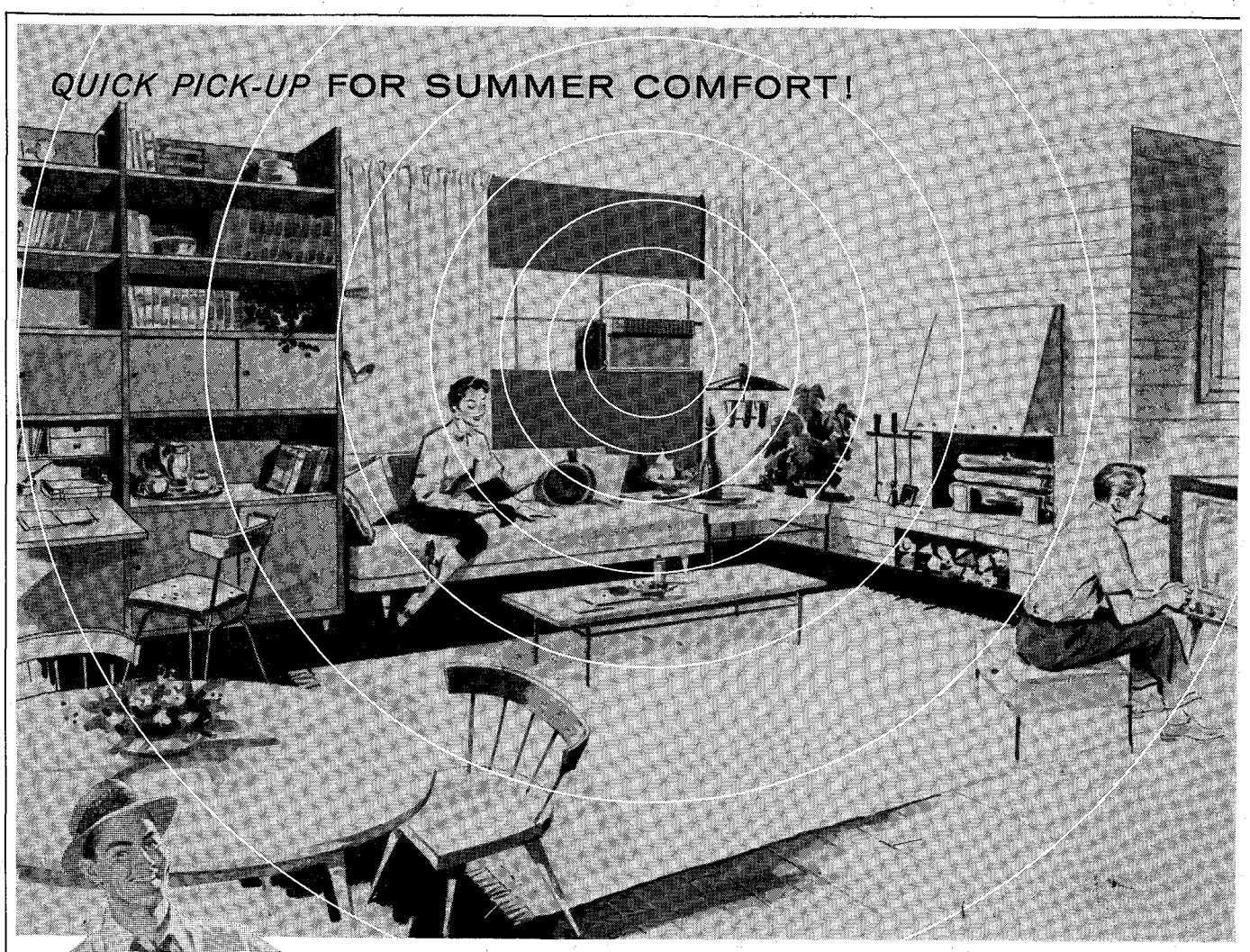
"Of course," said Barbara.

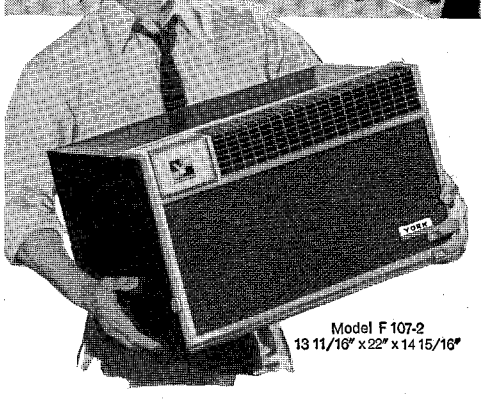
"Gerard, you'll stay on board and look after her ladyship's baggage."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

"No time even to say how-d'ye-do to you, Mr. Gerard," said Barbara, as Hornblower led her away to the main chains.

Barbara had no hoops in her skirts; she knew enough about shipboard breezes to dispense with those. Hornblower dropped down into the stern sheets of the barge, and a growl from the coxswain at the tiller turned the eyes of the boat's crew to seaward, so *(Continued on Page 87)*





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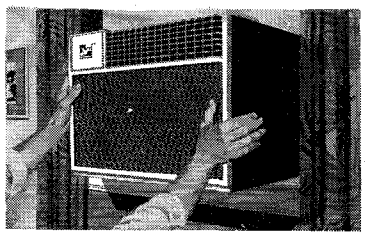

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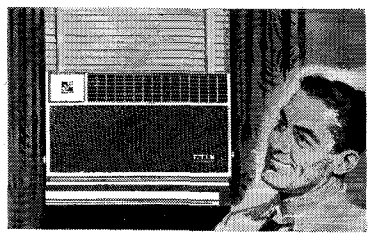

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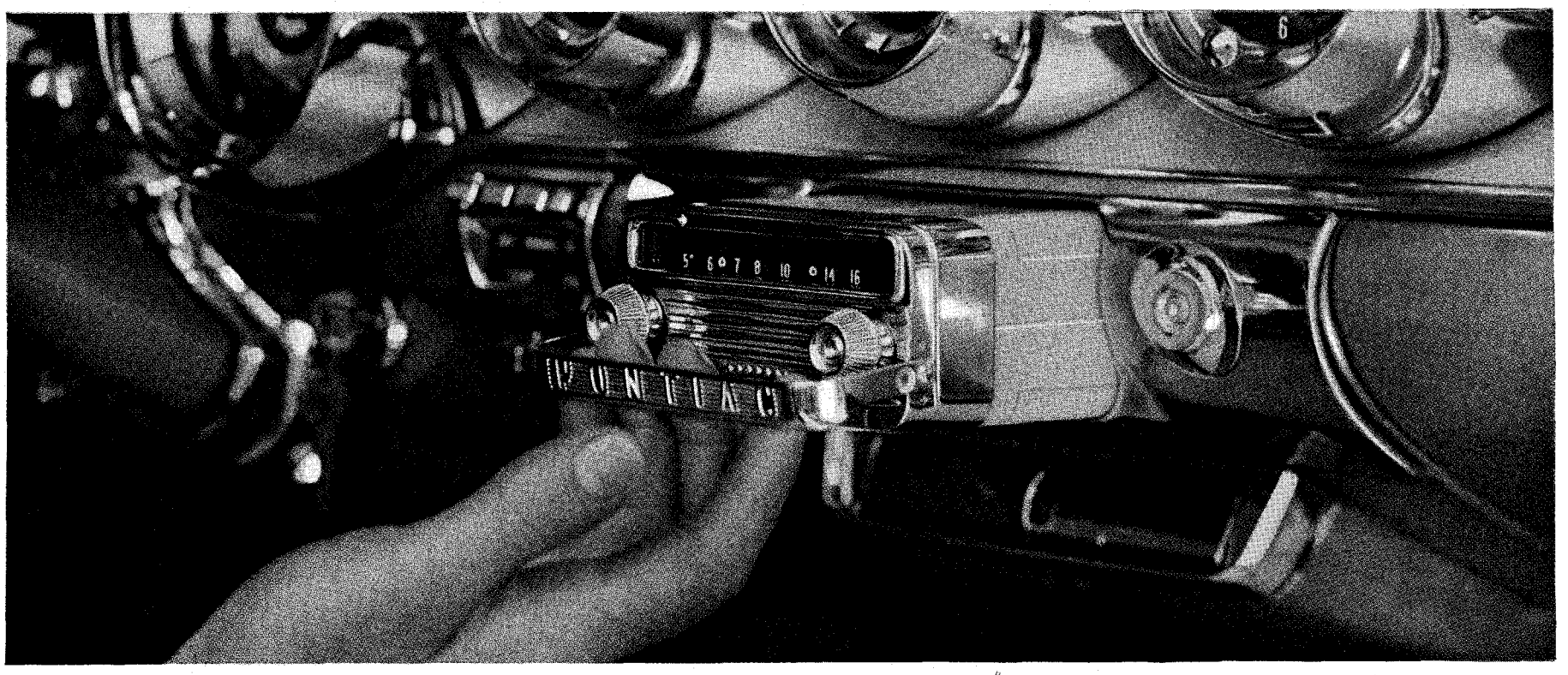

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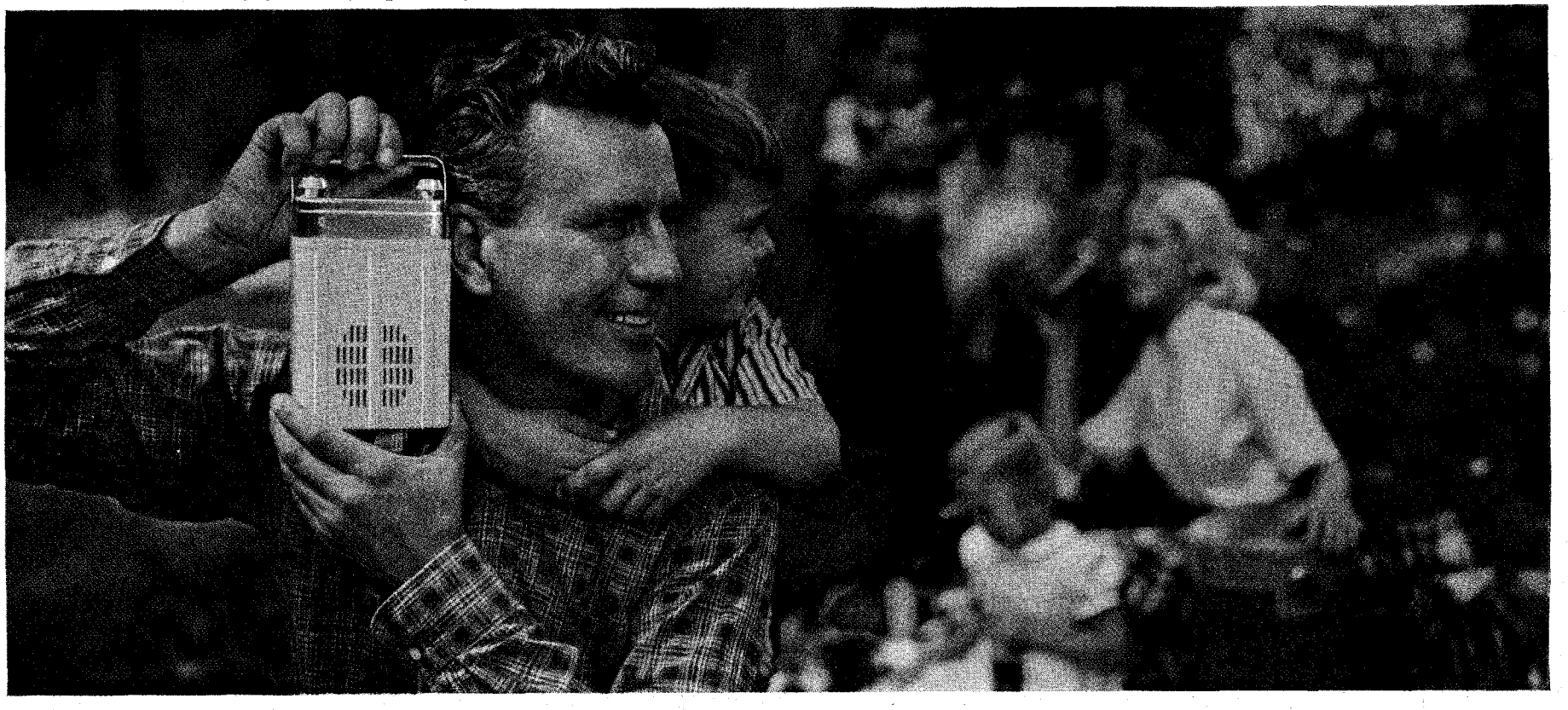

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(*Continued from Page 85*) that they would see nothing they should not see, while Knyvett and Gerard swung Barbara down into Hornblower's arms in a flurry of petticoats.

"Give way!"

The barge surged away from the ship's side, over the blue water, toward the Admiralty House pier, with Barbara and Hornblower hand in hand in the stern sheets.

"Delightful, dear," said Barbara, looking about her when she landed. "A commander in chief's life is spent in pleasant places."

Pleasant enough, thought Hornblower, except for yellow fever and pirates and international crises and temperamental marines awaiting trial; but this was not the time to mention such things. Evans, hobbling on his wooden leg, was at the pier to greet them, and Hornblower could see that he was Barbara's slave from the first moment that he was presented to her.

"You must take me round the gardens the first moment I'm free," said Barbara.

"Yes, your ladyship. Of course, your ladyship."

They walked slowly up to the house; here it was a delicate business to show Barbara round and to present the staff to her, for Admiralty House was run along lines laid down at the Admiralty; to alter a stick of furniture or to change the status of any of the naval ratings working there was something Barbara would not be able to do. She was only a tolerated visitor there, and barely tolerated at that. She would certainly itch to change the furniture about and to reorganize the staff, but she was doomed to frustration.

"It seems to be as well, darling," said Barbara, with a twinkle, "that my stay here is to be short. How short?"

"Until Ransome arrives in Triton," answered Hornblower. "You should know that, dear, considering how much gossip you picked up from Lady Exmouth and the others."

"Yes, but it's still confusing to me. When does your appointment end?"

"It ended yesterday, legally. But my command continues until I am legally relieved of it by Ransome, when he comes. Triton has made a long passage."

"And when Ransome comes?"

"He takes over from me, and, of course, moves into this house. His excellency has invited us to be his guests at Government House until we sail for home, dear."

"I see. And if Ransome is so late that we miss the packet?"

"Then we wait for the next. I hope not. It would be uncomfortable."

"Is Government House as bad as that?"

"It's tolerable, dear. But I was thinking of Ransome. No new commander in chief wants to have his predecessor staying on."

"Criticizing all his actions, of course. Is that what you'd do, dear?"

"I wouldn't be human if I did not."

"And I know so well you're human, dear," said Barbara, putting out her hands to him. They were in the bedroom now, out of sight of servants and staff, and they could be human for a few precious moments, until a thunderous knock at the door heralded the arrival of Gerard and the baggage, and on his heels came Spendlove with a note for Barbara.

"A note of welcome from her excellency, dear," explained Barbara, when she had read it. "We are commanded to dinner *en famille*."

"No more than I expected," said Hornblower, and then, looking round to see that Spendlove had withdrawn, "no more than I feared."

Barbara smiled into his eyes conspiratorially. "A time will come," she said.

There was so much to talk about, so much news to be exchanged; the long, long letters that had passed between them during their three years' separation needed amplification and explanation, and in any case Barbara had been five weeks at sea without news. Late on the second day, while they were dining alone together, a mention of Hudnutt came into the conversation. Hornblower explained the situation briefly.

"You're going to court-martial him?" asked Barbara.

"Likely enough, when I can convene a court."

"And what will the verdict be?"

"Guilty, of course. There's no doubt about it."

"I don't mean the verdict. I mean the sentence. What will that be?" Barbara was entitled to ask questions like this, and even to express an opinion regarding her husband's performance of his official duties, now that he had let slip a mention of the subject to her.

Hornblower quoted from the Articles of War which had regulated his official life for nearly thirty years, "'Every person so offending, being convicted thereof by the sentence of the court-martial, shall suffer death or such less punishment as from the nature and degree of the offense the court-martial shall deem him to deserve.'"

"You don't mean that, dear?" Barbara's gray eyes opened wide across the little table from him. "Death? But you said 'such less punishment.' What could that be?"

"Flogging round the fleet. Five hundred lashes."

"Five hundred lashes? For playing B natural instead of B flat?"

That was exactly what one might expect a woman to say.

"Dear, that's not the charge. The charge is willful disobedience to orders."

"But it's such a trifling matter."

"Dear, disobedience to orders can never be a trifling matter."

"Would you flog a man to death because he won't play a B flat? What a bloodthirsty way to balance the account!"

"There's no thought of balancing accounts, dear. Punishment is inflicted to deter other men from disobeying orders. It's not revenge."

But womanlike, Barbara clung to her position, however much her flank might be turned by cold logic.

"But if you hang him—or if you flog him, I expect—he'll never play another B natural again. What good does that do?"

"It's the good of the service, dear."

Hornblower, on his part, was holding a position which he knew to be not quite tenable, but Barbara's vehemence was causing him to grow heated in defense of his beloved service.

"They'll hear about this in England," said Barbara, and then a new thought struck her. "He can appeal, of course. Can he?"

"In home waters he could. But I am a commander in chief in a foreign station and from my decision there is no appeal."

It was a sobering speech. Barbara gazed across the table at this man, changed suddenly from her tender, loving, sensitive husband into a potentate who held the power of life and death. And she knew that she could not, she must not, exploit her privileged position as wife to influence his decision. Not because of the good of the service, but for the sake of their married happiness.

"And the trial will be soon?" she asked; the change in her was apparent in her tone.

"The moment I can convene a court. Delay in matters of discipline defeats its own object. If a man were to mutiny on Monday, he should be tried on Tuesday and hanged on Wednesday. But there are not enough captains available. Triton's captain, when Ransome arrives, would give the necessary number, but then I shall be relieved of command and the matter will be out of my hands. But if Flora should come in before that—I detached her to the Gulf Coast—I shall be responsible."

"I see, dear," said Barbara, not taking her eyes from his face. Even before he spoke again she was aware that there was something which would modify the harshness of what he had said so far.

"Naturally I have not made up my mind yet, dear," he said. "But there is a further possibility which I'm considering."

"Yes?" She could hardly breathe the word.

"The confirmation of the finding and the sentence would be the last act of my command. That would present an excuse—a reason. I could commute the sentence as an act of clemency in recognition of the good behavior of the squadron during the period I have commanded it."

"I see, dear. And if Ransome arrives before Flora?"

"I can do nothing, except ——"

"Except ——"

"I could suggest to Ransome that he might begin his command with an act of clemency."

"And would he?"

"Gosh, Judy-Mae, you and I could make such beautiful music together."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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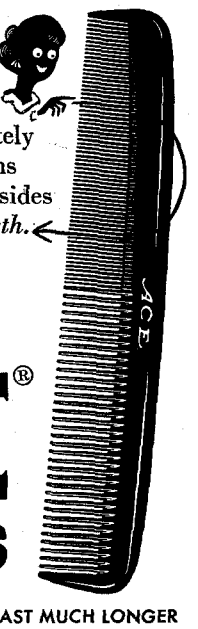

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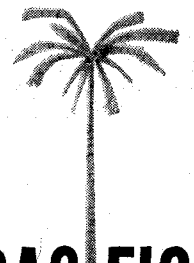

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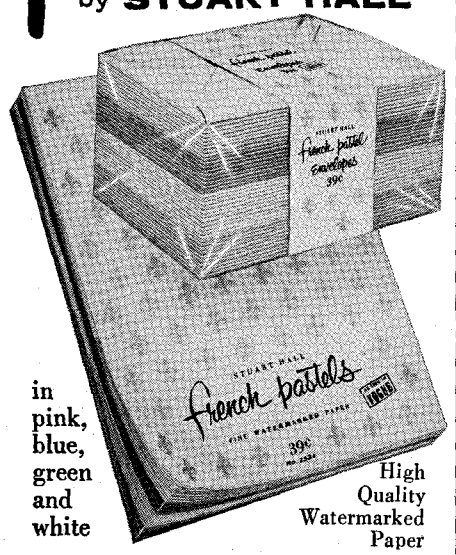

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"I know very little about Ransome, dear. I simply cannot say."

Barbara opened her mouth to speak. She was going to say, "Will he think a B flat more important than a man's life?" but she changed her speech in the nick of time. Instead, she said the other thing that had also, and longer, been hovering on her lips.

"I love you, darling," she said.

Again their eyes met across the table, and Hornblower felt his passion flooding to meet hers like a union of two rushing rivers. He knew perfectly well that all he had said about discipline and examples had been of no effect in changing Barbara's mind; a woman—even more than a man—convinced against her will was of the same opinion still. But Barbara had not said so; she had said something else—and something, as always, more appropriate to the occasion. And not by one single variation of tone, not by a hairbreadth raising of an eyebrow, had she brought into the conversation the fact that he was tone-deaf. A lesser woman would have used that as if it were a relevant argument in this matter. She knew of his tone deafness, and he knew she knew, and she knew that he knew; and so on *ad infinitum*, but there had never been any need for him to admit the defect or for her to admit her knowledge, and he loved her.

Next morning he had to tell himself that the commander in chief in the West Indies, even if awaiting his relief, still had duties to do; even if his wife had newly joined him. But it was delightful to have Barbara walk down with him through the Admiralty House gardens to see him on his way as far as the wicket gate in the lofty dockyard palisade. It was a little unfortunate that at the moment when Evans was unlocking the gate, Hudnutt should appear on the other side of the palisade, taking his exercise. He was marching up and down between a file of marines under command of a corporal, the guard in parade uniform with bayonets fixed, Hudnutt hatless as a prisoner under charges had to be.

"Pris'ner an' escort, halt!" bellowed the corporal at sight of his admiral. "Escort, present—arms!"

Hornblower formally acknowledged the salute before turning to say good-by to his wife.

"Escort, sl-o-o-ope—arms!" bellowed the corporal, in marine fashion, as if the escort had been at the other side of the dockyard instead of two yards from him.

"Is that the bandsman, Hudnutt, dear?" asked Barbara.

"Yes," said Hornblower.

"Pris'ner an' escort, by the right, quick—march!" bellowed the corporal, and the little group marched off. Barbara watched it go; she could look, now that Hudnutt had his back to her and was unaware of it. Previously she had refrained from staring at the man who would soon be on trial for his life. The trim marine uniform could not conceal the gangling young body; and the sun shone on the fair hair.

"He's nothing more than a boy," said Barbara.

That could be another irrelevant fact if she wanted to argue with her husband regarding his duty. Seventeen or seventy, a man under orders must obey orders.

"He's not very old, dear," agreed Hornblower.

Then he kissed the cheek that Barbara held up to him; he was not at all sure if an admiral in uniform should kiss his wife good-by in the presence of his staff, but Barbara had no doubts about it. He left her standing there by the gate, chatting to Evans, looking round her at the lovely garden on the one side of the palisades and at the businesslike dockyard through the palings.

The presence of his wife was delightful even though it meant greatly increased activities for him. The next two or three days involved considerable entertaining; island society wished to make the most of the fleeting presence of an admiral's wife, a peeress, and of the bluest of blood in her own right. To Hornblower, regretfully contemplating the immediate end of his period in command, it was a little like the aristocrats during the French Revolution dancing before the summons to the guillotine, but Barbara seemed to enjoy it all, perhaps because she had just endured five very dull weeks at sea and was facing the prospect of five more.

"You danced a good deal with young Bonner, dear," he remarked to her, when they were home again after the governor's party.

"He's a very good dancer," said Barbara.

"He's something of a villain, I believe," countered Hornblower. "There's never been anything proved, but much suspected—smuggling, slave running, and all the rest of it."

"He's invited to Government House," said Barbara.

"Nothing proved, as I said. But in my official capacity I've often been interested in the activities of those fishing boats of his. You may find you've been dancing with a jailbird one of these days, dear."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

April 15th
Complaint

First I must labor to earn it
Then labor some more to
"Return" it!

Hal Chadwick

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Jailbirds are more amusing than military secretaries," smiled Barbara.

Barbara's activity was astonishing. Even after a night's gaiety, she went riding during the day, and Hornblower was content that she should, as long as there were young men available eager to act as Lady Hornblower's escort, seeing that he had his duties to attend to and disliked horses in any case. It was even amusing to observe the transparent adoration which she received from everyone, from his excellency, from the young men who rode with her, from Evans the gardener—from everyone she had anything to do with.

Barbara was out riding one morning before the heat of the day, when a messenger was brought in to Hornblower at Admiralty House.

"Message from the cap'n, my lord. Triton's signaled. She's heading in with a fair wind."

Hornblower stared for a moment; although this was a message that might have come at any time during the last month, he was not ready for its full impact.

"Very well. My compliments to the captain, and I'll come down."

So this was the end of his three years as commander in chief. Ransome would take over command, possibly today, but certainly tomorrow, and he himself would be on half pay and due to go home. A queer mixture of thoughts went through his mind as he made himself ready to meet Ransome; young Richard about to enter Eton; the thought of a freezing winter in Smallbridge; the auditing of his final accounts. It was not until he was on his way to his barge that he remembered that now he would be relieved of the necessity to come to a decision in the Hudnutt case.

Triton wore no admiral's flag, for Ransome legally held no command until he had taken over; the salutes at the moment merely acknowledged Triton's joining the West Indian command. Ransome was a burly man with the heavy, fashionable side whiskers, more gray than black. He wore the small decoration of Companion of the Bath, insignificant compared with Hornblower's magnificent Grand Cross. Presumably, if he survived this appointment without any great blunder, he might hope for knighthood. He presented his captain, Coleman, with whom Hornblower was quite unacquainted, and then turned an attentive ear to Hornblower's explanation of the arrangements made so far and of future plans.

"I'll assume command tomorrow," decided Ransome.

"That will allow time to arrange the full ceremonial," agreed Hornblower. "In that case, sir, would you care to spend tonight at Government House? I understand a command there awaits you if you think it convenient."

"No need to move twice," said Ransome. "I'll spend tonight on board here."

"Admiralty House will be ready for you tomorrow, of course, sir. Perhaps you might like to give us the honor of your company at dinner today? There might perhaps be information that I could give you regarding the situation here."

Ransome shot a glance at Hornblower charged with a certain amount of suspicion; he did not wish to have any ready-made policies thrust upon him by his predecessor. Yet the suggestion was obviously sensible.

"It would be a great pleasure. I must thank you, my lord."

Hornblower took a tactful step to allay that suspicion. "The packet in which my wife and I are taking passage to England is making ready for sea at present, sir. We sail in her, in a matter of a few days only."

"Very well, my lord," said Ransome.

"Then, having repeated my welcome, sir, I shall take my leave. Shall we expect you at four o'clock? Or would some other time be convenient?"

"Four o'clock will suit me well," said Ransome.

The king is dead, long live the king, thought Hornblower, on his way back. Tomorrow he would be supplanted, and would become a mere half-pay officer. The splendor and dignity of a commander in chief would be transferred from him to Ransome. And he found the thought a little irksome; he had found his polite pose of deference to Ransome more than a little irksome; and he really thought Ransome could have been more polite in return.

He gave vent to a good deal of this feeling as he told Barbara about the interview, and he checked himself at sight of Barbara's amused twinkle and raised eyebrow.

"You are the sweetest simpleton, my very dearest," said Barbara. "Have you no idea at all of any possible explanation?"

"None, I'm afraid," said Hornblower.

Barbara came up close to him and looked into his face. "No wonder that I love you," she said. "Don't you understand that no man could find it easy to replace Hornblower? Your period of command has been overwhelmingly successful. You've set a standard Ransome will find it hard to live up to. One might say he's jealous, envious—and he showed it."

"I can't really believe that," said Hornblower.

"And I love you because you can't believe it," said Barbara. "I could tell you so in a hundred ways, if I did not have to go and put on my finest gown to win Admiral Ransome's heart."

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Flaming River

(Continued from Page 39)

"The squaws used to wash clothes there," Billy Walker said. "Folks used to call it Washwoman Rapids."

"What do they call it now, Billy?"

"Washwoman Rapids," Billy Walker said happily. "Some things don't change much. But it's something like the old chief. People still use the words after they've forgotten why."

Now the road turned between two pine stumps cut twenty feet high—enormous sentinels left from the virgin stand of white pine fifty years before. The stumps were ten feet across, and between them another huge log was suspended to make an arch over the road. An axman had lettered a name on the crossbar: SAVAGE.

"You're home," Randolph Savage said.

And then they were driving through the plantations, the even checkerboard of trees laid out on neat square-mile sections with wide fire lanes between them. Each of the plantations was a year class of trees and each of them was producing an annual crop. From the time the little spruces and pines were three feet high, the harvesting went on. First the orderly ranks were thinned for Christmas trees, then for pulpwood, until finally the thousands of tiny seedlings had changed to a dark cathedral of a few hundred timber trees. When these were cut, the planting machines came in and started a new cycle.

"My granddaddy left his son the bare land, burned off down to the subsoil and blowing wild with dust," Randolph Savage said. "After the Indian wars and after the farmers had come and burned the land clear and starved themselves. Then my daddy left his son the makings of the forest. Me," he said, "I plan to leave my son an institution in timber."

Susan blushed suddenly, remembering the good wishes of the old chief. She wondered fleetingly about his thirteen sons.

She said weakly, "Are you sure there's enough?"

"Between the North and the South Forks, from the Warrior to the Nation," Billy Walker said proudly from the front seat. "You could split it a dozen ways."

Susan looked demurely at her husband. "I'm sure that will be enough."

Then they were up into the home clearing, driving past the acre plots of ornamental trees, past the blacksmith shop and the bunkhouse, nearly empty now in late summer; then up, climbing through older trees now, and suddenly in front of the lodge that the first Savage had built with the last of the big logs, and then Randolph Savage was swinging his bride up the steps, carrying her as though she were a child; but she wasn't a child, and then the miles of pine and the old wars and even the fire did not matter.

Later, during the late night, Susan Savage wakened suddenly. The darkness was full of the sound of the pines and the faraway sound of water, but that was not what wakened her. She listened hard, sorting the small noises carefully, and there was the sound again, the clip-clop of a horse on the road, and then the wail of eerie singing.

"Randy," she whispered, "what's that?"

Randolph Savage came awake without moving, the woodsman's way. The wild lament came thinly through the dark.

He grunted. "That's your friend, the great chief, on his way from the Settlement. He's singing an old war song."

"I think it's beautiful, Randy."

"I think," her husband said, "that there will be a flitch of bacon missing from the cookhouse in the morning and an old highwayman in a red union suit camped out in our bunkhouse."

"Won't he go home?"

"The great chief has no home," Randy said, sounding as though he were quoting someone. "He did not sign the treaty, so he has no lands, like the rest of the Nation. So he says. What it amounts to is that he makes free use of everyone else's land. Mine mostly, since it's handiest."

He went back to sleep, grumbling. But Susan lay quietly, thinking of the fierce old man who would rather be homeless than bound down by peace, until the chant trailed off into silence.

Morning proved both of Randy's predictions about the traveler to be correct. The cook came up to complain about the bacon shortage, and there was a spotted pony hobbled on the grass in front of the bunkhouse. But the wind still was moving in the pines, hot and dry, and the smoke beyond the South Fork was taller and blacker and somehow nearer. Randolph Savage got busy on the telephone, talking to ranger stations and fire-control towers, and when he had finished talking there was a furrow on his forehead and he had forgotten about the bacon.

"I'm going to look at it from the air," he said, and kissed Susan as though they had been married two years instead of two weeks and two days.

She worried about him briefly, but there was too much to do for her to spend a great deal of time at it. Before she had finished unpacking the bags, there was a tremendous uproar outdoors. It turned out to be Doc Champion, making the predicted formal visit.

There was no chance of mistaking him. Doc Champion was a giant of a man with a shock of curly black hair, a voice like a buffalo and the hands of a timber topper.

"Please do not be overwhelmed at having the president of the medical society give you this enormous welcome!" Doc Champion roared happily at Susan. "It is only that we now have a nurse within two days' ride of the Settlement! For that matter, your arrival now means that there is one nurse and one doctor. The other members I have elected to our private medical association are Albert Medicine Dancer from back in the Nation, and a very companionable veterinarian who raises pointing dogs south of the Settlement."

While Doc Champion was talking, John Walked-With-Grandfather trudged up the path, leading his spotted pony. Susan thought that Randy was right in a way about both Champion and the old chief. They were larger than life-size. But she found herself liking both of them.

Doc Champion followed her gaze. "It is unimportant," he said, "for a man who was nothing in his youth to be nothing in his old age. But for a man who was a genuine menace in his young manhood to become only an aged nuisance is very sad."

"Who is he, really?"

"A character out of the comedy, like me. Only he has lived much longer, and is much sadder because no one needs him any more."

"Not even his own people?"

"Especially. They still say of him in the Nation that he was the man who burned the wagons, but they do not know what it means. They do not remember proudly because he rose against the white man and never surrendered. And they do not even hate him any more because he brought the soldiers and the laws and the farmers, and caused a whole world to end by his daring."

Susan watched the nodding eagle feather pass on the road, feeling the same wrench at her heart.

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"Did it ever really happen, doctor?"

Doc Champion spread his hands. "I believe it truly. But no one lives now who was at the wagons, except him. No one remembers how the troop of cavalry drew up the wagons of the settlers in a great circle on that first night in the valley of the Warrior. Or how the sentries went down silently, or how the painted men came like shadows into the light of the guard fire. No one remembers the soldiers shooting, and the screams of the women, and the way the wagons burned, and how the dead lay crookedly on the rich ground. Nor even how the Army came afterward, and how the People tired of the fighting and drove the great chief away and gave up their lands to have peace. That was more than seventy years ago, and the old chief has no way to make us remember that it was all true."

While he talked, the old man in the red union suit reached the lake, put the aluminum canoe in the water and paddled away. His pony stood on the shore, looking after him.

Early in the afternoon Randolph Savage came home.

"From the air," he told Susan, "you can see that it could be very bad. The fire has lined up along MacDowell's Run and if it jumped the creek it would make a big sweep around against the South Fork and it would take very little for it to crown across into our fir plantation."

He looked out across the slopes, the furrow deep on his forehead. "A man shouldn't mix sentiment and timber," he said. "But I planted those Douglas firs myself, with a planting bar, when I was twelve years old, and even my daddy said you couldn't raise Douglas in this country." Then his mood lightened. "But there's weather making and the fire may be rained out. Anyway, let's take a picnic lunch and put it in the canoe and go out on one of the islands for supper."

"It sounds wonderful," Sue said. "But we'll have to take the big boat."

Randolph Savage turned to look at the landing. The pony still munched grass there.

"The old chief borrowed the canoe," she said.

"Stole it," Randolph Savage said, his anger slow and quiet and real this time. "That just about does it." His boot heels made a hard sound on the floor.

Susan said, "Randy, please." But he didn't hear. He was calling Billy Walker. Susan jumped to her feet, but when she caught up to him, he had found Billy.

"I guess you're right," Billy was saying unhappily. "But it will be hard to tell him. He will not understand the difference between a county home and a white man's prison."

"I'll tell him myself," Randolph Savage said. "It is for his own good. Sometime he will steal something important from someone in the Settlement or one of the big timber companies, and then it will be the prison instead."

Billy Walker said he would send a message to John Walked-With-Grandfather.

While they talked, gusts of wind began to hit the pines. To the south it was hard to tell the smoke from the clouds, but whatever it was, the streaky masses were closer and darker, with light shooting through the darkest parts.

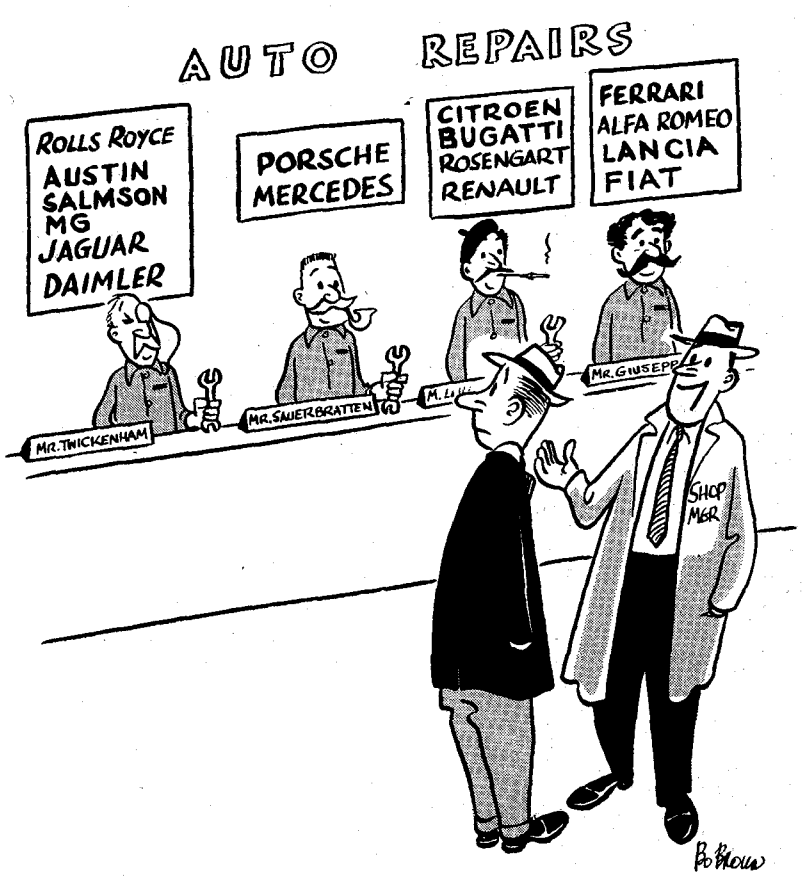
Randolph Savage looked up and groaned. "They forecast the thunder squalls and we get the wind," he said. "The fire will be across the run before we can get there. We'll have to knock down a new lane at the South Fork."

This time he forgot Susan altogether until he was ten steps away and she shouted indignantly after him. There was a smoky smell to the air and she was beginning to be afraid. She held him tightly, knowing that he wanted to break away.

"Please be careful, darling."

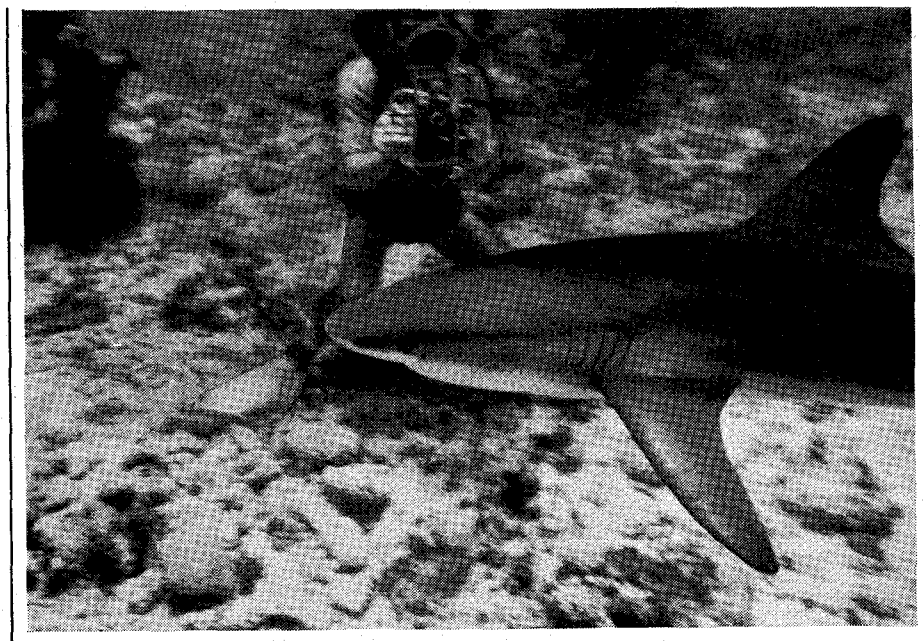
"It takes as long," Randolph Savage said, "to grow a tree as it does to grow a man."

And then he was gone, running, and Susan felt the beginning of pride that he was the way he was. After all, there had been Savages at the long-forgotten wagons too. As Billy Walker put it grimly: on



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We're going all out after the foreign-car market."



MY CLOSEST SHAVE *by Elgin Ciampi*

Skin Diver, Shark Expert, Author

"My closest shave happened under water while baiting sharks to photograph," says shark expert Elgin Ciampi. "My speared bait-fish hid in a hole, pouring clouds of blood around me. Smelling blood, a 7-foot man-eater, unable to find the bait, rushed *me*. I dodged and started taking pictures. I kept the camera between us while the shark circled hungrily for five full minutes. Then my air supply ran short, so I used psychology: I lunged at the shark with my camera. Startled, he shot away—and so did I!"

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the inside. She understood suddenly that it was difficult to be as harsh as you needed to be to survive.

Down at the sheds, Billy Walker was backing up a tractor to hitch to the bulldozer's trailer. They would beat down a wide swath of trees with it and try to block the fire. There was a roaring and a bustle of machinery and then suddenly silence; they were gone.

Susan went down to the cookhouse and talked to the cook about making a milk can of coffee. She helped the silent Swede with the kettles, and made sandwiches, and then she went back to the lodge to change into jeans and boots. It was growing dark now, and the smoky smell was stronger, and in the south the sky was lighted fitfully with an ominous red glow. The wind howled briefly in the pines.

John Walked-With-Grandfather was sitting calmly in the dust before the porch of the lodge. "I have come," the old voice said coldly, "to make talk with the man Savage."

"He is gone to the fire," Susan said.

"Even so." The old man had turned his head a little and Susan saw through the dusk that his face was painted—ocher bars on the forehead, blue above the cheekbones and on the hollow cheeks. "Even so," he said. "Then let us go to the fire also."

The old man would not be in the way, Susan thought. The silent Swede scowled when the old Indian got into the station wagon with them, but didn't say anything. The can of hot coffee sloshed noisily in the back as Susan drove. As soon as they were out of the big trees into the plantations, the glow was much brighter in the sky, and sometimes they could see balls of flame shooting up—the death blast of an individual tree when its crown of foliage caught fire.

When they approached the juncture of the North and South Forks, there were ashes falling in the path of the headlights, and at the bridge trucks were parked crazily—trucks from the ranger stations, from the prison camp, from the National Guard armory.

The old man with the painted face said, "You belong to a strange people, medicine woman. In my time, your people came to this country and set fire to the trees. They wished to burn the trees to clear the ground. Then when the ground was cleared they planted trees, and now they make war on the fire that wants to burn the trees again."

Then he said, "Clearly, the fire is in the right to rise against such inconsistency. Although not against the man Savage, for he is very wise and good to the forest."

Susan drove the station wagon across the bridge and down onto the logging road. As she slowed behind a ranger tank truck there was a wild flare of fire in the sky and a confused shouting up ahead.

Susan opened the car door and saw men in the river, swimming or floundering ashore, and a man shouted, "We've lost it! The fire has crowned across the river!"

From the road, Susan could feel the heat. The man who had shouted came out of the river steaming and she could see the bubble of blisters on his face. Then she heard somewhere the roar of Doc Champion's voice, and she was working, quite simply and skillfully, doing what she could to relieve pain.

Some time later—she did not know how long—a lone straggler came out of the water. She swabbed his face before she recognized Billy Walker. She was cutting off his burned shirt, and Doc Champion, stripped to the waist and glistening like some heathen god with sweat and firelight, was peering close when Billy Walker said, "Is the boss here?"

"No," Doc Champion said. "You are the last one out down here. Maybe he went out another way."

"There is no other way," Billy Walker said through his puffed lips, and Susan went suddenly numb.

"We were knocking down the trees closest to the river," Billy Walker said. "And then it crowned across. The boss was on the bulldozer. I thought he was taking it into the water to save it."

Then he looked up at Susan's face and his own face changed and settled.

"I beg your pardon," he said to Doc Champion, "but please stand aside. I am going back into the fire."

"You are going nowhere," Doc Champion said. "You have at the very least a number of second-degree burns. Hold still."

Susan stood up very slowly. She became aware that the old Indian was standing close to them.

"I see you, medicine woman," he said formally.

"I see you, chief," she said automatically.

The firelight was strong on the incredibly wrinkled face with its painted pattern. "If the man Savage does not come out of the fire," the old voice said, "then there will be no sons."

"No," Susan said. "Then there will be no sons." And she thought: *Never, never, never.*

"As I mentioned previously," the old man said, "I myself had thirteen sons. They were splendid sons." He looked fiercely at Susan. "Even though afterward the soldiers would not tell me where they were buried. There must be sons."

Past Doc Champion's gleaming shoulder, the hooded eyes sought out Billy Walker. "I summon you, grandson of my brother's daughter," the old man said, and Billy Walker's eyes came open. "My brother was very brave at the wagons, and we have come again to the time of great deeds."

Billy Walker said in a drugged voice, "I hear you, Walked-With-Grandfather."

"Transport me in the vehicle," the old man said. "Transport me to my canoe, on the South Fork, beyond the fire."

"Go away," Doc Champion said. "This man has been hurt."

"Many men were hurt at the wagons," the old man said; and to Billy Walker, "Come quickly, lest I speak harshly to the spirit of my brother."

Billy Walker started to rise.

"Lie down!" Doc Champion roared.

"Shut up," Billy Walker said. And then to the old man he said, "I hear you."

"All right," Doc Champion said. "There is too much to do here to argue with crazy Indians. Nurse ——"

The word reached Susan through the numbness. Her reflexes began to function again. There were men in pain to care for. She worked mechanically and efficiently, and sparks burned little pinpricking holes in her shirt, and once Doc Champion dumped a bucket of water over her because there was a live ember in her hair.

Then quite suddenly they were through, everyone was taken care of and the smoke was less. Rain spattered down for a moment, then a wave of rain swept across the nearest burn. There was an enormous hissing and the whiteness of steam, but not even the fringe of the fire retreated under the drops. Then lightning split the sky—high white lightning—and the rain came seriously, the driving squall-line rain.

"In another hour," Doc Champion said, "it will be all over."

"It is all over now," Susan said. "Right now. Everything is all over."

Men were pulling back the equipment. Their talk held a note of relief, but when they walked near Susan they lowered their eyes and voices. A truck pulled out and one man came back to say softly to Doc Champion, "With this rain, it will be cold by morning. We'll go in for him then."

She knew they meant Randolph Savage. Vehicles were moving on the bridge and on the road now. One of them was the station wagon returning. But Billy Walker was alone.

"So," Doc Champion said, "you come back after all, warrior."

"Yes," Billy Walker said. "I come back to tell you to watch the river for the aluminum canoe."

It did not mean anything to Susan. But it did to Doc Champion. He roared, "Did you let the old man put the canoe in above the fire?"

"Let him? Let him?" Billy Walker said. "He is the great chief Walked-With-Grandfather." His voice was high and proud. "I remind you, he is the man who burned the wagons."

"Harold is very particular about the way I prepare his food."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Doc Champion, muttering, went down to the river, where the fast current was marked with bobbing debris, the black boles of burned trees, still-smoking branches.

And almost immediately they saw it, gleaming in the dying light of the fire and riding low in the water.

"Oh, God!" Susan said. "It's tipped over!"

Doc Champion was wading out into the river now, ducking burned branches. Then he had reached the canoe, caught the bow and let the current swing the long, slender craft sluggishly inshore. He lifted, grunting, and the whole canoe came out of the water.

Standing in the driving rain, with the noise of the dying fire close by, Susan saw first that there was one man under the canoe, and then that there were two, and then she was scrambling down the slippery bank herself, crying Randy's name.

"I'm all right," Randolph Savage said to Doc Champion. "But look at the old man quickly. I had to tie him to the stern seat with my belt."

Susan was running her hand through the tawny hair, singed black now, and laughing and crying in the wet, burned-smelling material of his shirt.

Doc Champion freed the old man and carried him up the bank, a very old and very fragile doll with a wet but indomitable eagle feather dripping from the braids that were no longer snowy.

"I put the tractor into the river," Randy was saying, "to block the stuff coming down on me, and figured I could wait there until the fire burned itself out. But it was getting hot when I saw the canoe. The old man had tipped it and was floating beside it, looking for me. He caught onto the tractor and, with the stuff burning a couple of feet from our faces, said very politely, 'I see you, Savage.'"

Doc Champion said, "He's going to be all right. A little too much smoke and a little too much water. But he's had both before."

"In a way, it is too bad," Billy Walker said. "If he died, then no one would know that in the end he had to be rescued himself. And the young men in the Nation would make songs of this great deed, even if they do not remember very well about the wagons."

"Well," Randolph Savage said, glaring at him, "who knows this thing you mention, of being rescued himself? Who would make such a lie?"

Billy Walker grinned suddenly, and it hurt his burned face to grin. "Anyway," he said happily, "you have your canoe back."

Randolph Savage looked at the old man on the ground. The hooded eyes were opening.

"It is not my canoe," he said carefully. "On this day, John Walked-With-Grandfather traded me a spotted pony for it."

"It was a reasonable bargain," the old voice said strongly. "But you understand that I make no foolish peace with you."

"Of course not," Randolph Savage said sternly.

"I am opposed to foolish peace," the old man said. His incredibly wrinkled face did not change, yet it was different. Susan saw why: the war paint had been washed away in the river.

Now the fierce old eyes were on her. "Now, it will be arranged that there are many sons."

"Yes," Susan said. "Many sons."

"Good," said the old voice. "I am scarcely one hundred years old. Perhaps I shall recount to your sons one day the story of how we burned the wagons."

THE END

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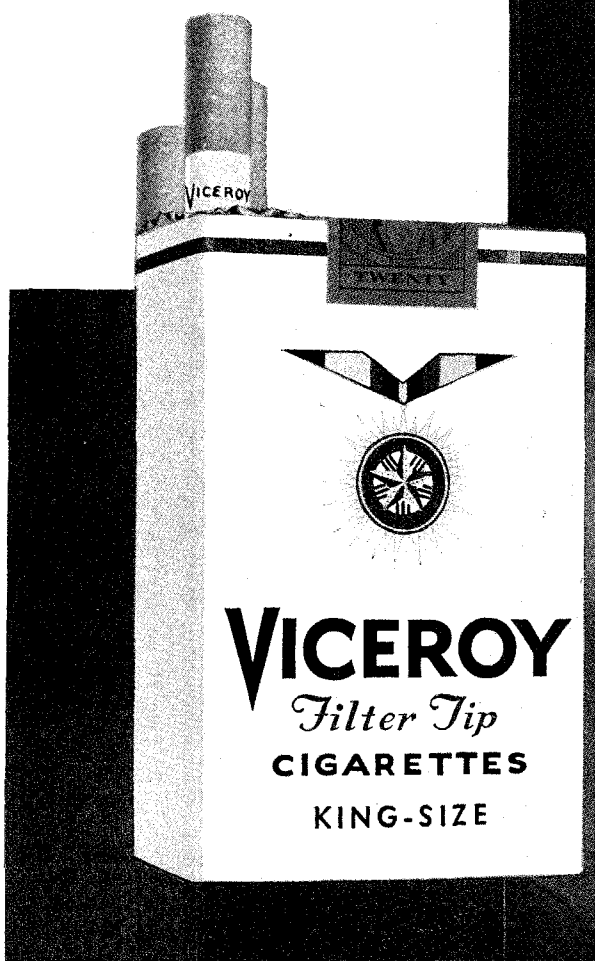

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Maverick Boy (Continued from Page 30)

and there was a trace of wonder in his voice.

"Why, you leave a mule a piece of himself. A bit of his pride. When he's nearly played out, you coddle him. He feels mighty alone, then."

Graven spooned his potatoes. "Stick to your mules," he said. "I only got one boy and had him late, but I remember my own raising. A human can be beat down to the patches of nothing and scrape pride out of the dust. I know my boy. He's cutting wood to make a pile to hide his face behind. He'll come in and dump the wood noisy in the box. He'll take his hiding without crying out loud. That will be hook enough to hang his pride on. He did wrong and he needs to be punished. He ran away from the strap and he came back to the strap."

"Maybe it wasn't the strap he came back to," Adam answered, reluctant to involve himself, but driven to it by pity for Sara.

"Tend your mules," Graven said, but the ring was suddenly gone from his voice.

Adam sat down and began to eat, and Sara, looking at him sitting so withdrawn, suddenly hated the whole breed of mule men. Rootless and moody. Each feeding his life by dreaming some silly dream which he would never get. This one and his foolish gypsy cart was sillier than most. But, unwillingly, she thought of sitting, after dishes done, on the kitchen steps, with Adam telling the boy in his slow, easy voice how nice and cozy a well-made gypsy cart was, and her arm for once unnoticed across the boy's shoulders.

Halfway through the silent meal the boy pushed through the door, crossed the room and knelt at the woodbox. One chapped, blue-cold hand laid the topmost stick noiselessly in the box. The hand groped again and laid a second stick, silent as a mouse in wool.

"Stand up, boy." Graven's great voice stopped the hand in midair. "Stand up and drop that wood in the box hard as you can."

The boy's bent knee quivered under the taut cloth, but he did not rise until Sara's agonized voice pleaded in the silence.

"Ah, John Thomas, will you do as he says?"

He dropped the wood in the box, then; but he didn't look up. One sleeve came up and stayed across his mouth as he backed to the door. On the back porch he fumbled the leather strap from its hook and came back to kneel, joint by tired joint, beside Graven's thick knee. He held up the strap.

Graven knotted a big hand in the boy's jacket front and lifted him.

"You deserve a licking, don't you?"

"I'm waiting for it," John Thomas said dully.

"Then it's one you'll owe me," Graven said. "Fill his plate, Sara."

Sara flew to the range, but John Thomas flung himself out of Graven's grasp and stood, half crying.

"I'll not owe you anything. If I've got it coming, give it to me."

Graven held him and looked down at him and said in hurt wonder, "Now, son, you think I want to?"

"No, father," he said, "I don't think that." By the tone, by the hopeless twist of his body, it was a lie, and everyone knew it for a lie.

Graven's great neck swelled, hurt and furious, feeling the injustice of it; he had the boy and the strap across his back in one roaring rush.

"I will not have a liar about," he gritted, bringing down the strap.

Sara, standing stricken beside the range, made a small noise deep in her throat and it was that tiny sound that halted Adam as he backed toward the door. He pitched his voice to carry just over the sounds of the strap and the noises that leaked through the boy's clenched teeth.

"Don't you fret. Humans don't scrape their pride like Graven said. He keeps his pride close guarded in some secret place. That strap isn't touching that place. He'll be fine."

He went out the door, still seeing Sara's eyes on him in mute thanks, and the lie he'd told her troubled him a little. The boy was close to breaking.

He went out to the corral and leaned against the fence and saw that his mare mule Sheba had coaxed the colt away from its mother again and the tiny thing was nuzzling the useless dugs and jerking its head in protest against the absence of sweet flow. Sheba craned her neck to lick him. All happy and miserable at once, he knew, and as he stood watching he was shaken with how alike Sheba and Sara were. Sheba, forever tolling a colt from its rightful dam to ease the aching emptiness of her body; and Sara, an old maid with no prospects, letting Graven's boy come to be life and breath to her. Poor things, he thought. He straightened and sighed, feeling a great urge to move on, feeling himself soft iron between the hammer and anvil of the forces on the Macafee place. It was a troubling feeling.

There was a stumbling run in the yard and the hinges of the harness room squeaked. Adam told himself it was none of his business, that Graven could do with his boy as he liked, but in the end he couldn't make it stick. He gave John Thomas half an hour to sob dry his well of despair and then opened the door and stood outlined a few seconds so as not to startle the boy. He squatted beside the sack-and-husk mattress and rolled a cigarette by feel. When he struck the match he held it high to catch a glimpse of the white, tear-wet face before it turned wallward.

"What got into you to light a shuck the way you did?" he asked.

Adam waited and finally John Thomas spoke with a terrible weariness.

"I couldn't ever please him. Haying, plowing, choring; I just couldn't please him. I was slopping the hogs that night and the old boar got his head in the bucket and spilled the slop. I knew he'd find it out, someway. It just seemed like too much."

"Headed anyplace in particular?"

The boy didn't answer right away and when he did in his voice was the same quality of longing that was in Adam's when he talked of his cart.

"I always used to think about turning into a place about chore time and asking for work to pay for my supper. I'd hustle and the man would ask me to stay. I'd please him."

"And it wasn't so," Adam said, shaking his head.

"Nobody needed a hand."

"Now you always seemed like a hustler to me," Adam comforted.

"Adam Threewitt," the boy asked softly, "will you please sit down and tell me about the wagon? I got to thinking about listening to you telling about the gypsy cart and it seemed like I just had to hear it again."

"All right, John Thomas, I'll tell you about the cart. But that's not why you came back. Nobody needed a hand and you were cold and hungry, but you were alone. You ever see a stray dog out on the roads? He tucks his tail and hides in the brush. That dog is alone. He's looking for some place so as not to be alone. When he finds a home, likely he'll be kicked and starved; but, boy, he won't be alone. And someday, maybe that man that kicks him and starves him will reach down and pat his head."

"Are you going to tell about the cart?" the boy asked desperately.

"I will, but first, why do you sleep out here with the mice?"

"I like it here," John Thomas answered. "If I sleep in the house Sara is always coming in to tuck me in or kiss me good night."

"She's a good woman and she loves you."

"She can't be my mother. She tries, but she doesn't feel like her."

"You ought not to cheat her," Adam said, thinking of Sheba and the nuzzling colt.

"After my mother died," John Thomas said slowly, "one night I was out here

"Come on, boy! Don't be afraid! Come on! Here, boy!..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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and he came out and talked to me. Adam, he talked nice. He talked about my mother and about the place, and—about us. Him and me. He—sounded awful lonesome."

"That when you moved your bed out here?"

"About then," John Thomas answered stiffly.

"And he never came back again," Adam said.

"Oh, yes, he did," John Thomas said quickly. "One night he came to help a mare foal. Him and me, we worked all night. We saved her. Hadn't been for us he said she'd have died sure. Him and me, we did it together."

Adam thought of the boy standing beside his father and sharing in the agonizing and mysterious splendor that is birth. He began to talk about the gypsy cart. His words came deeply but easily, as a man repeats a rare poem for his own pleasure. The poem is so well known that the words have lost all fresh meaning and the deep pleasure of it is all in the run and rhythm of it and the enduring thought behind it. The tongue needs no thought to form the words and yet the words have taken on a rare clinging sweetness that is forever sweet.

"Shem and Sheba, I have. Prime young Spanish mules, and a spring wagon with springs so jouncy she rides soft as a goosedown tick. No nails in this cart I'll build on the frame. Every joint mortised and tenoned. She'll ride so light sprung that if a wind blows hard of a night—why, a man lying cozy in his bunk inside is rocked like in a baby's cradle. I'll have a stove there with a door that has glass windows, so a man can take comfort from the flames, and a swing-down table of goldy pine. I'll have a copper lamp swung by a chain from the roof. I'll eat by that lamp in the evening when the stock is cared for, and by that lamplight I'll read the Stockman's Journal. I'll listen to the stock outside stomping and snorting, sleepy-like, and I'll think, *Why, this is all mine*, and I'll say yea and nay to no man. My own man, free as an eagle."

The shucks rustled and John Thomas' voice was hollow with longing.

"Oh, Adam," he said, "will you favor me with a thing I want most? Will you tell it—oh, please—with two bunks and two chairs and two plates?"

Adam's breath went out with his shock. "I can't," he said. "It's my own cart and always has been. I can't let anybody else in."

"Oh, Adam, please, I want to lie in that bunk and watch you reading by the lamp and help tend the stock and say yea and nay to no man."

Adam lighted a match and held it high between them so the boy could see his hard face.

"I can't let you have any part of my dream, boy," he said roughly. "Don't ever ask about it again."

John Thomas stood on his knees and caught Adam's sleeve.

"Dream?" he asked, his voice high with disbelief. "Dream? Is this just one of the things you dream about? Like mine? Are you just pretending about the cart?"

Adam jerked loose and stood up. The shucks rattled again, a small hailstorm of protest as the boy turned his face to the wall. Adam went out into the dark and leaned a shoulder against the barn corner and made a mess of rolling a cigarette. He was so shaken that he didn't hear Sara until she stood beside him, a covered plate in her hands, a lighted lantern hanging from the crook of her elbow.

"I've brought him some supper. He's growing and shouldn't miss meals," she said, and Adam nodded vacantly. Sara didn't leave, but stood awkwardly arranging the cloth on the plate.

"Adam," she asked, "why must it be all struggle and strife here? Don't other people love each other? Other places you've been, don't they laugh?"

Adam was sick to find that he couldn't comfort the poor thing at all. All his life had been spent with mules and in bunkhouses with lone and moody drifters, each prisoner in the cage of his meager life.

"Sara, I just don't know. Haven't you ever loved anything?"

"I loved my father, I guess. But love was a show of weakness to him. When he died and Graven's wife passed away I came here to tend Graven and the boy. I was almost glad, because I thought it would be a chance to be a mother to the boy. He's all I ever had. Him and the baby things on the place."

"Take him his food," Adam said gently. "Fondle him."

But Sara didn't go. "It's funny. I love him beyond life's breath, but trying to fondle him is like touching a wild thing. He hunches under my hand and moves away. He—he's like he's not tame."

"Taming is nothing but trusting. It takes time. Take him his supper," Adam said, and she turned and went.

Adam stood alone and thought bleakly of Sheba and Sara, yearning and sick for love, and of himself and his suddenly empty life. He was cold in the grip of his new-found loneliness. He heard the harness-room door squeak and turned to see Sara hurrying toward him, the lantern making agitated (*Continued on Page 97*)

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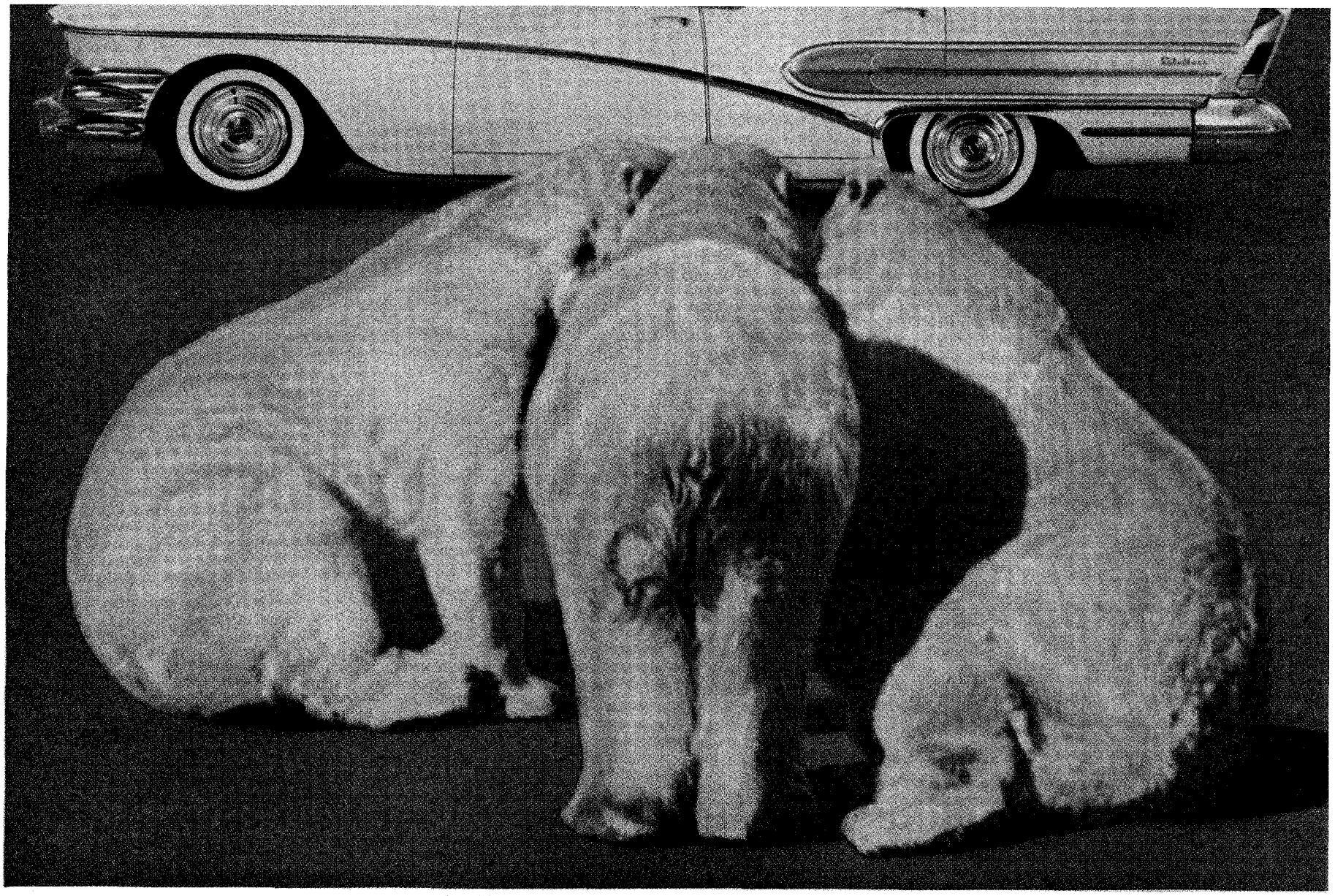

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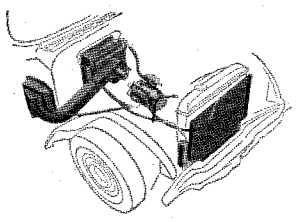

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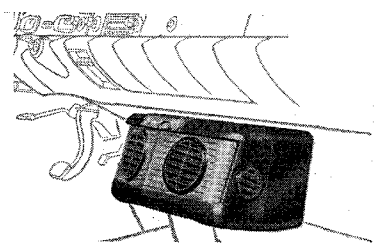

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(*Continued from Page 95*) arcs in the deepening dark. She stopped and looked up at him.

"You did something to him that Graven and his strap couldn't. What did you do?" she asked fiercely.

Adam shook his head numbly. "He just found out I'm never going to build the gypsy cart. He'll get over it, but maybe I won't. I didn't even know it myself. All these years I've been lying to myself and didn't know it. I'm never going to have that gypsy cart."

He looked down at her with the lantern glow reflecting small and lonely far back in the depths of his eyes. "Or the swing-down table or the lamp."

Sara put a hand on his arm. "Does it have to be so? I've watched you. I've seen dreams moving behind your eyes. Oh, Adam, dreams that I'm sure can be. You can dream heaven-high, and you're bound to nobody. You can do it. You can."

But Adam kept shaking his head. "Nor the stove with glass windows. He showed me I'd never have any of it."

"Oh, you fool!" Sara said harshly. "Steal the lumber if you must and shape it with your fingernails. Build a ramshackle, jerry-built cart that won't get a mile down the road. But build it and show John Thomas that a man doesn't have to die in the rut he's made for himself. A man can dream, and dreams can be."

"No," Adam said, swallowing. "I'm a mule man. I'll train mules until I die, knowing it was a job that took skill and something beyond skill. I'll hold to that."

The upward glow of the lantern made Sara's eyes look deep in her face and the downward flick of her mouth was all contempt.

"You poor thing. You are a mule man. You're worse than any of us. You're nothing."

Adam found himself pitied by someone who had even less than he, and it was that and the knowledge of having lost his dream that drove him to a rare anger.

"Where," he asked harshly, thrusting deep with the awl of his anger among her secret agonies, "are the babies you bore and the man you comforted and strengthened? What are you but an empty mare mule of a creature tending a mean man and dry-suckling a real female's colt? What are you?"

He was instantly horrified at how easily it was done. Her face sagged and one hand came up to her throat while her eyes looked at him with a vast reproach, dry with a dryness of hurt beyond tears.

"Nobody ever wanted me," she said with a strange and terrible dignity, and then began to cry like any woman in the world who was never wanted. She brought up both arms and clutched herself, and this gesture rebuked Adam like no words she could have said.

Adam moved forward to comfort her, all stricken, to humble himself and take back his words, but she turned and ran toward the black bulk of the house, bumping awkwardly into a wheelbarrow in her path and then into the closed gate.

Adam climbed wearily to his bunk in the haymow and looked up at the stars shining like ice splinters through the hay chute and felt small and empty. He turned on his side and shut his eyes, wanting sleep to come, filled with fear of the vague and formless yearning that shaped itself inside him, but it was no use, the dim longing took form. He saw Adam Threewitt all snug in his gypsy cart of an evening reading the Stockman's Journal by the light of the copper lamp over the goldy-pine table. Then another chair was sketched in on the other side of the table, and Adam moved the Journal to make room for books on ciphering, spelling and reading. John Thomas was in the chair, raising his bright head and smiling straight at Adam. Adam's whole being clutched with his longing for a son.

Adam threw back his blankets and stumbled down to the harness room. John Thomas rolled away from him, awake all in one startled piece, one arm upflung. Adam lighted a match.

"John Thomas Macafee," Adam said formally, "I'm going to need help to build that gypsy cart. I want her to be as cozy as I always said, and I'm going to have to plan her to the last splinter to make the two of us fit."

He flicked out the match, but not before he saw the smile on John Thomas' face and knew he was committed beyond back-out.

It wasn't until Graven rousted him at dawn and he sat shivering on the bunk side that he called himself a fool and felt

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Love's Legacy

By Peggy Dowst Redman

What is the tribute I shall pay
To him who made my life all sweet?
Shall I go wearing marks by day
Of last night's tears and death's defeat?

Granted the legacy of sorrow,
So much of joy is not to bury;
This was bequeathed me for the morrow,
And that is why you see me merry.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

the dry-mouthed fear that fills every man when his feet leave a well-known road and turn onto a strange one.

Going out to chore, Adam saw the colt nuzzling Sheba again, and he watched for a long minute, wondering at Sheba's strange content. When he went in to breakfast, Sara didn't turn from her place at the range and he sat down silently. He heard Graven washing noisily on the back porch.

"You were right," he said to her thin back. "I've got to build the cart now." Sara didn't turn. "I've asked the boy to go with me. I want him."

She turned and he saw the shine of tears in her eyes. "I hoped," she said simply.

"Graven will likely have me up for child stealing," Adam said sourly.

"Never!" Sara said. "His pride wouldn't let him. That boy was a week out on the roads, dead for all Graven knew. He didn't call a soul."

"You'll miss him."

"Like my breath. But he'll have a chance to live. I'll be content."

Adam went through his day, turning over the whole thing and coming to see gradually with what wisdom Sara had spoken. A wisdom springing from the deep well of her loneliness and rejection. He thought of John Thomas beside him, looking up to him, measuring himself beside him, and he was scared, seeing himself taking up the task of making a boy into a man. It was scary, but if he did it—why, he could make the dust and shadow of his life into something that flowered and grew.

Next morning he was hitching the mules to a stone sled when Sara came out to him, holding her skirts up from the muck.

"The Evanses are tearing down their old milk house," she said. "You could get lumber there, seasoned and all, for the asking."

"I might just go over there tomorrow or next day," Adam answered, fishing for a bellyband.

"I thought you'd best go today," Sara said.

"I'll build my cart in my own way and in my own time," Adam answered. "Anyway, I've got no tools."

"I'll ask Graven for the loan of the tools," Sara said mildly.

"If I want the loan of tools I'll ask, myself," Adam said harshly. Sara looked down at her hands without speaking.

"I'm going to build it!" Adam said savagely. "But I'll not be pushed."

That night when he swung the team around the barn he found a mess of scantlings and siding up against the barn side.

"Sara and I fetched them from the Evanses'," John Thomas told him. "She said father said to bring back the tools as sharp as you took them. We can start on that old cart just any time."

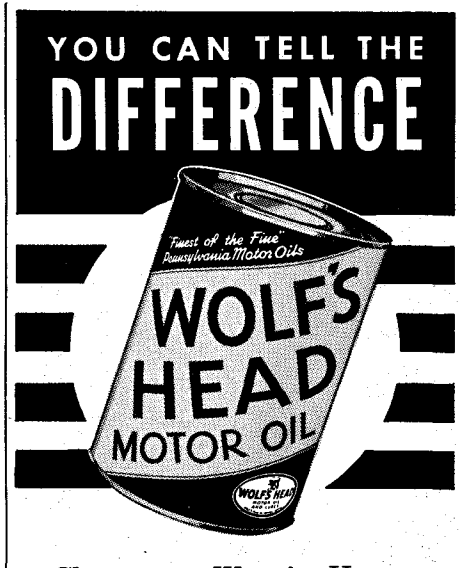
So Adam began to build his cart with the reluctance of fear, driven only by Sara's gentle prodding and the strength of his word given. At first he threw out this beam and that board for imperfections, delaying the building by whatever means. But, even with his slowness, the thing began to take shape under his hands and he began to discard pieces because he would have no thing in his cart that was not perfect. The fever had come on him that comes when a man hews slabs of raw wood and fits them to make a shelter, and there is no pride in all man's doing that can equal the lifting pride that rises as the shelter rises.

Sara came sometimes in the evenings, bringing cake and coffee. She sat in the lanternlight looking at them with a strange mixture of sorrow and pride. Adam, seeing her with her head leaned against a post, was moved to pity for her, thinking of how he was robbing her of someone to love.

The cart took shape as winter waned. One morning there was no ice in the horse trough and Graven began to fret over harness. He put tar on hoofs and found a million things to do, and it seemed as if he could do none of them without calling John Thomas to help him. If he did not praise him, Adam noticed, he did not find fault either.

Graven was a man who forced the land to yield, not working with the great cycles of weather and earth. He had to force the weather and crowd the land to produce by his own stubborn strength. Each spring while the fields lay sodden masses of mud Graven would stand by the barn and stare bleakly at the resting land and on the first day that the weak sun made steam rise from the mud, Graven would hitch a team to the greased plow and bog both mules and plow in the first twenty feet. It was his gesture against the earth and his neighbors, content to wait for true spring. On that day Graven would wrestle out the plow with his ox strength and whip the mules until their hearts went, and they would not strain in their collars, but would only stand quivering, heads down. Only then would Graven come home, saying that he would have been there yet, but the mules had quit.

One raw morning Adam and John Thomas were shoveling out the barn and John Thomas leaned on his fork and spoke.



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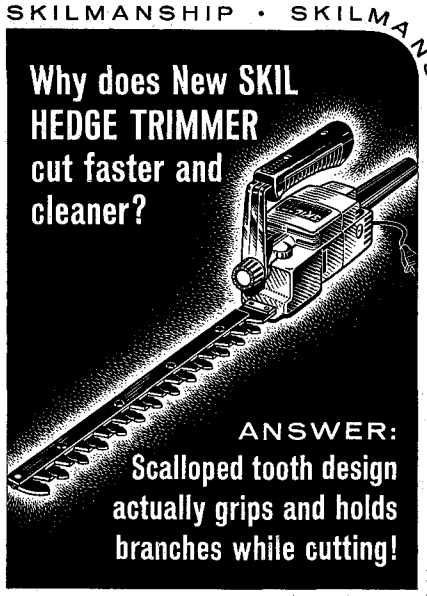
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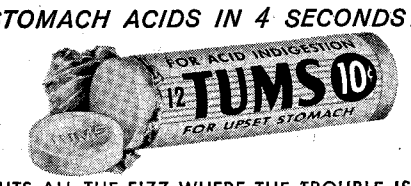

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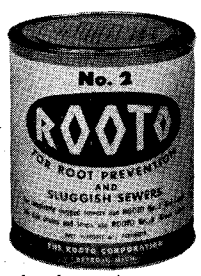

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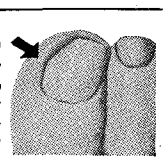

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"What do we do out there on the roads, Adam? Besides tending stock, what work will we do?"

"As little as ever a man can do and feed himself, boy," Adam answered lightly. "There's more to life than working."

John Thomas turned to the barn lot where Graven had brought in sand fill and watched his great body working with a heavy rhythm, lifting shovels of sand and spreading it.

"It's funny," he said, puzzled, "it just don't seem right. Not to work, not to make crops grow. Oh, but it'll be good not to get up in the cold. I'll get used to it."

He bent over his fork, loading the fork and throwing it with Graven's very rhythm.

As the cart came closer and closer to completion, Sara came more frequently after dishes-done to sit and watch hungrily as John Thomas and Adam sanded and smoothed and fitted, their heads close together, shutting her out. Her eyes went often to the boy, who paid her not the least half mind, as if she weren't there.

"Ways," she said dreamily, one night, "I hate to see spring come. You two out on the roads, free, and us here the same as always, just the two of us, working and working. You don't forget us now, John Thomas."

"No, ma'am," John Thomas answered looking directly at her, "I won't."

"That mare mule of yours," Sara said to Adam, "I don't know when I've seen a neuter beast so taken with a colt. Usually they hate colts."

"I pry them loose every chance I get," Adam answered absently.

"Ah, you shouldn't. You shouldn't deprive her," Sara said softly.

Adam rose and looked levelly at her.

"She should face up to it," he said deliberately. "She's barren. She's never going to have a colt and should face up to it."

Sara looked up at him and her arms came up again in that gesture of rebuke and then adjusted her shawl. She got up stiffly and went to the house. Adam looked after her and wondered why he had to be forever hurting the poor thing.

The rains turned to drizzles and the drizzles stopped. The sodden ground lay waiting for the sun to dry it for plowing. Graven went into a frenzy of preparation with harness and gear, and called John Thomas to help him again and again. If he was working in the harness room of an evening John Thomas would put down the work he was doing for Adam on the cart, and go to hold straps steady for Graven to put the brass rivets in. Graven would take his help without thanks, grunting instructions shortly.

One morning the pale sun came out and shone on the wet fields, and feathers of steam came up from the land. The next day the sun was stronger and Graven could stand it no longer. He hitched four big mules to the greased and shining plow, his big muscles jerking plow and mules, impatient to take up his fight with the land and force it to yield another year to his strength and stubbornness.

"You come along," he said to John Thomas. "I'll have all I can handle with the plow. You think you can handle the mules?"

"I'll handle them." Adam spoke up quickly, but John Thomas stepped forward, his face pale.

"I'm going to try," he said.

Once in the field the mules strained and slipped and Graven heaved, using his great strength, yanking the plow clear and sinking it. Foot by foot the team moved forward and Adam saw, as he stood in the pasture, that the muck was so wet there was no furrow after the plow, that the wet mud flowed in and covered every trace of their passing.

"Now, why does he do it?" he asked Sara, who had just come up.

"He's a fighter. He's lonesome and a fighter," she said.

Adam went back to the barn, shaking his head. In midmorning John Thomas came to the barn, driving the tired mules. He was covered with mud and trembling with exhaustion.

"Harness up another span," he said.

"You're going back?" Adam asked in amazement.

"The mules quit," John Thomas said shortly. "Not us."

At noon they had made a full circle, up and back, and came in. Adam looked out at the field and saw it as level as if they had never made the struggle. They were mud to their eyebrows and Graven's bull shoulders were slumped, but there was a pleased look on his heavy face. He put one great muddy hook of a hand on John Thomas' head.

"Going to have me a skinner here," he said. John Thomas silently started stripping harness from the steaming mules. He had to stand on tiptoe to reach the hame cleft, but he managed it.

"Hold still there," he said roughly to the mule, although the mule was too tired to stir.

Two nights later Adam sat in the gypsy cart and looked around and called it done. He sat at the goldy-pine table under the lighted copper lamp, and John Thomas came on him that way.

"Sit over there," Adam said, motioning to the opposite chair. "Set a day when we light a shuck. Set a day when we start saying yea and nay to no man."

John Thomas looked around, taking in all the details and saw his hand's work, in all of it, and his heart's longing.

"It's just like you always said, Adam," he said. "Cozy as a cradle. But I reckon I'll stay."

Adam fumbled at his tobacco sack and tried to make a cigarette, needing something to steady his mind. He tried to think of something to say and was dumb.

"He needs me," John Thomas went on, very carefully. "It wouldn't be fair to leave, just when plowing's to be done. Besides, he told me I'm the only one can make those fool mules behave. He liked the way I handled that team."

Adam nodded vacantly and John Thomas got up and left quietly. Adam looked around at the cozy inside of his gypsy cart and it was a coffin. He stood up stiffly and blew out the lamp and stood looking at the glimmering glow of the wick in the dark.

Outside in the corral he saw the colt again nuzzling Sheba, and in a sudden anger he slapped the silly colt back to its mother. He went up to his bunk and lay on his blankets, looking up at the lone emptiness of the sky through the hay chute. Without any effort at all he slipped into the dream, but he saw himself sitting old and empty on the seat of his cart and the road was long and desolate ahead of him.

He thought of the dying of the wick in the lamp. After a long time he rose and went down the ladder and drew out a gallon from the coal-oil barrel.

He walked softly around the corner of the barn toward the gypsy cart and stopped dead. A light shone through the window and it was so warm and beautiful he felt his heart go empty with longing. He crept forward, his breath caught.

Sara had dredged up a rocker from somewhere and it had a silly flounce around the bottom. She was holding her arms as if they carried something, her head bent down in the ancient position of woman and child and she rocked slowly.

All the blood in Adam's body sucked back into the void of his heart. He saw in that instant that God made a mule a poor, tormented and empty creature and it was a terrible punishment. But a man—why, a man had a choice.

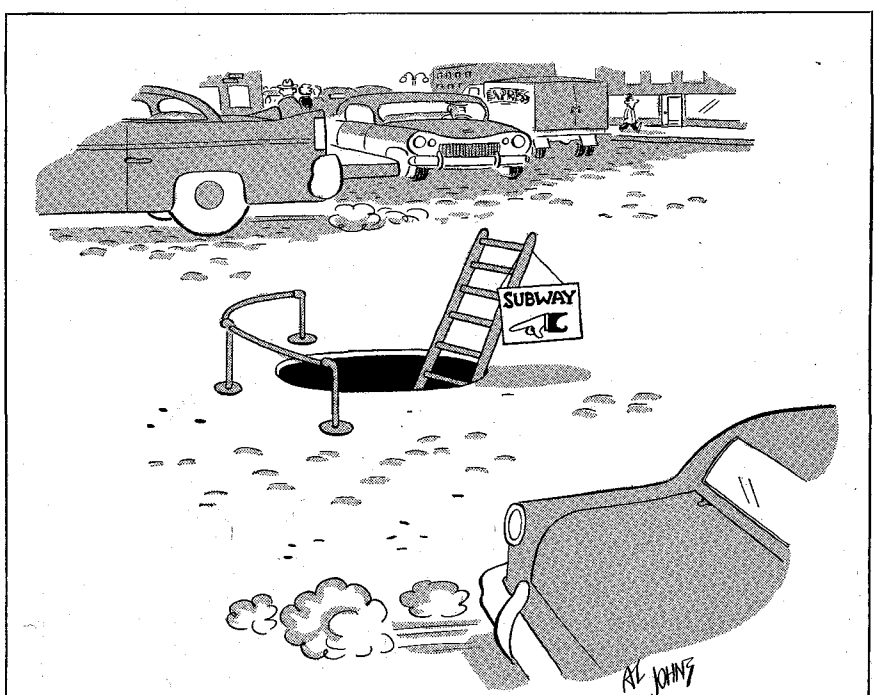
When Adam opened the door she looked up in panic, and then lowered her head.

"I just had to sit in it once," she said in a voice so low and shaken he could hardly hear.

He put a fumbling hand down and cupped her chin and forced her to look up at him.

"I know, now, I was building for it to be so," he said humbly.

Sara began to cry. She was plain with the touching plainness that is of all women crying, but Adam saw her beautiful. He had made a woman weep with joy, and to a lone man that was mightier than life itself. It could perhaps be equaled only by the first heard cry of a man's own son. THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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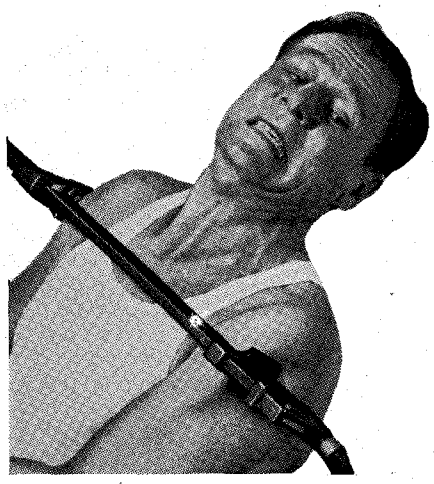

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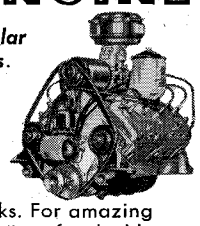

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The Man Who Wouldn't Fall

(Continued from Page 37)

"Thank you," Liz said. "We'll be four, Jill. A friend of Charlie's. Male." She stirred croutons in the frying pan. "He ought to be along soon." It was then six o'clock.

By eight o'clock Gillian had set the table, leafed through three magazines and a paperback mystery, fiddled again with the radio, hunted for one particular piece in the jigsaw puzzle on the card table—the piece didn't fit after she found it—put peanuts out for the red squirrel that lived in the boathouse, replenished the bird-feeder tray, washed and wiped all the dishes and glasses she could find, and was about to start over again on the flowers.

Charlie, feeling like a man at a tennis match, said, "I think they look fine."

"Do you?" Gillian said, and the pleasure in her face, in her eyes, was real. And then, slowly and in a different voice, "I'm sorry."

"Try sitting down, dear," Liz said. "You left your drink by the sofa. Try some of that cheese." Her knitting needles clicked on imperturbably. She wore her secret smile.

Hank arrived at five minutes past eight with the last of the daylight filtering through the beech and birch and maple and larch and pine and oak and spruce surrounding the lake. From the porch he studied the scene for some little time, and then smiled around at them all and said merely, "Nice." He carried one folded suitcase of heavy canvas and an enormous leather shoulder bag shiny from use. He looked a trifle rumpled; he would always look a trifle rumpled. He kissed Liz, shook Charlie's hand, produced his smile again for Gillian—and his eyes widened somewhat this time, which is standard male reaction to Gillian.

"You had trouble?" Charlie said. "I mean, we expected you sooner."

"No trouble." He had left New York bright and early—seven-thirty that morning, to be precise—and the directions had been fine, easy to follow; no trouble at all.

"Then?" Charlie said.

Well, there was this nice little town you couldn't see very well from the Thruway, and anyway the state police wouldn't let you stop just to look.

"So you got off the Thruway," Charlie said, "and then had to get back on again?"

But it was Liz who really understood. "How many times, Hank?"

The smile came again, friendly, perhaps even a trifle embarrassed. Six, he guessed, maybe seven; he hadn't counted. "It's a beautiful drive."

Gillian merely stared, as at something in a zoo, something perhaps with two heads.

"Hank," Charlie said, "is a photographer, and I'll go get the steak." He disappeared into the kitchen. Liz went with him.

Gillian said, "Ah, you got some good pictures?"

Hank looked at her in mild surprise. "Oh, no. I just looked. I didn't want to take time for pictures—that kind of pictures."

"Of course," Gillian said. "Silly of me." *Twelve hours and a half*, she thought, *and most of it just looking, sitting and staring.*

"You have to look for a long time," Hank said. His voice was almost apologetic. "Before you see, I mean. If you follow me."

"I lag a little," Gillian said, "but not much." It looked like a fine gay weekend, a real whirl.

Wilbur arrived after dinner, whuffling to himself out on the back porch and rattling the pan Liz had set out with pieces of apple and broken-cracker bits. "We can watch him," Charlie said. "He's getting pretty tame." They trooped into the kitchen and peered out the window.

Hank opened the door slowly. Charlie said, "He'll scoot."

Wilbur did not scoot. He watched the man. He retreated a step or two. He stood there, uncertain, making his small whuffling sounds. Hank squatted by the pan. He picked up a piece of cracker and held it out. Wilbur studied the hand, studied the man; he made no move, his eyes as bright as shoe buttons in his mask, his ears soft and wary. "Take your time," Hank said. "There's no hurry." His voice was low-pitched, friendly. "We've got all night, if that's the way you want it."

At that point Gillian murmured something incoherent and went off to poke at the fire. Charlie looked at Liz, and all Liz did was smile. "Well," Charlie said to Hank, "have fun."

Hank nodded, quite slowly, not to frighten Wilbur. They left him to it.

There was a moon that night. It rose slowly, peeking over the hills, filtering through the trees, shining silver and bright on the lake. Liz knitted. Charlie tried to read. Gillian counted the points on the deer heads mounted on the wall, inspected the rainbow trout over the mantel, studied the enormous ceiling beams and wondered how they had got them up there, and smoked three cigarettes, one after another. Four times in her wandering she passed the jigsaw puzzle on the card table and steadfastly ignored it. From the back porch there was no sound.

"Why don't you go see?" Liz said.

Gillian stopped. "See what?"

"How Operation Wilbur is making out."

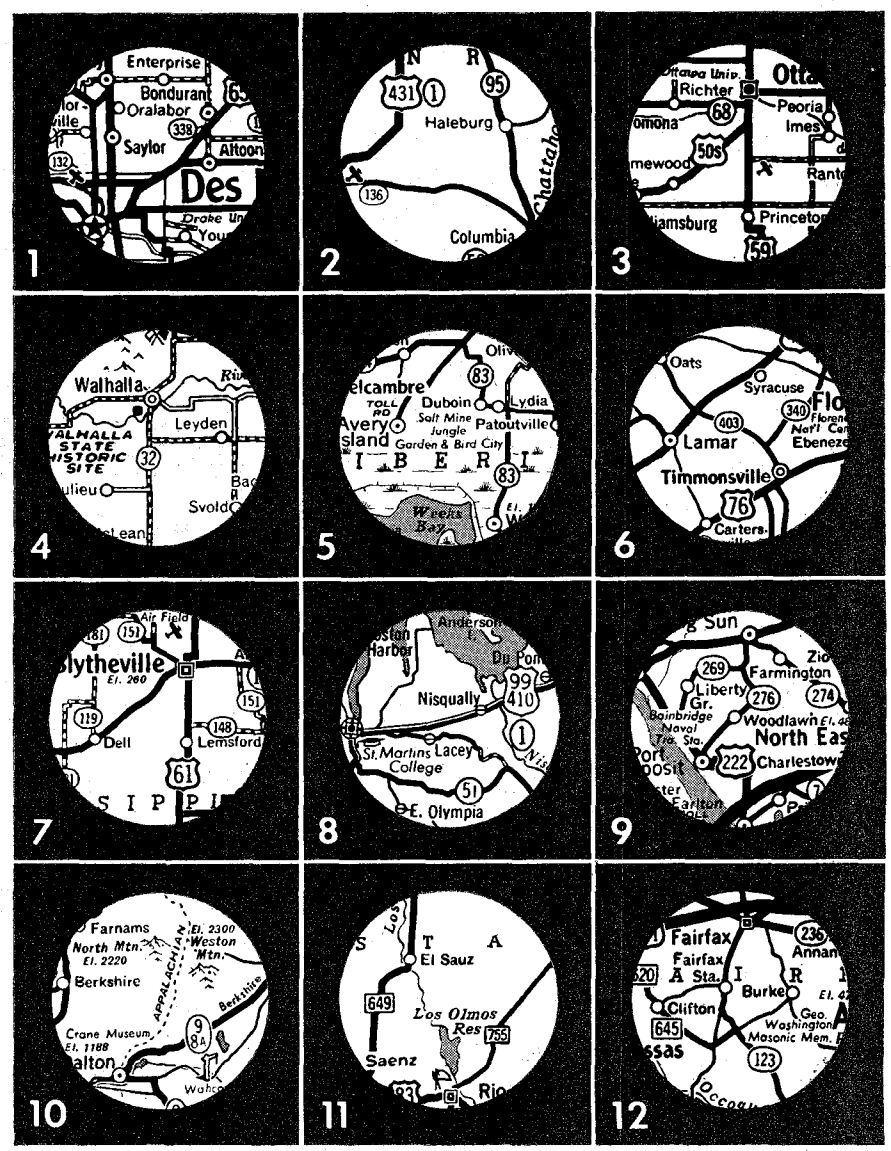
"Oh." She hesitated, and then turned away and marched out through the kitchen.

Hank was still hunkered by the pan and, as she watched, he picked out the last piece of broken cracker, held it for Wilbur, who inspected it gravely, put a small steadying hand on Hank's palm and accepted the gift. Gillian opened the door gently. Hank said without moving, "Any grapes?"

Gillian turned away and marched back into the big room. "Any grapes?"

Liz smiled down at her knitting and said, "No grapes."

Gillian returned to the porch and reported failure. Hank accepted it calmly with, "Pity." And then, to Wilbur, "Tomorrow I'll see what I can do." He stood



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(*Answers on page 103*)

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up. Wilbur inspected the empty pan. He began to whuffle. "Tomorrow," Hank repeated. The whuffling stopped. Hank produced the shy smile. "Beautiful night."

"You've noticed?" Gillian said, and instantly, inexplicably, regretted it. She said slowly, "I thought maybe a walk."

Hank nodded. "That would be nice." And then, "May I come?"

I think I know now, Gillian thought, *how Alice felt in Wonderland.* Aloud she said, "I guess it could be arranged."

It was not what you might call a walk; say, rather, a stroll, as up Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday, with all the new hats and the shop windows to be seen; and hurry or exercise unthinkable. And the Alice in Wonderland feeling grew.

There was, of course, the moon. Hank studied it from all angles. "It's different through the different trees. Have you noticed?"

Gillian agreed that there were differences.

"Over there," Hank said. "Through that tree, I mean." He paused. "I wonder what kind of a tree it is." He blundered on through the underbrush. His voice came back to her. "It's too dark to tell, but I think it's a maple."

"Maple it is," Gillian said.

He crashed back to the trail. "I'm glad you agree. I wasn't sure."

"Shall we walk?"

They covered another ten or fifteen feet. "Look at the lake," Hank said.

Gillian looked at the lake.

Hank said slowly, "Did you ever wonder how deep moonlight goes into water?" He paused. "As opposed to sunlight, I mean."

"No," Gillian said, "I can't say I have. How deep does it go?"

Hank shook his head. "I guess only the fish know."

"But you wonder."

He looked at her then, wearing the smile of embarrassment. "I guess," he said, "that I wonder about a lot of things. I'm sorry." They must have covered thirty feet this time before they stopped again. "I saw something," Hank said.

"It was the White Rabbit. He's late for his appointment."

It was not. It was Wilbur, whuffling his disappointment that the goodies were finished. "I told you," Hank said with some sternness, "that tomorrow we'd see. Grapes, if I can find them." And, to Gillian, "You'll help me remember? I promised him."

"I'll help," Gillian said and meant it.

Wilbur trundled off into the trees, muttering to himself.

"Where would you like to walk now?" Hank said.

Gillian looked back toward the camp, a hundred yards or so away. There was a smile beginning on her lips, in her mind, springing from she knew not where. She kept it carefully hidden from him. "As far as the Tea Party, maybe even beyond."

And he nodded, pleased. "It is like that, isn't it? Unreal in the moonlight, I mean."

It was not precisely what she had meant, but it was close enough. "Yes."

"All sorts of little people are probably watching us," Hank said.

"Elves, you mean? Gnomes? Pixies?"

"No," Hank said. His voice was suddenly changed, subdued. "I meant mice and owls and skunks and other raccoons than Wilbur—animals that come out at night."

"I didn't know," Gillian said, and her voice surprised her by its softness, its tone of apology.

"It doesn't matter."

But it did matter, she thought, and she hunted for a way to make amends. "Maybe if we sat down they'd come to look at us."

He looked at her, searched her face, uncertain. "Do you want to sit down?"

"Yes."

They sat on a fallen tree. They were silent for a long time. Hank whispered, "There's a deer—two of them! Does. And there's a fawn."

"I see them," Gillian said, and she remembered what he had said about looking for a long time before you really saw. She tried to do this, and it was true—after a time they were no longer just deer, they were grace and balance in movement; delicate, wary poise patterned in the light filtering through the trees, as he had said. And, watching, looking, finally seeing, feeling no urge to move, she found a kind of wonder in her mind, small at first, but growing steadily.

"Are you cold?" Hank said.

"Not particularly." But the ease was suddenly gone. *Now it comes,* she thought; *the pitch, the arm around the shoulders, the moving in* ——

"I think you are," Hank said. "We'd better go back." He stood up. "Ready?" And then he glanced back down the trail to the lights of the camp and the shining lake beyond, and his voice, when it came, was filled with astonishment. "We didn't walk very far, did we?"

She, too, was standing now, and she turned her head to hide her smile. "You're wrong. We came a long way, a very long way." And she started down the trail ahead of him, not really sure exactly what she had meant.

Charlie and Liz had turned in; the fire burned low, the screen carefully drawn. "You're probably tired," Hank said. "I mean ——"

"After that long walk?"

"Well ——" And he picked up a piece of the jigsaw puzzle, fitted it into place in an idle, offhand manner. He reached for another. "You're laughing at me," he said, "but it's all right. I get interested in things." He looked up then, the smile of embarrassment firmly in place, fixed like a mask. "You have an interesting face. I'd like to photograph it sometime if you'll let me."

"Why," Gillian said, "I think it might be arranged."

He nodded, almost formally. "Thank you." And then, "Good night." It was dismissal.

She went off down the covered porch to her room, feeling like a child sent off to bed. Funny thing was, she couldn't seem to work up any resentment—or not much. She slept well. Once she awakened and heard an owl hooting, and she found herself listening for a repeat; and she wondered if you had to listen before you heard, like looking before you saw—which was a strange kind of night thought to have.

Liz was in the kitchen among the fine smells of coffee and bacon and the warmth of the coal stove when Gillian came in the next morning. "It's beautiful," Gillian said. "The sun on the lake, the colors in the trees ——"

Liz smiled down on the bacon. "Same as yesterday."

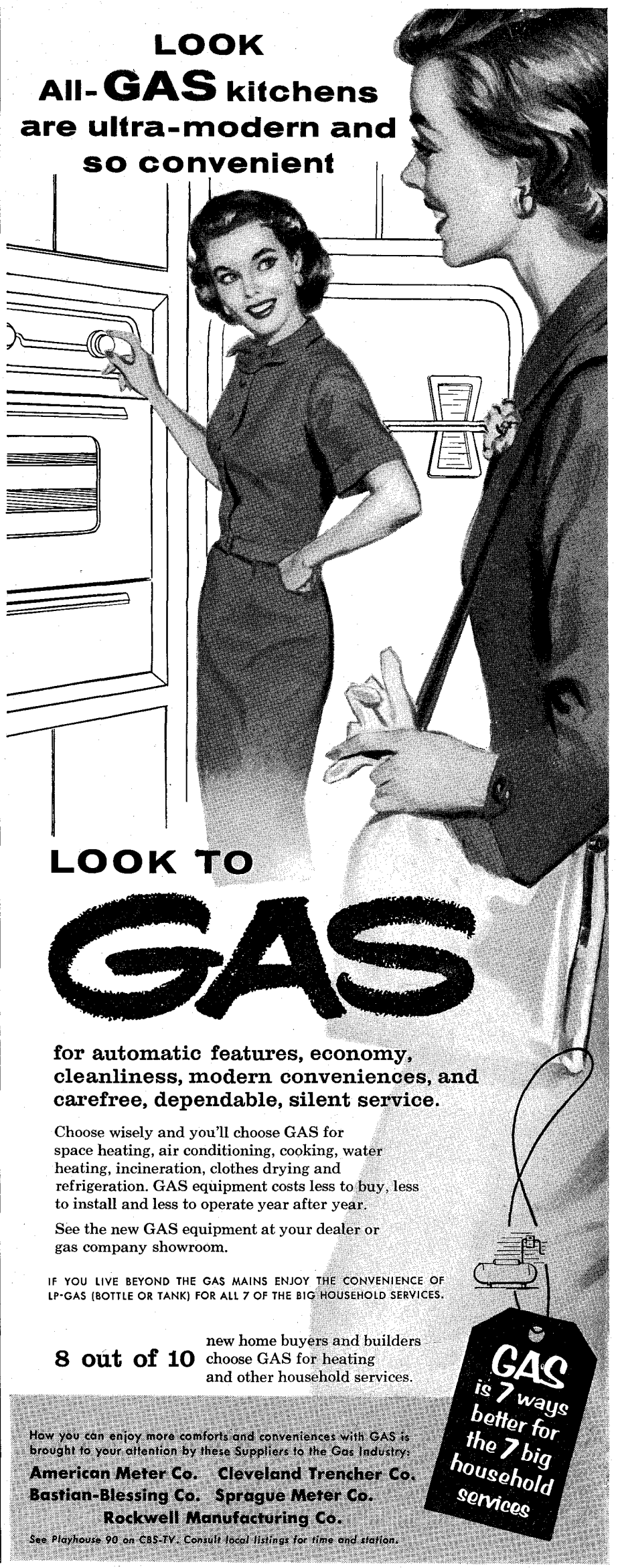
"No," Gillian said, and there she stopped. She shook her head. "I guess. But yesterday I just looked at it all; today I see it. There's a difference." Reciting her lesson, prideful in the knowledge.

Liz said, "Don't run too fast, dear. If you see what I mean."

"I'm not running. Whatever gave you that ——"

"Silly of me," Liz said. "Eggs, or just toast with your bacon?"

There was no Hank. Charlie appeared, all bright and shiny, and tucked into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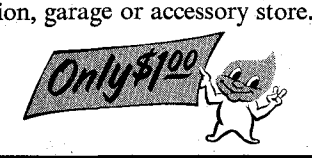

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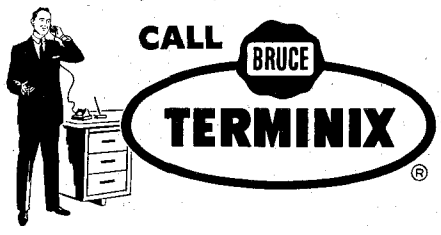

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breakfast. Liz knitted over her third cup of coffee. Gillian, spurning help, washed and wiped the dishes. She poked at the fire. She turned on the radio and listened to the static and turned it off again. She put peanuts out for the red squirrel, and one by one they disappeared from the railing, but always she seemed to be looking the wrong way when the squirrel came and went, which was frustrating.

And then she saw the jigsaw puzzle and just stood there, staring at it. It was completed, every piece in place. It was then, I think, that the shock began, because, looking at it, seeing it, she was right back where she had always been—on the outside looking in, never sharing; finding the world self-enclosed, self-sufficient, needing nothing from her for all her youth and her looks and her friendliness and her money, good only to get her from one spot to another. And all spots were alike—a thing she had known long enough and should have remembered.

Liz glanced up and saw the change in Gillian's face, in her eyes, but she said nothing. Charlie, unobservant, said, "I'm going to walk over to the lodge for the papers and mail. Like to come?"

"No, thank you," Gillian said, and then, "Don't feel you have to entertain me. Please; anything but that." She opened the door. "I'm going for a walk." She was gone.

Charlie looked at Liz. "I stuck my finger in her eye? How?"

"No, dear," Liz said, and the knitting needles did not pause. "Her own finger. Her own eye." She was silent again, thoughtful.

Gillian walked up the trail they had taken the night before, but it was all changed. The sunlight filtering through the trees lacked the mystery of the moon; there was no Wilbur masquerading as the White Rabbit; there were no deer. Her sleek little sports car was there by the garage, and next to it a battered station wagon, probably Hank's. She decided that it was small wonder he had taken however long it had been to get here from New York. And then she told herself that that wasn't fair, that last night briefly she had understood his delay, and even shamefully boasted of that understanding this morning to Liz.

And here came Hank, ambling out of the woods, festooned with cameras and a light meter and other things Gillian didn't even vaguely understand. He was unshaven and rumpled—and wearing his smile. "Good morning," he said.

Gillian stared at him. He was a mess. "Did you go to bed at all?"

"Well ——" He seemed uneasy. "I wanted to see what it was like with the sun just coming up." He became silent.

"Go on."

The smile now held its embarrassed quality. "I couldn't find an alarm clock, and I didn't want to disturb everybody ——"

"So you sat up all night and did the jigsaw puzzle," Gillian said. And briefly the Alice in Wonderland feeling returned, but in daylight distorted. "You need a keeper," she said. She jerked open the door of her little car. Over her shoulder she said, "Go down and have some food and then get some sleep. I'll drive into town." And she turned suddenly. "Or have you forgotten?"

His face made it clear that he had.

"Grapes," she said. "You promised them to your raccoon." She slid in beneath the wheel and slammed the door. The little car snorted and snarled like a swarm of hornets as she backed it around and sent it scurrying down the road.

She was already into the little town and searching for a grocery store before it occurred to her to wonder why she was so angry, and at whom; and she decided that it was an important question that needed study. She sat in the car for a long time, studying it.

First off, there was this Gillian Brooks, herself. She had looked at her before, but had she really seen her? Well, had she? And it took a bit of doing, but what she finally saw wasn't very impressive. It was only children, wasn't it, who had to be amused all the time, who never had enough of any good thing?—who liked candy, for example, and demanded more and more of it, and finally got sick?—who threw temper tantrums if they couldn't ride on roller coasters until they were dizzy? Well? Wasn't it? Children, that was? Gillian Brooks-type children? *I should hold my breath till my face gets blue because there's nobody around to take me on another Alice in Wonderland walk?* Kind of silly, wasn't it? Kind of humbling too. She almost forgot the grapes for Wilbur, which would have been bad.

She did forget them when she got back to the camp—just left them sitting there in the bucket seat as she slid out and trudged down the trail. She wasn't exactly sure what she had in mind, but apology of some sort seemed to be in order. To whom? Hank? Liz? Charlie? The world as a whole? *Gillian Brooks speaking. Excuse me, please. I'm going to try to grow up.* Something like that perhaps? Or was that being silly too? She had no chance to find out.

Liz was still knitting. Charlie had a beer in his hand. Hank, shaved, apparently showered, still rumpled, but not quite as much, sat over a cup of coffee. The folded canvas suitcase and the leather shoulder bag sat near the door. Gillian looked at them.

Charlie said to no one in particular, "Alexander Graham Bell began it, and he ought to be ashamed of himself. If I hadn't gone over for the papers ——" He left the sentence unfinished and buried his nose in his beer.

"I'm sorry," Hank said, and his apologetic smile included them all, Gillian last and longest.

Liz said, "There was a phone message for Hank, dear. He has to go back to the city and then off someplace to take pictures of something."

"Why, you can't," Gillian said. And they all looked at her. "I mean, you just got here, and you didn't have any sleep, and there's Wilbur tonight—that is, wanting his grapes ——" She broke off and wondered if this was what was meant by being covered with confusion.

"As my Madison Avenue friends would say," Charlie said, "that's the way the fur lies." There was silence.

Gillian said, "I—I forgot the grapes. I'll get them." And she went out through the kitchen, walking quickly until she reached the trail, and then she slowed almost to a crawl. It wasn't fair, she thought; and oddly enough she wasn't thinking of herself. Picture Gillian Brooks thinking of someone else. It wasn't at all fair. He was tired, and he was enjoying himself in his Mad Hatter way, ambling around in the woods, doing jigsaw puzzles, just looking at things—and seeing them. And now, to have to drive all the way back to New York, and then go someplace just because somebody had made a telephone call—*Oh, damn, damn, damn!* And she hoped there weren't any little people in the woods watching to see her tears. There was at least one, but he wasn't in the woods.

She saw first only the tip of a soft ear sticking up above the door of her sports car. And then Wilbur's mask appeared, the bright beady eyes regarding her, and his nose wrinkled solemnly as he chomped the grapes his small hands kept stuffing into his mouth. He whuffled as he ate and retreated to the other bucket seat, dragging grapes, bag and all, after him. He reached the far door and stood his ground, watching the girl and stuffing grapes in faster and faster.

Gillian stomped her foot. "You're a pig. They were for later."

No comment from Wilbur.

"Stop it!" Gillian said. "They're his grapes and he was going to ——" And she closed her mouth carefully and shook her head at the wonder of it all. "You're a nice Wilbur," she said then, "a very clever Wilbur, quite the cleverest, the most." And she was smiling. "Are you having fun?"

The small hands scrabbled at the bag, tore it, snatched out the last of the grapes and stuffed them into the chomping mouth. Without taking his eyes from Gillian, Wilbur lowered his head and snuffled at the bag, verifying its emptiness. And then, for all his small-bear clumsiness, he scrambled up the door and went out and to the ground and scuttled off into the woods.

"Thank you, Wilbur," Gillian said and hoped that he heard and understood. She reached into the car.

Charlie had a fresh beer, Liz knitted on, and Hank was finishing his coffee when Gillian walked in, the remains of the paper bag in her hand. She held it up for them to see, and her face was guileless. "Wilbur got his grapes. He was in the car when I got there." She paused and looked at Hank. "He said to say hello to you and to tell you he was grateful."

"And when are you two going to start your own little family?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Hank smiled. It was a warm smile, without embarrassment. "I'm glad. I liked him. He had ideas."

"Yes," Gillian said. And she thought, *A nice guy who needs a keeper, who wonders about things like moonlight in water for the fish to see, and why are tree patterns all different, and are towns, just any ordinary little towns, really as pretty as they look from a distance, and if you look long enough until you see them, they are; funny things like that, that aren't funny at all, not even funny a little bit.* "Ideas," she said, "is what Wilbur has plenty of." She paused, almost imperceptibly. "He stole the keys of my car when he ran off. I guess they dangled and were too tempting."

Liz dropped a stitch and didn't even notice it; she did not raise her head. Hank said, "Oh, I'm sorry."

Charlie said, "What in heaven's name would a raccoon want with ——"

"Does it matter, dear?" Liz said. And there was silence.

"I have another set," Gillian said, "but they're in New York, which is a pretty silly place for them to be."

There was more silence. Charlie said, "There's a mechanic in town, and he'll have keys, all kinds."

"For foreign cars?" This was Liz, concentrating on her knitting again.

Charlie looked around in a certain amount of bewilderment. But his cue was plain. "Well," he said, "foreign cars—no, I guess not." He frowned into his beer. "But there are ways of wiring around the switch, and maybe he ——" He shook his head. "I've heard that there are ways, but maybe—I mean, it probably wouldn't work, or be too complicated, or ——"

He took refuge in his beer again. He swung his eyes sideways to look at Hank. They all looked at Hank.

Hank said, "I'm going to New York. Maybe I could call your apartment, and the maid or somebody could put the other keys in the mail. Or you could phone from here and tell somebody." He looked around, smiling the embarrassed smile.

"It's a thought," Gillian said. What she added beneath her breath is not a matter of record.

Liz said, "They'd never get it straight. They'd send the wrong ones."

Charlie, uncertain still, but gaining confidence, said, "I have to drive down Wednesday. If the keys were here, I could drive Jill's car and leave ours for Liz to meet me. Fly back, that is. To Utica."

He hoped he had got the message straight.

Gillian took a deep breath. She looked at Hank. "That way would be sure." And she paused and took another deep breath. "If you wouldn't mind my going down with you?"

"Mind?" Hank said slowly, wonderingly. "Why, I ——" And he shook his head. Then, "No. I wouldn't mind at all." And quietly to Gillian alone, "There was a key in Alice in Wonderland, wasn't there?"

"I think so," Gillian said. "If there wasn't, there should have been." And that was all.

Charlie was reading when Liz came back from the lodge. He put down his book. "They made it?"

"They made it," Liz said. She sat down and picked up her knitting. "It took them fifteen hours." Her voice was expressionless. "There were some nice little towns they couldn't see very well from the Thruway."

"Oh, no," Charlie said.

Liz knitted on. "The connection wasn't very good, but I got most of it. Hank's going to England. Jill thought she'd go too. This time of year ——"

"Just like that?" Charlie said. "How about passport ——" He stopped and shook his head. "No, she'd have one, all up to date. She's always running here or running there."

"I don't think she will any more," Liz said. And she was smiling the secret sort of smile, no longer infuriating. "In case you're interested."

"Flabbergasted is the word," Charlie said.

"There was one thing more," Liz said. "I told you the connection was bad, but I think she said something about thanking the White Rabbit for her." And she did look up then, and her face was bland. "What do you think she meant by that?"

"I wouldn't know. I'm just a lawyer." He paused. "And it's a good thing the laws weren't drafted by women, or I'd starve." THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 100

1. Iowa	2. Ala.	3. Kans.
4. N.D.	5. La.	6. S.C.
7. Ark.	8. Wash.	9. Md.
10. Mass.	11. Texas	12. Va.

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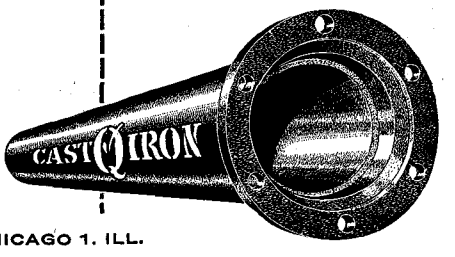

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House of Illusion (Continued from Page 35)

thought became translated into action is Frank Dennis, deputy chief for press of the United States Information Agency. The project found its first financial angel in Clement R. Hoopes, wealthy former colleague of Dennis in the USIA.

The way the museum came into existence is a classic of casual approach. Dennis and Hoopes, in a previous official incarnation, worked together in Europe as chief information officer of the Marshall Plan and assistant. Dennis held forth in Paris. Hoopes was stationed in Dublin. "Naturally," he comments, "I seized every opportunity to consult with my chief in Paris."

One pleasant consultation was disrupted by a social problem. A touring friend from the States arrived in a station wagon with four small children. Soon the children exhausted every attraction and every adult around. Inspiration struck Dennis. Why not, he suggested, park them in the nearby waxworks Musée Grévin, a venerable Paris institution? The consultation and adult sanity were saved. Looking back, Dennis realizes that the old museum was one of his favorite haunts. "I especially liked the scene in which the imprisoned Marie Antoinette peers out of her cell window to see the head of her confidante, Madame de Lamballe, borne aloft on a pike," he confides.

After returning to Washington, Dennis realized more and more that what the United States needed was a good waxworks museum. He disclaims revolutionary thoughts. "No heads on pikes, nothing gory like that, but good colorful solid American history as our mothers and their children learned it from the history books."

If the development of the museum could, in the spirit of the times, be reduced to a scientific X-Y-Z formula, it would read something like this:

Take a vacant red-brick brewery, built in 1898, whose only art work consists of two stone heads of draft horses over the main door.

Add the energy and skills of a mannequin manufacturer, a sculptor, a plastic-surgery technician, and a theatrical-costuming firm.

Saturate well with selected measures of American history.

As a catalyst, toss in $110,000.

Actually, Dennis says with some reverence and a great deal of appreciation, the museum never would have become possible except for Abraham Lincoln. "Honest Abe," he explains, "was the ace stock salesman for our corporation, Historical Figures, Incorporated."

The Great Rail Splitter assumed his twentieth-century business role in behalf of Historical Figures, Inc., by chance. It came about this way:

Dennis, seeking scenery and background settings, approached the display manager of a big Washington department store. The manager was too busy, but referred him to the Dorothy S. Lynch Studio, in Baltimore. "Dorothy Lynch" proved to be two men named Earl Dorfman and Victor Sacharoff, who had bought out the firm. Their business, staffed by an artist, a tailor and two female hairdressers, consisted of rejuvenating weary department-store mannequins. It seems that mannequins age, not like everyone else, but faster. They also suffer broken limbs, even when not attired in skiing and diving toggery.

Dorfman agreed to do some backgrounds. "But where are the figures?" he asked. "We ought to work out the backgrounds in relations to the figures." It turned out that the figures were still nonexistent. Dennis, an Oklahoman, planned in true Sooner style to stake out the empty background acreage and then populate it with figures. Dorfman, a New Yorker by birth, suggested that the people ought to come first. At that point, Dennis revealed that he had, after all, given some thought to waxworks procreation.

"We know of only four other waxworks museums in the world—in Paris, London, Quebec and Montreal," Dennis says. "Presumably we could have turned to their sources to create figures for us. But their figures that I saw in Paris and London did not make me happy. Even where the facial features appeared fine and authentic, the skins often were obviously waxen and the heads bore little or no structural relation to the bodies. In other words, the figures looked uncomfortable. I suspect they made spectators feel uncomfortable too. Like they had a crick in their necks or something."

So Dennis asked Dorfman whether he could produce authentic, life-size historical figures which looked truly human.

"All that I had ever done," Dorfman admits, "was a caricature of Groucho Marx. It lacked, shall we say, sublimity. I showed it to Mr. Dennis hesitantly. He liked it. As a test, he commissioned me to do a head of Lincoln. That's really an easy one, almost cheating. Lincoln has strong, rugged features, but they aren't sharply and precisely defined."

Experimenting with vinylite, Dorfman and his colleagues fashioned a bewhiskered Abe. They set up the head on a life-size figure, properly costumed, and Dorfman drove over from Baltimore to Washington to present it to Dennis. Dennis, tied up in a series of official conferences, showed up six hours late. During that time, Dorfman and Lincoln sat alone in a hotel room. "We came," Dorfman says, "to know each other well."

"I was so delighted with Lincoln that I took him straight home," Dennis comments. "Our eight-hundred-dollar vinylite Abe, fully attired in the style of the 1860's, sat around my place for months like a star boarder. At the time, we kept two dogs, mother and pup. Early during Lincoln's stay, the pup began barking furiously. I rushed upstairs, envisioning an assassination scene in which the pup had torn up our eight-hundred-dollar figure. Instead, I found the mother dog licking Lincoln's hand. The pup was simply jealous."

Lincoln, lounging around the Dennis home, became the prize stock salesman for Historical Figures, Inc. With silent Abe as its front man, the corporation sold every share of its $100,000 in stock and found itself in the happy position of declining to issue additional stock.

Hoopes, the original financial angel, also pays tribute to Abe's salesmanship. "All I did," he says, "was to put up the first ten G's." Soon financial angels flew so thick that they had to be shooed away from the corporate roost. The corporation did, however, borrow a few more G's from a willing duPont or two.

By then, Historical Figures, Inc., had cash in six figures but no historical images except for the lonely Mr. Lincoln.

Figures from Washington's new waxworks get their costumes. The gentleman at right is not a live visitor but an effigy of labor leader Samuel Gompers.

Dennis and Hoopes thereupon persuaded Dorfman to take a year's leave from his mannequins to direct the entire production of the museum.

Although Washington nowadays manufactures more current history than Baltimore, Baltimore can claim creative credit for the historical waxworks. Dorfman gathered there a remarkable crew of collaborators. As most of the heads had to be sculpted from portraits and photographs, he turned for that delicate art interpretation to Henry Berge, a slight, intense second-generation Baltimore sculptor. To create plastic faces by molding from the sculpture, Dorfman recruited Felix Weinberg, one of the nation's leading prosthetic technicians, whose work in reconstructing the outward appearances of damaged or missing ears, noses, shoulders and limbs recently won him a rare layman's award from the American Medical Association. For authentic costumes through the centuries, Dorfman enlisted the aid of A. T. Jones and Sons, a ninety-year-old Baltimore theatrical-costume firm whose second and third generations still keep up the work. Walter H. Jones, Jr., grandson of the founder and present head of the firm, did special research on many of the old costumes. Berge's artist brother and two additional sculptors contributed their skills, and Weinberg's physician father gave Dorfman special medication which enabled him to breathe through an especially painful part of the project.

Dorfman very nearly gave his all in acting as life model, one of the few used, for a relatively undistinguished figure. Every waxworks museum worthy of the name, the sponsors explain, must have a gag or gimmick in the entrance hall. The National's is a dozing guard or attendant. He ignores all questions and always will. He is an image. He is, in fact, the image of Dorfman. Unlike the historical figures, whose heads are covered by wigs or hats, the sleeper's entire head shows. Instead of simply a quick plaster take-off of the face, it had to be cast in the "full round." This involved a four-sided cast—face, two sides and back. Dorfman remained encased in his plaster helmet for three forty-minute sessions while it was fitted and finished. To breathe meanwhile, his nostril membranes were contracted by medication and he inhaled through tiny nostril tubes in the plaster. His mask fitted so tightly that strands of his eyebrows and hair remained imbedded in the plaster.

"It shows you what some people will go through for the sake of art," Dennis says jokingly. "In due time, Earl may become the most famous sleeper since Rip van Winkle."

Dorfman is not alone among the museum sponsors in lending his features to the cause. Dennis and Hoopes did likewise, although their contributions involved only facial plaster casts. Other stockholders also thriftily placed their faces at the corporation's use. This they did because the actual features of a number of characters, not being known, had to be modeled from life.

The world-famous Madame Tussaud's waxworks, in London, held an advantage over its Washington rival at the start in that respect. When Madame Tussaud moved from Paris to London in 1802, she abandoned her husband, but took along a fabulous collection of wax death masks of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Robespierre and other guillotined characters of the French Revolution. These she as an artist had, by command of the revolutionaries, made from the actual heads with her own hands.

Not having other people's heads, the museum creators literally used their own. Dennis, a large man with strong features, figures imposingly as a colonial judge in one scene. Hoopes for a time did not know in what roles his borrowed face was cast. He suddenly recognized himself as one of the sailors rowing Columbus ashore. As he served in the Navy in World War II, although not as an oarsman, that role seemed fairly suitable. His other depiction came as something of a shock to a true Princeton man, Class of 1929. One dramatic museum scene shows the Burr-Hamilton duel. Hoopes appears in it as a second—but seconding Hamilton, a Columbia (then King's College) alumnus against Burr, a 1772 graduate of what is now Princeton. Hoopes hopes his unintentional treason will pass unnoticed by fellow Princetonians.

Hoopes, a member of the horsey set, is holding out for one additional scene—Paul Revere making his memorable ride. "We haven't a horse in the place," he says. "There's everything else, including a boat."

The principal drawback so far has been the high cost of horses. Where a human figure costs about $800, the price of an authentic horse runs considerably higher. It is especially expensive if it is to be galloping instead of browsing. The lowest quotation received by the museum was $1000, F.O.B. a Wyoming ranch. The rancher guaranteed realism, including a genuine horse hide.

"We learned that he intended to destroy a horse (*Continued on Page 106*)

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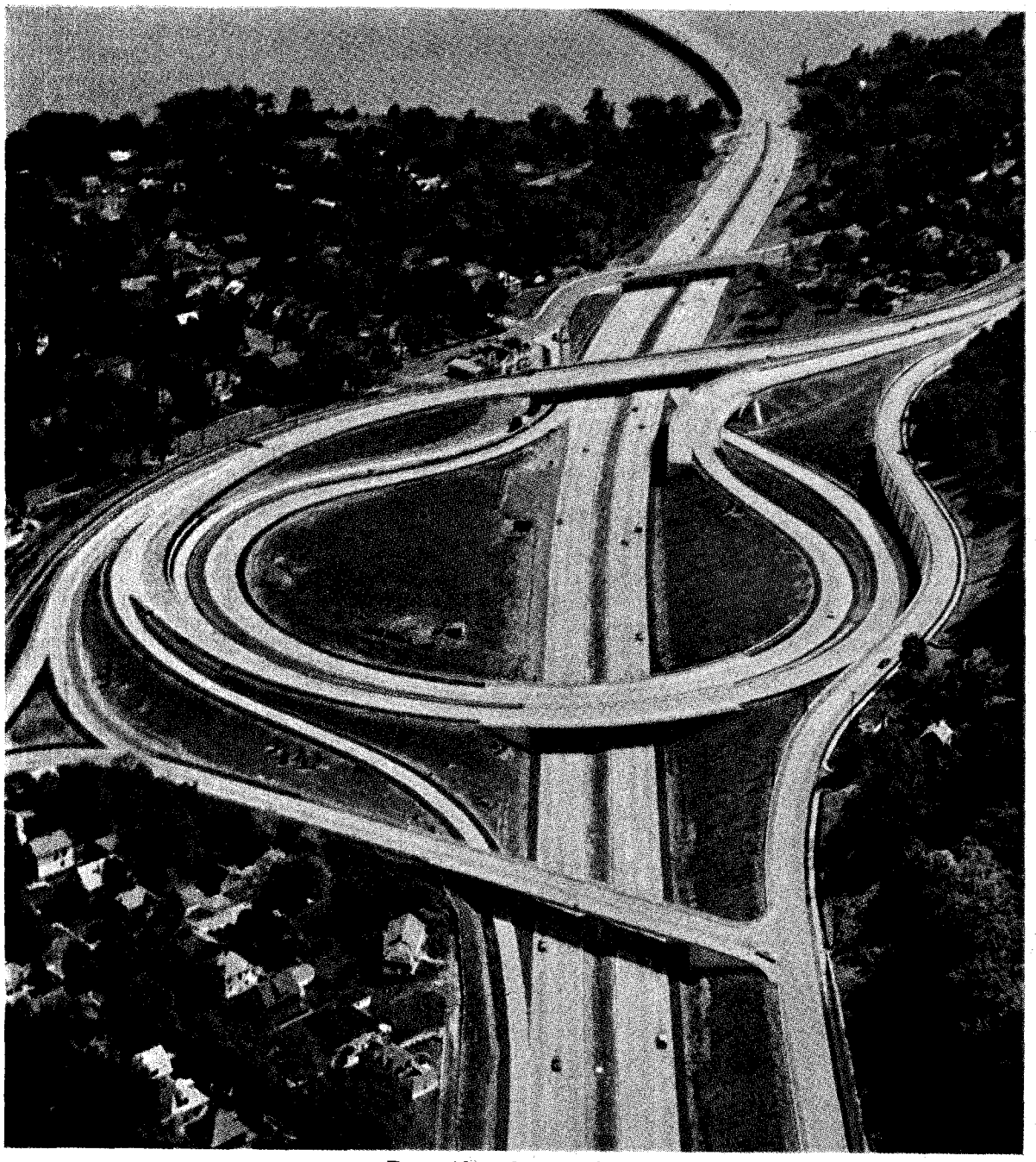

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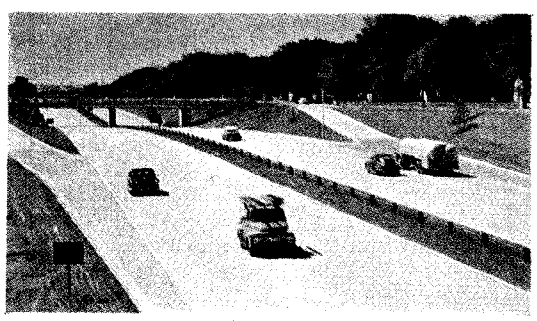

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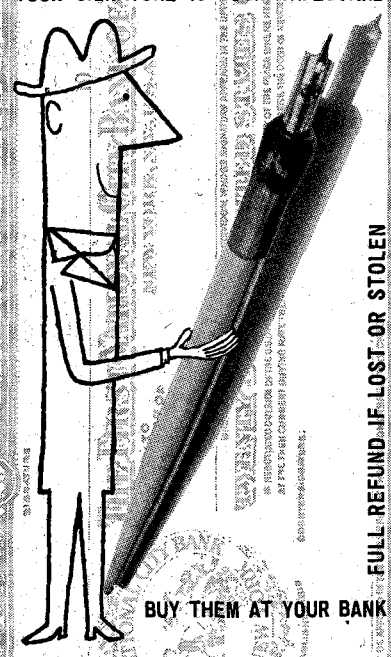
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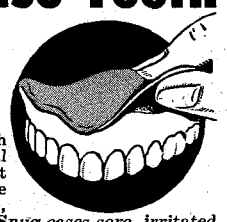

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Write FRED WOOD, FOUNTAIN, FLORIDA

CORN'S GONE GETS-IT GOT IT! GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

(*Continued from Page 104*) while it was galloping and have a taxidermist preserve it just that way," one of the museum sponsors asserted. "A more cold-blooded proposition we never heard. That's carrying realism too far."

Except for the possibility that Paul Revere will do his riding on a papier-mâché horse, however, the museum seldom compromises with actual fact.

"No matter what anybody says, we call ourselves a waxworks museum and that is what we are," Dennis says stoutly. "The faces and hands of our figures are plastic, it is true, but we had Earl Dorfman back them up with an inner lining of wax."

"Absolutely true," Dorfman chimed in. "The plastic alone proved too flexible. It needed a stiffener. Without one, every cheek in the place would have shrunken and every hand drooped. So we used a special wax. The figures actually are wax inside plastic. It makes them almost unbreakable."

The museum compromised only with the ladies. Then it did so graciously, and as little as possible. It definitely, however, went out of its way to be nice to Pocahontas and Eleanor Roosevelt, and it did wonders for Dolly Madison.

Pocahontas is shown in the Captain John Smith rescue as an Indian maiden of about fourteen, according to the legend. Museum researchers could find pictures of her only after she married John Rolfe and went to England. "She had been living in London and getting around quite a lot, and the pictures showed it," Hoopes said. "So we dug out the best available pictures of young Indian maidens and prettied up Pocahontas a bit."

On the figure of Mrs. Roosevelt, Dorfman went Democratic. He decided to have a woman artist do Mrs. Roosevelt, and not just any competent woman artist. "I wanted a sympathetic portrayal of this great lady," he explains, "and I did not want it to be influenced even unconsciously by political partisanship. So I persuaded an artist who is entirely in sympathy with Mrs. Roosevelt to depict her. The result catches the true warmth and humanitarianism of Mrs. R.'s expression."

Shortly before the opening, Dorfman ran into woman trouble unexpectedly. The museum planned to use sex, a waxworks attraction second only to bloodshed, sparingly at the start. For feminine appeal, it relied in ample measure upon a bosomy reproduction of Dolly Madison in her White House prime. Dolly, by antique dressmaker measurements, sported a perfect forty bust. The figure of her happened to be in the costumer's fitting room, standing nonchalantly in the nude, when Dorfman first set eyes on her. His face fell. "Oh, no," he cried, "that's not our Dolly." Instead of forty inches, she measured a flat-chested thirty-two. And instead of facing mankind with proud head held high, her chin rested dejectedly on her chest. "That's the trouble," Dorfman quickly diagnosed. "Whoever assembled her head and torso bent her forward instead of backward. No wonder she looks caved-in. It will take more than an uplift to fix this. But we can do it."

With Dolly properly adjusted to face her public, the museum opened with fifteen major scenes billed as Great Moments in History. Each has its own setting of imperishable rubber trees, leaves, and moss. In the case of Columbus, there is a rippling wave of genuine water in a mammoth copper basin for purposes of landing moistly in America. A small motor under the floor rocks the rowboat realistically. It also, at first, made a noise like an outboard. Frantically, the museum saved Columbus in all his dignity from becoming a comedy act. It suspended and muffled the noisy motor.

After visitors have made a circuit of the individual exhibits, they come as a grand finale to a Hall of Great Americans. In it are most of the outstanding historical figures who, for one reason or another, missed being present at the fifteen Great Moments in History.

The "great moments" all deal with American doings. They range from the inevitable, like the Columbus and Pocahontas scenes, to such grim activities as the Salem witch trials and the infamous St. Valentine's Day gangster massacre in Chicago in 1929.

"There was considerable discussion among us over whether to include the Chicago gangster massacre," Dennis admits. "It was obviously theatrical and therefore good box office for us. But did it really represent anything in the American scene? We decided that it did—that it represented the epitome of organized lawlessness. One awful thing about it, I learned, was that the murdering gangsters, disguised as policemen, not only shot down their trapped rivals but casually killed two innocent bystanders. They got every last person around, leaving no witnesses."

The Chicago massacre is what the sponsors term their "biggest shocker." A scar-faced thug with a Thompson submachine gun sneeringly rakes the seven victims standing face to the wall. The first two or three to be hit are already slumping in mortal agony. Not a drop of blood shows. "We found out that a person hit by a bullet bleeds little, if at all, immediately after being struck," Dorfman explains.

The museum approached bloodshed gingerly. "We worked out a pretty good system of bloodshed control," Dorfman says. "We picked the moment just before the blood flows, in the Burr-Hamilton duel, in Lincoln's assassination, and in the Chicago massacre. We wanted to be dramatic without being gruesome and gory the way that some waxworks are. What we try to give the spectators is a feeling of immediacy, a feeling that they are close enough to have saved Lincoln's life, say, if only they had a second more."

The one scene in which the blood really splashes is the fall of the Alamo. Here the corpses, Mexican and Texan, are piled high. Having been shot or bayoneted some while ago, they lie in pools of blood. The only living persons shown are Davy Crockett, furiously swinging an empty rifle, and a Mexican soldier who levels his loaded musket at Crockett.

"Davy Crockett, by the way, proved to be one of our real problems," Dorfman remarks. "What, actually, did he look like? There are all sorts of versions, including the modern television ones. We combined the features of the best available picture of him with those of the current TV Crockett, Fess Parker. As our Davy's features are contorted in an angry grimace, anyhow, nobody can take issue with us too much over the way he looks.

"The Lincoln assassination scene, too, may cause some question. Only a few days before it, he shaved off his sideburns. He was wearing chin whiskers instead of the full beard usually identified with him. We show him as he actually looked, not as most people expect to see him."

Reconstructing Lincoln's last moments, a "must" for any attraction in Washington like the waxworks, proved unexpectedly difficult. The scene shows him in his box in Ford's Theater with his murderer, John Wilkes Booth, entering, derringer in hand. The theater still stands, not far from the museum.

"A snap, we thought," says Dorfman. "We'd run right around and see what Lincoln's box looked like. But what we ran into was a major research job. The theater people could tell us that the wallpaper bore a floral print, but they couldn't give us the exact design. Nobody knew the color of the box walls and drapes. The existing black-and-white photographs registered the drapes in a shade which was either green or orange, as nearly as could be determined. We arbitrarily selected green, against a dark red background."

Dennis, a former Kansas City and Washington newspaperman who did most of the leg work on research of individuals, put in: "You might think it would be simple to verify the color of Lincoln's eyes, especially as so much has been written about him. Well, I read about seventy descriptions of him before I found it. Most termed him sad-eyed and the like. The seventieth said gray-eyed."

The difficulty in learning physical characteristics of famous Americans wasn't confined to those long dead. Dennis encountered puzzlers concerning the appearance and size of Henry Ford, Babe Ruth and Albert Einstein, among others.

"Descriptions of Mr. Ford had him 'wiry,' 'lean,' and so on, but gave no idea as to his actual dimensions. I finally got them from his 1916 Michigan driver's license.

"For the figure of Ruth, we wanted to show the Babe as he looked that famous moment when he pointed to far center field and then hit a homer there. I must have read a hundred sports accounts; all I got was 'paunchy.' So I located Ruth's 1932 New York driver's license. That gave me his height and weight.

"On Einstein, it was tougher. He didn't drive. The United States Immigration Service declined to release the statistics on his passport; official information, not for private use. I finally got the information from Einstein's secretary at Princeton.

"Where people are alive, it seemed simple. I wrote Jack Dempsey for his dimensions at the time of the Willard fight. He sent me a nice reply. But he stated his weight as 202 pounds, and that was preposterously high. I got the right weight from the newspaper files. Soon I learned that people often don't know these 'first things' about themselves. When, for example, did Ike become extremely bald? It wasn't so long ago, but who knows exactly?"

The last of the set scenes, incidentally, depicts Ike and Mamie in the White House. It definitely will not be that way always. At the end of Ike's term, he will be moved from his private quarters in the museum out into the Hall of Great Americans.

"Then we'll devote that space to the next occupant of the White House, whoever he is," Dorfman says in an even, nonpartisan tone. Voicing a thought prevalent in Washington, he adds musingly: "I wish we knew. . . ." THE END

Occupied!

By Richard Armour

Peering above,
Probing beneath,
Curling her lashes,
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Daubing her face
With every new mixture,
Our teen-age daughter's
A bathroom fixture.

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The First Moment of Success

(Continued from Page 23)

I can do to make myself satisfied with it? No. Must I admit to myself that I can't write a novel as good as I would like it to be? Yes. So what's the use of other people saying they like the book, or that they will publish it, or that they will pay me money for it? The money is a pleasant thing to have, but it would be better still to be able to pocket it without the feeling of having earned it by accident or by false pretenses. The complexities of this state of mind are endless; a good review or oral praise isn't worth the paper and ink or the breath expended on them. The man who praises the book—of whose deficiencies I am so well aware—is obviously a man of poor judgment whose praise is worth nothing.

Of course, I can remember other things too. That first lunch with my first publisher to tell me that my first novel was accepted. He is still my friend, nearly forty years after that day when he was delegated to do that job. He did it well. He ordered a good lunch. He spoke nicely about the book, with exactly the right turn of phrase. I might have enjoyed that lunch; I might have basked in the praise, but I was already halfway through another novel and was too weary to have any appetite and far too interested in the new novel to be able to do more than wonder vaguely why this man should be so interested in something out of the forgotten past. Besides that, I was aware that my trousers were frayed and that there were holes in the soles of my shoes, and I was young enough to let that worry me.

What other times were there? I can remember answering the telephone in my home in London and being asked if I was prepared to receive a call from Los Angeles. (I believe the transatlantic radiotelephone had only just begun to function, but I'm not sure. If this were fiction, I'd go to some trouble and check up on the date.) Then the call came through, and it was a Hollywood studio offering me untold gold to go out there and work. The offer was flattering, the gold was acceptable, but Hollywood, being Hollywood, was in a hurry; this was in the days when talkies were just beginning and huge fortunes were being made and the literary world was being combed for people who could write words of more than one syllable. And, of course, it was long before the days of the transatlantic aeroplane. Could I catch the Aquitania when she sailed tomorrow? I could, and did, in face of the need to obtain visas and work permits and all the other necessary things, but there was not really a moment to spare in which to rejoice—or to feel any apprehension about my first visit to those unknown United States to undertake work which I might well not be able to do.

There was another moment when I was sitting reading the proof sheets of A Ship of the Line and my eight-year-old son looked over my shoulder to see what I was doing—this time I can be sure of my dates, knowing my son's age and having looked up the publication date—and exclaimed, "Oh, please hurry up with those, father, because I want to read them." He was pleased and excited, because he knew this was a sequel to The Happy Return, which he had read the year before, and he wanted to know more about Captain Hornblower. The approval of an eight-year-old son is a delightful thing; that was a happy moment, as I must grudgingly admit, but I did not think then, nor do I think now, that my son's approval at that time meant that I could be proud of the book that I had written.

So that is how it is. There is an acute, if oddly flavored, pleasure in looking round at Naples or Suva and telling myself that I would not be doing so if I had not learned how to make marks on paper. There have been times when I have sat in the councils of the great, when I have stood on the bridge of a battleship, when royalty has actually shaken me by the hand. Let me repeat, I have had a remarkably happy life—I doubt if anyone could have had a happier during the twentieth century—but I wonder, as a result of writing this article, whether it might not have been happier still if during those moments I had not felt such a fraud. Yet, on the other hand, perhaps that suspicion of fraud enhances the flavor.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Good night, Fred—swell party!"

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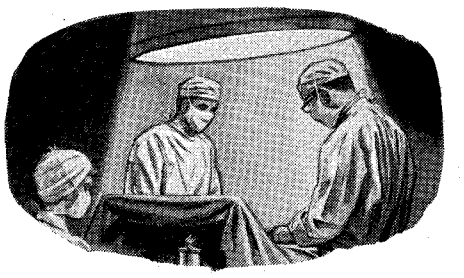

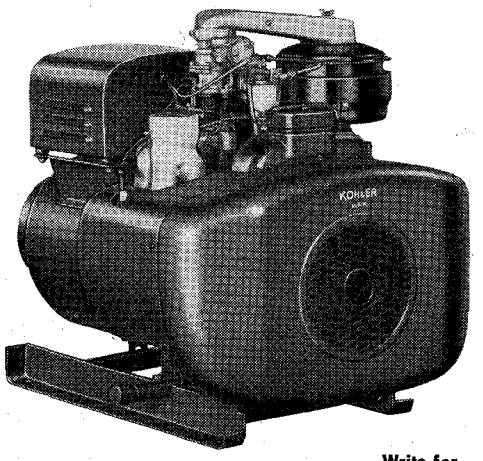

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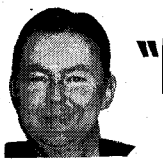

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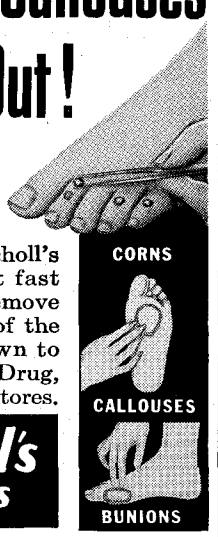

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Private Life of Gunsmoke's Star

(Continued from Page 33)

So Jim Arness, a blue-eyed fellow from Minneapolis, a handsome, gangling, open-faced man carved on large and rugged lines, finds himself at age thirty-four the star of one of the most popular shows in entertainment history.

Jim had been in Hollywood eight years when he was tapped for the Matt Dillon role. Although he had appeared in about twenty movies, no one had heard much about him. "You can earn good money and have a good life in Hollywood, and be almost completely unknown," Jim says. "That's what happened to me." He played mostly in westerns and action pictures.

"My size sort of steered me that way," Jim Arness says. "Whenever I tested for a part they always took me for an outdoor guy. When you start, you capitalize on what you've got. If you are a midget, you have to take midget parts. If I hadn't been six feet, six inches tall and weighed 235 pounds, maybe I never would have got a start."

Arness appeared in several John Wayne pictures and had one notable role in a John Ford western as "the fourth moronic brother in a family of killers." He also played the title role in The Thing, a big science-fiction picture. As The Thing, Arness was a not-quite-human vegetable with an enormous brain. "I don't know how scientific it was," Jim says, "but it was sure fictional."

As Matt Dillon, Jim works ten to fourteen hours a day under stiff pressure. Every four days he completes a half-hour movie. He does this for nine months and then collapses until it is time to go to work again. "Weekends go so fast, you just wouldn't believe it," he says. "I just rest and then dive into every Monday morning as it comes along." He lives in a modest home on a wooded acre in Pacific Palisades. He does not have a swimming pool.

When an actor has played a role as long as Jim Arness has played Matt Dillon, there is some danger of confusing the actor with the character. "In any business, it's hard to drop the day's work at the end of the day," says Jim, admitting he might sometimes take a little of Matt Dillon home with him. His wife, Virginia, objects to having Dillon around the house.

"At first," she says, "there seemed some possibility of the myth of the overt male, the hero figure of the West, influencing Jim. But Jim is real and he knows a real man lets his emotions show. Jim dares to be gentle." Virginia talks that way all the time.

Big Jim, while not a Garbo, wants to be let alone. He hates to be fettered in any way. At home, he wears blue jeans (without a belt) and cannot abide pajamas or bath robes. When he can, he goes for days without shaving, bathing or changing his clothes. When he's not working, he eats and drinks prodigiously, "Drinking is one of man's great pleasures," he says. In moments of exuberance, he sings in what he calls "a loud, coarse, strident voice with too much vibrato."

The Arnesses lead a secluded life. "We really don't have any friends and don't entertain," says Virginia. "We are just part of the neighborhood." On a recent Sunday, Tiny Nichols, Jim's stand-in, dropped in for supper, and Bob Taylor, who helps in the garden, stayed too. It was the first time in weeks the Arnesses had "entertained."

Jim is no longer self-conscious about his height. He is just sick of hearing about it. He particularly resents remarks which were prevalent in Hollywood when he got the Dillon role: "The only reason he's up there is because he's so big." To which Jim Arness replies, "Big-schnigg. That's like saying the only reason Tyrone Power is an actor is that he's so good looking. Or that Yul Brynner couldn't do it if he had hair. There's more to it than that."

Height is not always an advantage. When he hit the beach at Anzio during World War II, he was the first man out of the boat because he was the tallest man in the company and his commander used him to gauge the depth of the water.

Gunsmoke's success started a rush of shows to follow the leader, and the thunder of guns and the tinkle of dance-hall pianos swelled from the TV tube. This is the era of the adult western. It can be traced, I found in Hollywood, to the perseverance and talent of John Meston, a writer, and Norman Macdonnell, director and producer for the Columbia Broadcasting System. They invented Gunsmoke.

When I first met Norman Macdonnell, I wasted no time. "I am an adult westerner," I said, "and I have come to find out all about the adult western."

> Many a man's pursuit of happiness ends when his wife catches up with him.
>
> CY N. PEACE

Macdonnell paled. "It haunts me," he said. "I guess John and I were the first to call this thing an adult western. I wish we hadn't."

Five years ago, Macdonnell, a C.B.S. radio director, and John Meston, a network editor, decided to do a radio western. "We made a list of all the clichés in westerns and decided to abandon them all," Macdonnell says. "There are no chases on Gunsmoke. There is no fight at the water hole. No one fans a gun. Jim Arness uses only one gun, on the theory that a man who can't do the job with five bullets shouldn't carry a gun at all. He has no favorite horse because real western riders use three or four different horses a day."

Meston warped out several Gunsmoke stories, and he and Macdonnell took them to the C.B.S. brass. The idea was received coldly. "Please take this thing away," the brass said. "Westerns are for kids." Meston and Macdonnell persisted, however, and finally C.B.S. allowed them a crack at the air. The show was an immediate success. Gunsmoke, with the same characters as the TV show, but with different actors, soon became the nation's favorite radio program. It still is.

C.B.S. originally dreamed of having John Wayne, indestructible king of the celluloid cowboys, as Matt Dillon on TV, but Wayne turned down the role. After C.B.S. had tested twenty-six other actors for the Dillon part, however, Wayne came up with a red-hot idea. Jim Arness, a young actor he had under contract, would make an ideal Matt Dillon, he said.

Arness, however, was leery of television. He wanted a career in pictures. "I knew television would help me become a familiar figure," he said, "but I wondered if people might not get sick of the sight of me." He turned down the part.

When Wayne heard of this, he got Arness on the phone for some Dutch-uncle talk. "His pitch was that I was a young guy with everything ahead and nothing behind me," Jim Arness recalls, "and he convinced me Gunsmoke would be good for me." Jim took another test and emerged, with his blond hair dyed a dark brown, as Marshal Dillon, the law in Dodge City.

"Somehow, it was easy to see Jim playing Dillon," says Norman Macdonnell. "One of the big factors with Jim is an innate honesty that comes through. He has an open quality, an easy attractiveness. He's not supposed to be a hero and he doesn't strut like one."

What Macdonnell says is reflected in hundreds of letters which pour in to Jim Arness. Although Matt Dillon is, of course, a fictional character, many old-timers write in to say they remember him well from Dodge City days. "Just the other day," says Macdonnell, "one of my cowboy friends told me, 'My daddy knew Matt Dillon and he says he was just like in the show.' What do you do? Call the guy a liar?" The Chamber of Commerce of Dodge City was once certain it had located a Matt Dillon in its files and Macdonnell had to disabuse them, gently.

Such belief, of course, is a tribute to the realism of the stories and the authority of the acting. "We've tried to do stories about the legitimate things which might have happened in a town like Dodge," says Norman Macdonnell. "Matt's no town tamer and he doesn't always win. He's no superman. He'll take a drink now and then and maybe sometimes finds himself in a strange bed. About the only place we've fudged is in making Kitty a pretty girl. Actually, the saloon girls were awfully ugly."

So when Jim Arness walks down the street of Dodge City wearing Matt Dillon's star, it seems only natural for him to be accompanied by Chester, his not-very-bright, stiff-kneed handyman. Chester, played brilliantly by Dennis Weaver, lends a homely, warm air to some tough goings-on in Dodge City. It is easy to believe Matt and Chester are real people.

A recent fan letter declared: "Some friends of mine and I are on the verge of a fist fight about Dennis Weaver. Please tell us, is he really lame?"

The answer is "no." Dennis Weaver was a decathlon star at the University of Oklahoma. "They needed a reason for Chester's not carrying a gun," Weaver says, "so I tried this stiff knee. I couldn't ask for a better attention getter."

The most burning issue bothering fans concerns Matt and Kitty, the saloon girl, played by Amanda Blake. "Why doesn't Jim kiss Kitty?" cries one group. "We like it the way it is," says another. "Don't let him kiss her."

Out of their lives in Dodge City, Arness and the other players have created realistic background for their characters, some of which never quite reaches the television tube, but which does exist.

Amanda Blake, a red-haired lass whose 126 pounds are arranged most effectively on her five-foot, seven-inch body, can work up a pretty good mad at the rake who betrayed Kitty when she was only sixteen. "That no-good guy broke her heart and ruined her life," says Amanda darkly.

"In those days," she explains, "there was little for a destitute girl to do. She could take in washing or sewing. Or men. Life was forced on her." Kitty is in love with Matt Dillon although she knows they will never marry. "He faces death every day," says Amanda. "He can't marry her,

(*Continued on Page 110*)

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GROUP

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(*Continued from Page 108*) because he doesn't want to leave her a widow."

Milburn Stone, a clear-eyed veteran of more than 200 movies who takes the part of Doc, the cantankerous doctor of Dodge City, says, "I guess if it wasn't for Dillon, I wouldn't be in Dodge at all. I love the big guy and, you'll notice, I'm a little jealous of Chester. He takes up too much of Matt's time."

Surrounding these players, after they have lived through dozens of episodes of frontier life, is a kind of mystique. Offstage, the actors are possessive and combative about the purity of the Gunsmoke concept and the honesty of their roles. "Everybody has tried to copy Gunsmoke," a Hollywood wise man said recently, "but what they don't realize is that the honesty of these people—Jim Arness, Dennis Weaver, Amanda Blake and Milburn Stone—is the key. That is Gunsmoke's secret weapon."

You hear a lot of talk about honesty around Gunsmoke people. Sitting in the gloom of the big sound stage, with its replica of the main street of Dodge City, brightly lighted only in one corner where technicians are readying an interior shot, the players wait for their cues.

"We've had some terrible rows with directors," said Milburn Stone. "We won't let them tamper with the characters or the honesty of the show."

"Actually, everyone works together to bring out the best in the script," said Dennis Weaver. "There is no iron thumb on us. We make a lot of changes."

As an example, Milburn Stone said, "I remember one scene where I was jawing with Chester. The script called for me to call him an idiot. 'I can't call him that,' I said. 'Doc loves Chester too much to come that close. Chester might think I meant it and it would hurt him badly.' So we cut the line and I snowed Chester with a lot of four-syllable medical terms."

"Our stories are more interesting than most," says Jim Arness, "because John Meston always manages an odd tilt to give insight into the characters." John Meston will devote three minutes at the beginning of an episode to let Chester carry on a bit of tomfoolery trying different kinds of hair tonic at the general store. Or Doc, coming into the saloon, will meet Kitty.

"You going to have a drink?" Kitty asks.

"I don't think so," replies Doc.

"What's the matter?" Kitty says. "Changing your habits?"

"That's what's the matter with this town," Doc snaps. "Always talking about a man's bad habits and not giving him credit for having any good ones."

"Well, I just asked."

"Course, I'm going to have a drink," Doc says. "What do you think I came into a saloon for?"

Directors grit their teeth over such scenes. "Meston's forgotten all about the story line to fool around for two pages with some sarcastic sniping between Kitty and Doc," they complain. People are always telling Meston, "You can't do that!" Meston replies, with a certain sweetness, "Why not? Where does it say I can't?"

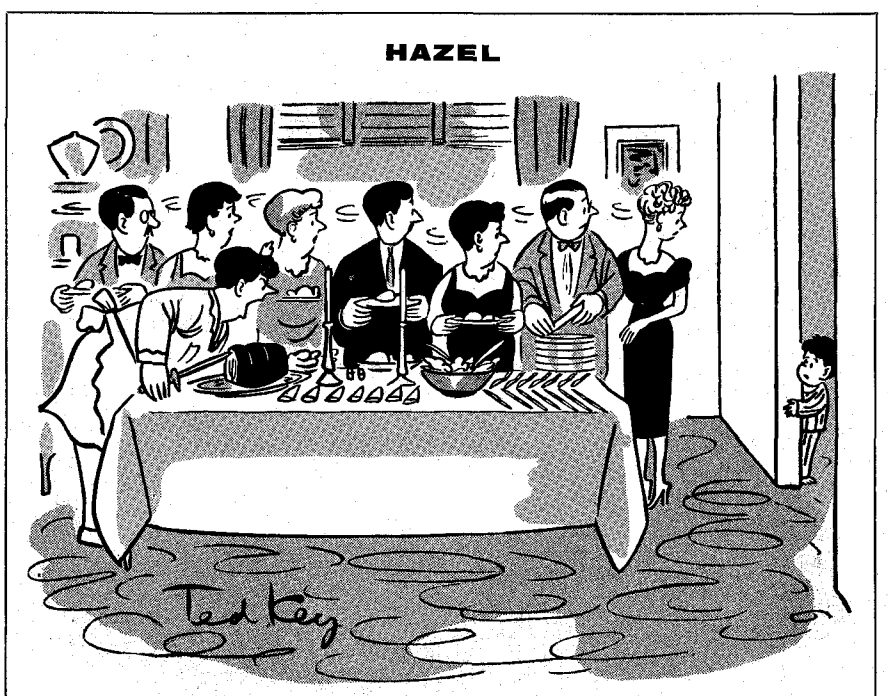
The detours and sidewise glances of Meston's scripts, however, give Gunsmoke a quality almost unique in TV: a deliberate pace. The four main characters spend an inordinate amount of time greeting one another. "That Meston's made $100,000 just writing 'hello' and 'good-by,'" says a green-eyed writer.

But Gunsmoke sets a sizzling pace for the eighty or so people concerned with getting it into the can, a pace which leaves everyone a bit frazzled. Amanda Blake has to get up at 4:30 every morning to reach the studio at 6:30 for a two-hour makeup session. "You ought to see us when we arrive," she says. "Everyone looks like a bucket of worms."

The biggest load is carried by Jim Arness, who appears in every episode and in almost every scene. "When I was making pictures," he says, "I felt guilty about the easy money. I told Virginia, 'The day will come when I'll have to work for this dough.' That day, my friend, has arrived."

Not long ago, he draped his long frame on a Victorian sofa in his home and contemplated the past. He certainly did not set out to be an actor. When he was growing up in the big frame house on Minnehaha Creek on the outskirts of Minneapolis, he dreamed of being a designer of boats. "I've always had a passion for boats," he said.

He was a restless, moody, string-bean kid, terribly self-conscious of his height.



"Upstairs!!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Although coaches eyed him hungrily, he was never much of an athlete. He played some basketball and football, but could never get really interested.

His greatest thrill was to sail his ice boat on nearby Lake Harriet. "When a beautiful wind was blowing, I'd almost go crazy sitting in that classroom," he said. The restlessness he feels today was born then. "I had a tremendous urge to see things. We used to skip classes and grab rides on freight trains. That was the fun."

When the war began, Jim, whose real name is Aurness, tried to join the Air Corps, but was rejected because of inferior eyesight. "I had the feeling the war was the biggest thing in the world and I just had to get in," he recalls. "My mother made me promise I wouldn't enlist, but I kept writing my draft board to hurry up." While waiting for the Army call, he attended Beloit University for a year.

The reality of war shattered Jim's dreams of glory. Two weeks after the Anzio landing, a machine-gun bullet shattered his right leg below the knee. After a year in various hospitals, he was discharged from the Army in 1945. He entered the University of Minnesota, but could not make it go. "My grades were lousy and everything just seemed silly," he says.

So, when a friend who wanted to crash Hollywood suggested they go to California, Jim was ready. "I just wanted to see California," Jim says. "I wasn't thinking of acting." His friend joined a little-theater group. "I had nothing to do, so I hung around and got to be sort of a fixture. One day the director asked me to take a part and I did." An agent saw Jim in this first role and got him a job in Loretta Young's The Farmer's Daughter.

"The part was supposed to last only a week," Arness says. "They wanted to pay me the minimum, but my agent made an eloquent speech about the sufferings of wounded war veterans. He really cried it out. So the guy said, 'What the hell? The part's only good for a few days. We'll give him $400 a week.' Fantastic." Instead of one week, Jim worked four months and wound up with a surplus of $3000.

"I'd never seen anything to equal acting," he said. "It was fun and it was terribly exciting. But I was still stewing in my own juices. I wanted to go some place and forget the war."

Then Jim Arness discovered the ocean and became a temporary beach bum. "I was a flatlander," he says, "and I was fascinated by the ocean. The year or so I spent on the beach was a time of discovery. I got a lot of things straightened out that year."

He worked in a few pictures. In 1948, he was pulled all the way to the Pasadena Playhouse to appear as the lead in Candida opposite an intense, brown-eyed, black-haired girl named Virginia Chapman. Virginia is now Mrs. Arness. They have three children—Craig, eleven, (hers by an earlier marriage), Jenny Lee, nearly eight, and Rolf, seven.

Virginia's parents viewed Jim with some alarm. It was not that he was unemployed so much as the fact that he was an unemployed actor. But they liked Jim and did not oppose the marriage. Virginia worked in her father's china store and the newlyweds lived in an apartment upstairs. Meanwhile, Jim tried to prove he could make a living like ordinary people. He tried selling real estate, worked for a plywood company and sold classified ads. And he helped out in his father-in-law's store often enough to be reminded "nine hundred times" about bulls in china shops.

Finally, he landed a part in Battleground and was on his way. Year by year, his salary increased until he was rated a $1500-a-week free-lance actor. "I used to sit around the house until the agent called that we had a job," he says. "Then I'd go up to town and get into a suit of western clothes and make a few thousand bucks. No strain." In his best year he made $30,000.

As a top television star, Jim's annual salary is less than half what a movie star of medium magnitude gets for a single picture. C.B.S., which owns Gunsmoke, pays him $1500 for each of the thirty-nine TV films he makes each year. Last year he picked up an additional $30,000 for personal appearances. This is a decent enough salary, but it scarcely reflects the size of his audience. If everyone who sees Jim this week would send him one cent, his weekly income would be $400,000. If they did this every week, he could spend his time stacking up $20,800,000 a year. This is not anticipated.

At $58,500, Jim's annual salary is peanuts compared with some of the real success stories in television. He is paid that amount for the first run of Gunsmoke and will participate in the first five reruns, but only to the extent of a sliding scale which ranges from $99.75 to $71.25 a week. "My earning period on a top show is very short," Jim says, "and sometimes it seems a crying shame I can't participate more in the potential profits.

"Two or three years from now, I'll still be up there competing with myself." He adds: "When I took the series, I wasn't in any great bargaining position. I signed the contract. I knew it was for five years. I was over twenty-one and presumably strong in mind and body, and it's up to me to live up to it."

After this contract runs out, Jim is interested in making more movies. When he signed up with John Wayne, it was supposed he was being groomed for the Duke's roles when Wayne stepped down. Since Gunsmoke, this is no longer probable. Nevertheless, Jim is confident that his career in pictures will go up, not down, after Gunsmoke. Recently he has had offers for a dozen movies—formula westerns—but he is not interested. "I don't have to take bad roles just to make money," Jim says. "I think I can afford to wait for an important role which will be a step forward instead of backward."

On the big sound stage, Jim is an edgy, nervous performer, clicking the trigger of his six-gun, wisecracking and singing bits of songs. "He drives you nuts," said a fellow actor, "but then, he is in almost every scene and has to unwind some way." When the camera is on him, it is uncanny to see Jim Arness snap into Matt Dillon.

Arness is an intuitive actor who has mastered his art by acting rather than by formal training. "I don't think I've ever seen a man improve and grow as Jim has in the last three years," says Norman Macdonnell. "He has improved 180 per cent." Adds Dennis Weaver, regarded as one of the most promising young actors in Hollywood, "He's grown in a way beautiful to behold—and don't ever forget, it's more than a matter of putting on a pair of western pants and a star."

Occasionally, when he blows a scene, Arness seems to explode. And when he explodes he swears with considerable volume. "He does everything to fit his size," says Macdonnell. "He blows big. But when he's happy, he's happy all over and that's a lot of happy."

Playing under great pressures and knowing the character of Dillon so well, Jim Arness may be tempted to walk through a scene. "Every time it seems to get routine," Arness says, "a little birdie in my mind tells me to watch out. That's when I remember millions of people will watch us. Our kissers are going to be up on that tube ten years from now. No one is going to say, 'Oh, they were tired that day,' or 'They were young then.' The only thing that will matter is whether we were good or bad." THE END

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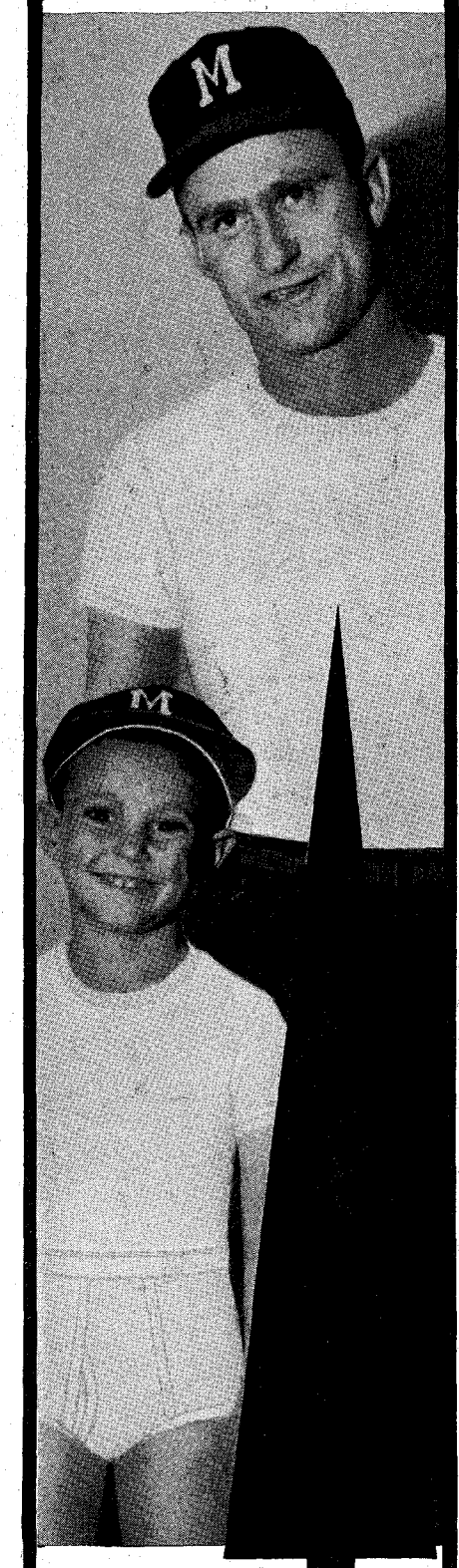

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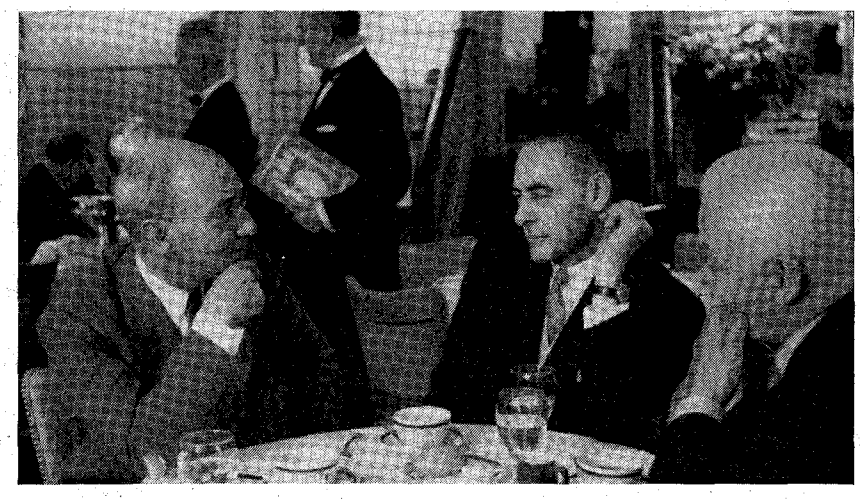


C. S. Forester, Senior Editor Stuart Rose, Agent Harold Matson lunch at the Voisin in New York.

Tales of the Authors

C. S. Forester, whose popular Horatio Hornblower begins another seafaring adventure on page 22, sends word from his Berkeley, Calif., home that Little, Brown will publish, late this summer, a collection of his shorter Post serials, titled Hornblower in the West Indies. Evidently it is going to be received well—it's already a Literary Guild book selection for September.

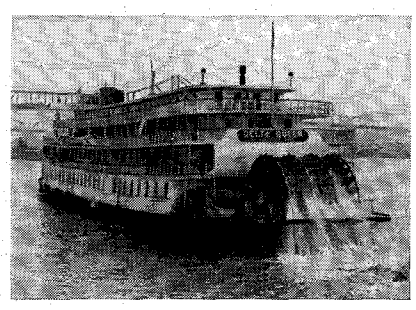
Every so often **Dion Henderson** visits the north-country locale of his page 38 story for the stimulating effect—"There science, civilization and wilderness meet; it is such a good place to find the basic realities of life and death that I'd like to write a book about it." And no doubt this outdoor editor of the Associated Press will do so, although his last novel was named The Last One.

At a cocktail party **Milton Silverman** met a naval officer, Capt. John Noel, who said to let him know if the Navy could ever help the writer out on a story; so Silverman mentioned a desire he had to study the work of native doctors in the Pacific islands. Expecting nothing to come of the chance meeting, he was delighted by a phone call one day from the Secretary of the Navy's office which eventually resulted in Silverman, his wife and collaborator, **Margaret,** and photographer **Larry Keighley** taking off from Travis Air Base for Guam. The piece on page 24 summarizes their research on many islands, including Peleliu, where Mrs. S. was the first white woman seen for years.

Kudos for Our Birdman

Don Bleitz and his wife (at left in the picture) are happy because they are receiving an honorary scroll from Los Angeles County, Calif., an award resulting from Bleitz's unique color photos of birds being featured last September 14th in the Post. Don is a native son of Hollywood. The resolution on the scroll, which County Chairman J. A. Ford is presenting, notes that the Post called Bleitz the modern successor of John James Audubon. It speaks of the scientific value of technical processes he has developed; it extols "the inexhaustible patience and accuracy that Mr. Bleitz, ably assisted by his wife, Elvirita, have brought to their work"; and it warmly praises them for establishing the Bleitz Wild Life Foundation to help ornithologists and increase interest in other aspects of nature.

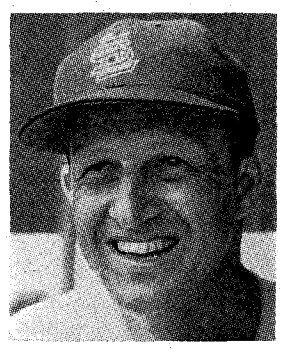
The Delta Queen Sails Again



In the Feb. 8th issue we ran an article called All Aboard the Delta Queen, about the last of the overnight river passenger boats and how the picturesque sternwheeler would presently sail down the Mississippi to New Orleans and the Mardi gras. But just before the Post came out the Delta Queen went broke and her sailing was canceled. Our face was very red. But this story has a happy ending. As a result of the Post story, letters began pouring into the Queen's Cincinnati office, applying for passage on cruises throughout the summer. Among the applicants was Richard C. Simonton, of Los Angeles, president of the Pacific Network, who, with his wife and four youngsters, had sailed on the Queen last summer. He was so distressed to hear about the Queen's demise that he, along with two other passenger-boat buffs, E. J. Quinby, of Summit, N. J., and his son, J. R. Quinby, of New York, bought controlling interest in the packet. So the Delta Queen will sail again, and some of the spring cruises are already sold out, says Mrs. Letha C. Greene, who stays on to manage the ship she used to own. "Thank you, Post," says Richard Simonton.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"A Visit With Stan Musial"



Baseball's "The Man," star of the St. Louis Cardinals, talks frankly about his batting technique and about other talented players of our national pastime.

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